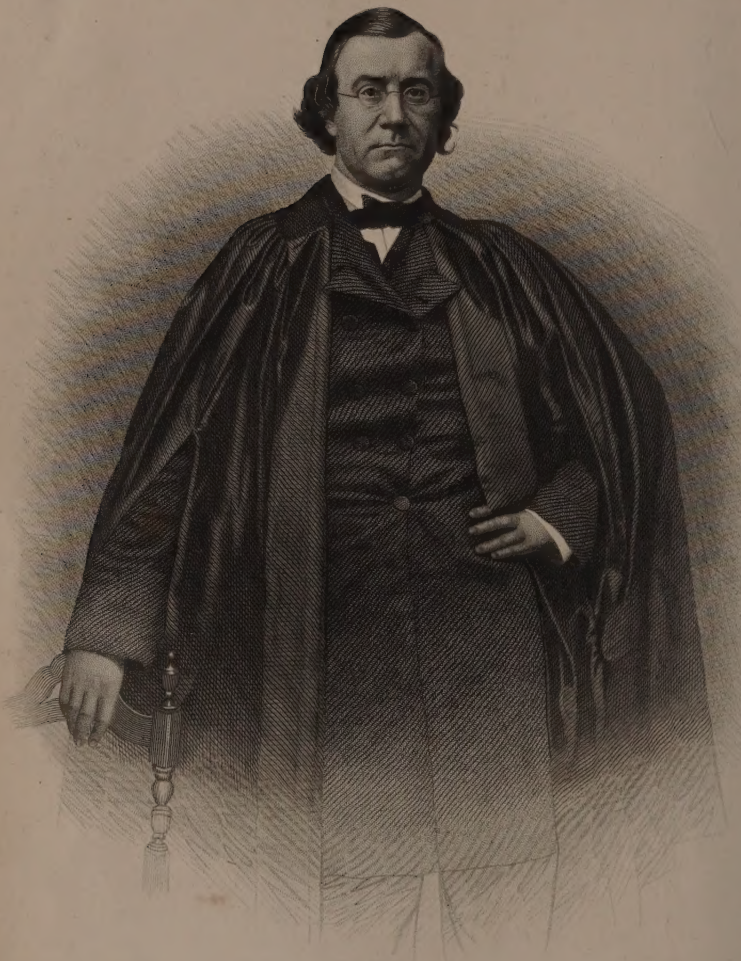

R.Dudensing Sc.

Donald Macleod

NEW YORK. VIRTUE & YORSTON

# DEVOTION

TO THE

# BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

IN

# NORTH AMERICA.

BY

THE REV. XAVIER DONALD MACLEOD,

PROFESSOR OF RHETORIC AND BELLES LETTRES IN ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, CINCINNATI.

WITH A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

THE MOST REV. JOHN B. PURCELL, D.D.,

ARCHBISHOP OF CINCINNATI.

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# PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

Catholic Literature in this country is not yet rich in works of a historical character; and though not a few have appeared evincing great research, and worthy of a high place, there was still wanting a popular element which genius alone could supply by lending its charm to the often dry details of the historian.

The devotion to the Blessed Virgin in this country, from its settlement to the present day, was a theme which had been briefly touched upon by one or two writers. Still, it was a field which the late lamented author of the following pages entered with all the zeal and devotion of his ardent and impassioned character, and as a necessary consequence he gave his work the stamp of his peculiar genius.

Few more gifted writers have appeared among us than Xavier Donald Macleod; and in undertaking his work, material was contributed by his numerous friends. The writer of this, one who had enjoyed that friendship from boyhood, rejoicing to see him about to take up a subject so worthy of his talents, furnished him an abundant material which he had collected, and feels now, perhaps, too great pleasure in his privilege in having contributed to so noble a work as that here presented to the Catholic public.

The early Spanish explorers came with the banner of Mary; the very ship of Columbus gave up its profane appellation for that of "St. Mary;" the earliest shrines

were reared under her invocation; bay, and river, and mountain received the hallowed name; the first city on the mainland that became a bishop's see was St. Mary's. If the ardent sons of France chose the icy realm of Canada to plant the *fleurs-de-lis*, its rigors could not chill devotion to Mary; Cartier, in his distress, turns to Mary, and vows a pilgrimage to her shrine; and Montreal Island sees a city rise with the name of Ville Marie; while, westward as her pioneers and missionaries go, St. Mary marks her path, till the great Mississippi, the River of the Immaculate Conception, bears them down again towards those Spanish realms where every officer swore to defend the Immaculate Conception.

The Catholic settlers of the coast between, who came from the British Isles, came, too, with love for Mary; and the land which seemed closed forever on Catholicity, is studded with shrines of Mary, and sees a council of archbishops and bishops meeting unchecked by government dictation, and spontaneously placing the land under the patronage of St. Mary's Immaculate Conception.

Such is the theme of this beautiful work, last and noblest offering of the genius of Xavier Donald Macleod. It cannot but be read with charm and delight, or fail to quicken and animate zeal and devotion.

Although originally written as an appendix to the *Life of the Blessed Virgin, with the History of the Devotion to Her, by the Abbé Orsini*, the author was very desirous that the publishers should issue it in a more convenient form for general readers, and they had promised to accede to this wish shortly before his melancholy death.

Encouraged as well by his many admirers as the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell, who generously undertook to write a memoir of his life, they now feel pleasure in presenting this edition to the Catholic public.

INSCRIBED

BY THE PUBLISHERS

TO

The Memory

OF

THE AUTHOR.

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# MEMOIR

## BY THE MOST REV. JOHN B. PURCELL, D.D.,

ARCHBISHOP OF CINCINNATI.

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The author of the following history of the Devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of our Lord Jesus Christ, in North America, Rev. Donald Xavier MacLeod, was a native of New York, and a convert to the Catholic Church. Notwithstanding the ardent temper and impetuous character which he received from nature, soon as he had finished his collegiate course he took orders, as they are called, in the Episcopal Church, and exercised ministerial functions in his native State, and subsequently as a presbyter of the Right Rev. Dr. Ives, the illustrious convert, in North Carolina. Neither the bishop nor his curate was satisfied in the Anglican communion. They had read her history. They knew the vice of her origin, the hollowness of her pretensions. They beheld her sanguinary, self-inflicted wound of schism ever bleeding. She was for them the bad fruit of a bad tree—the creation, or the creature, of an Act of an obsequious Parliament; and that neither in England nor in the United States could she assert her claim to the marks by which the Gospels and the first four general councils teach us to recognize the one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church of Christ. Before the minds of bishop and minister were fully irradiated by the ever growing splendor of Catholic

truth, they practised some of the ordinances and rites peculiar to the old Church. They went to confession to one another; they gave each other salutary penances. They adorned their churches as Catholics, from time immemorial, had been wont to do on the greater festivals; and of Mr. MacLeod, in particular, it may be said that, while the proofs of the truth of our holy faith satisfied his judgment, the æsthetics of religion had a special charm for his soul.

After his abandonment of the ministry and religious opinions of the Reformation, Mr. MacLeod, for some years, devoted his time to literary pursuits, writing books and delivering lectures in many of our cities. In St. Louis, where he was, if we mistake not, connected with the editorial department of a newspaper or a magazine, he became attached to an accomplished young lady of the best society; but, after having gone even to the altar for the marriage ceremony, the match was for some reason, for which neither himself nor the lady was to blame, suddenly broken off. We have the assurance of a highly respectable priest of St. Louis, who was perfectly cognizant of all the proceedings, that the conduct of Mr. MacLeod was all that could have been expected, in the premises, from a Christian and a man of honor.

The world having no longer any attractions for Mr. MacLeod, he wrote to his friend, the Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati, stating that he and the world had irreconcilably quarrelled, and reminding him of a promise, when such an eventuality occurred, to take him under his own protection and care. His request was promptly granted, and the seminary of Mount St. Mary's assigned him for his home. In this institution he continued several years, teaching, studying theology, and disciplining his mind and manner, in reference to his aspirations to the priesthood. Here, after mature reflection, he received the clerical tonsure and minor orders on Thursday, 13th December, 1860. In March of the fol-

lowing year he was ordained sub-deacon; in October, deacon and priest. From the seminary he continued for some time to visit Sedamsville and North Bend, collecting together the scattered Catholics, catechizing the children, and visiting the sick, until, the little church of St. Vincent of Paul being built, he took up his modest lodgings in the basement, where he continued, without a murmur, to bear privations such as fall to the lot of but few priests, until his lamented death. Of the acceptableness of his ministrations at Sedamsville, and the manner of his death, we here insert the account given in his obituary written by H. C. Lord, Esq., Superintendent of the Indianapolis and Cincinnati Railroad, taken from the "Cincinnati Commercial," of Monday, 3d July,—his death having occurred on Friday, 30th June, 1865:

"THE REV. DONALD MACLEOD.

"EDS. COM.—A short paragraph in the morning papers, of Saturday, announced that the Rev. Donald MacLeod, pastor of the Catholic Church in Sedamsville, had been accidentally killed by a train on the Indianapolis and Cincinnati Railroad, on Friday evening.

"It is proper for me to explain the circumstances of this sad event. Father MacLeod was, at the time, on his way to visit a poor woman, who was thought by her husband and friends to be dangerously ill, and who had requested the attendance of her faithful pastor. As he turned into the street which crossed the roads of the Ohio and Mississippi, and Indianapolis and Cincinnati companies, he was stopped by a passing train on the former road. At the time, he was standing on the track of the latter road, and at a sharp curve. The noise of the passing train drowned the signals of the approaching train on the Indianapolis and Cincinnati track. He was struck by the latter and instantly killed. He died while on his errand of duty and mercy.

"This event has cast a gloom over our little community, and I cannot help referring to some of the peculiar traits of character and disposition which had endeared Father MacLeod to myself and so many of his personal friends and admirers, and to so many of the poor and laboring people among whom he mingled, and by whom he was so much beloved.

"My acquaintance with Father MacLeod commenced but a few months ago, yet at the time of his death I knew him well. I had learned to appreciate his excellent qualities of heart, and to honor his restless and vigorous intellect, his independent judgment, his fine scholarship, and his great learning. He was a man of remarkable energy. In looking after the necessities of his little church, in hunting up the needy and destitute, in ministering to their wants, in consoling the sick, in cheering on the well, working as willingly by night as by day, in the rain and under the glare of the sun, he never seemed fatigued or tired of his mission. Whatever he had to do he did cheerfully and with all his might. Hundreds of section-men and laborers on the two roads between Cincinnati and Lawrenceburg will bear testimony to their knowledge of him, and to his knowledge of them; to their love and respect for the positive, yet good-natured priest, to his unfailing kindness to them and to their households, and to his influence and control over them, which never lost its hold.

"Father MacLeod was a man of rare independence of judgment. He never adopted the opinions of others, but held them subject to a severe analysis, and only accepted them when they accorded with his own well-defined convictions. Whatever position he took, whether in the Church or as a citizen, he took conscientiously and with determination, and upon his own judgment, and he would recognize no human authority as above his own conscience or the conclusions of his own intellect.

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"Father MacLeod was a man of rare learning. I do not speak of him as a theologian, nor of his acquirements in that department of knowledge, but as a master of history, sacred and profane, of political economy, of many languages, ancient and modern, of natural philosophy, geology, botany, and their kindred sciences. His acquirements were equally varied and substantial; and I have often heard him, in the same hour, instruct a wise man and delight a child. As an author he was well known, and his life of 'Mary Queen of Scots' drew from Washington Irving a most touching and beautiful letter of commendation, in which that gifted man thanked our friend for having so ably and generously vindicated the character of a suffering woman and the truth of history.

"But it is to the genial traits and generous friendship of Father MacLeod that I love most to refer. He was a man of strong impulses, quick, and sometimes violent temper; but his impulses were generous, and he ever struggled to control his temper, and was always ready to recall an unkind word and to correct a false impression. A kind word to him always brought a kind word from him, and he loved to serve and defend his friends. It was a cruel and merciless engine that, with its terrible blow, shattered that manly and vigorous frame, and in an instant of time stunned the great and restless brain, stilled the loving and generous heart, and released the spirit of Donald MacLeod.

"H. C. LORD."

The writer of this notice is not a Catholic. But it shows that the character, the acquirements, and the talents of the deceased were appreciated and admired by others as well as by those of his own Church. The independence of all human authority so justly claimed for him, was confined to subjects of a merely human or secular description. To Church authority, in which he recognized the authority of

God, he was at all times amenable. To her decisions he submitted,—if with a reasoning and a reasonable conviction of his clear and vigorous intellect, yet with the childlike simplicity which taught him that, when God speaks through an infallible tribunal, it is the enlightened Christian's duty to listen and to obey.

Devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and zeal for her honor, was a ruling passion of the soul of Rev. Mr. MacLeod. He was her client, her son, her knight, her priest. The "Legends of Holy Mary" and "Our Lady of Litanies" preceded the beautiful "History of the Devotion to Mary in North America," which we now present to our readers. But another proof of his veneration for the Immaculate may aptly find its place here. The first sermon he preached after his ordination was on the purity of the Virgin Mary. The choice of this subject was probably suggested by the publication of a tractate called "James, the Lord's brother," by one Chauncey Fitch, an Episcopalian minister of Piqua, Miami County, Ohio. The object of this tractate was to show that Mary had other sons besides the Lord. It was highly recommended by the Episcopal bishop, McIlvaine, of Ohio. The bishop thus speaks of it in a letter to Rev. Dr. Anthon, editor of the "New York Protestant Churchman:"

"REV. AND DEAR SIR—I believe you know something of a tractate which the Rev. Mr. Fitch of Ohio has written on 'James, the Lord's brother.' He has recently completed a full carrying out of the argument, and made, I think, a very conclusive proof that James was the son of Joseph and Mary, and *really, literally*, the Lord's brother. It upsets the whole Mariolatry, and all her claims to supremacy through Peter. . . I believe it would be as good an article in the Romish controversy as we could publish.

"Yours, affectionately, C. P. MCILVAINE.

"CINCINNATI, Jan. 19, 1857."

Commenting on this letter of the bishop, Father MacLeod

remarks, in a printed refutation of Fitch's theory, as follows :

"MARY EVER VIRGIN."

That Catholics may see and know how unfaithful and utterly false to the principles of their own creed are leading Episcopalians, we reprint in this form a letter from an Episcopalian to the "Catholic Telegraph," January 22, 1859, which sets forth the real teachings of the Episcopal body on the subject of the perpetual Virginity of the Mother of our Lord. The letter being a contribution, we shall not change it, but print it as it came to us.

Now this same Bishop of Ohio (!) disbelieves, if he had any religious belief or disbelief at all, the whole contents of Fitch's emanation. That same Bishop of Ohio, in common with all other bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church, assigned Dr. Gilbert Pearson's Exposition of the Creed as the only standard dogmatic work in his communion, as the one dogmatic guide of his theological students, and as the *text-book* of the General Theological Seminary in New York. If he do not believe with Pearson, he is false to his trust and position in giving such a work to his students ; if he do, he, by his approval of Fitch for the sake of a dirty insult to Roman Catholics, has carried dishonorable baseness to an extent of which his is the only example. Furthermore, by so doing, he not only denies the common faith of all Christians and the applicability of the passages from the prophets universally applied to our Lord, but also shows an ignorance of the mere letter of Scripture, which may be pardonable in an Episcopalian Bishop, but which should be a reasonable cause of degradation to the assistant sexton in a Hard Shell Baptist Conventicle.

The book from which I quote is "An Exposition of the Creed, by John Pearson, Bishop of Chester (in the 16th century). New York : Appleton & Co. 1857." It is as follows :

"Thirdly, We believe the mother of our Lord to *have been, not only before and after his nativity, but also forever, the most immaculate and blessed Virgin.* For although it may be thought sufficient as to the mystery of the incarnation, that when our Saviour was conceived and born, his mother was a virgin; though whatsoever should have followed after, could have no reflective operation upon the first-fruit of her womb; though there be no further mention in the CREED, than that he was *born of the Virgin Mary:* yet the peculiar eminency and unparalleled privilege of that mother, the special honor and reverence due unto that Son, and ever paid by her, the regard of that Holy Ghost who came upon her, and the power of the Highest who overshadowed her, the singular goodness and piety of Joseph, to whom she was espoused, have persuaded the Church of God in all ages to believe that she still continued in the same virginity, and therefore is to be acknowledged the *Ever-Virgin Mary.* As if the gate of the sanctuary in the prophet Ezekiel were to be understood of her: 'This gate shall be shut, it shall not be opened, and no man shall enter in by it; because the Lord, the God of Israel, hath entered in by it, therefore it shall be shut.' (Ezek. xliv. 2.)

"Many, indeed, have taken the boldness to deny this truth because not recorded in the sacred writ; and not only so, but to assert the contrary as delivered in the Scriptures; but with no success. For though, as they object, St. Matthew testifieth that Joseph 'knew not Mary, until she had brought forth her first-born son' (Matt. i. 25), from whence they infer, that afterwards he knew her; yet the manner of the Scripture language produceth no such inference. When God said to Jacob, 'I will not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of' (Gen. xxiii. 15), it followeth not that when that was done, the God of Jacob left him. When the conclusion of Deuteronomy was written, it was said of Moses, 'No man knoweth of his sepulchre unto

this day' (Deut. xxxiv. 6) ; but it were a weak argument to infer from thence, that the sepulchre of Moses hath been known ever since. When Samuel had delivered a severe prediction unto Saul, he 'came no more to see him until the day of his death' (1 Sam. xv. 35) ; but it were a strange collection to infer, that he therefore paid him a visit after he was dead. 'Michal, the daughter of Saul, had no child until the day of her death' (2 Sam. vi. 23) ; and yet it were a ridiculous stupidity to dream of any midwifery in the grave. *Christ* promised his presence to the apostles 'unto the end of the world' (Matt. xxviii. 20) ; who ever made so happy a construction as to infer from thence, that forever after he would be absent from them ?

"Again, it is true that *Christ* is termed the *first-born son of Mary*, from whence they infer she must needs have a second ; but they might as well conclude, that wheresoever there is one, there must be two. For in this particular the Scripture notion of priority excludeth an antecedent, but inferreth not a consequent ; it supposeth none to have gone before, but concluded not any to follow after. 'Sanctify unto me [saith God] all the first-born ;' which was a firm and fixed law, immediately obliging upon the birth ; whereas if the first-born had included a relation to a second, there could have been no present certainly, but a suspension of obedience ; nor had the first-born been sanctified of itself, but the second birth had sanctified the first. And well might any sacrilegious Jew have kept back the price of redemption due unto the priest, nor could it have been required of him, till a second offspring had appeared ; and so no redemption at all had been required for an only son. Whereas all such pretences were unheard of in the Law, because the original Hebrew word is not capable of any such construction ; and in the Law itself it carrieth with it a clear interpretation, 'Sanctify unto me all the first-born ; whatsoever openeth the womb among the chil-

dren of Israel, both of man and beast, it is mine.' (Exod. xiii. 2.) The apertion of the womb determined the first-born; and the law of redemption excludeth all such tergiversation: 'Those that are redeemed, from a month old thou shalt redeem' (Numb. xviii. 16); no staying to make up the relation, no expecting another birth to perfect the redemption. Being then 'they brought *our Saviour* to Jerusalem to present him to the Lord, as it is written in Law of the Lord' (Luke, ii. 22, 23), it is evident that he was called the first-born of Mary according to the notion of the Law of Moses, and consequently that title inferreth no succession, nor proveth the mother to have any other offspring.

"Indeed, as they thirdly object, it cannot be denied but that we read expressly in the Scriptures of the brethren of our Lord: 'He went down to Capernaum, he, and his mother, and his brethren' (John, ii. 12), and, 'While he talked unto the people, his mother and his brethren stood without, desiring to speak with him.' (Matt. xii. 46.) But although his mother and his brethren be named together, yet they are never called the sons of his mother; and the question is not whether Christ had any brethren, but whether his mother brought forth any other children. It is possible Joseph might have had children before Mary was espoused to him; and then, as he was reputed and called our Saviour's father, so might they well be accounted and called his brethren, as the ancient fathers, especially of the Greek Church, have taught. Nor need we thus assert that Joseph had any offspring, because the language of the Jews includeth in the name of *brethren* not only the strict relation of fraternity, but also the larger of consanguinity; and therefore it is sufficient satisfaction for that expression, that there were such persons allied unto the Blessed Virgin. 'We be brethren' (Gen. xiii. 8), said Abraham unto Lot: when Abraham was the son of Terah,

Lot of Haran, and consequently not his brother, but his nephew, and, as elsewhere properly styled, 'the son of his brother.' (Gen. xii. 5.) 'Moses called Mishael and Elzaphan, the sons of Uzziel the uncle of Aaron, and said unto them, Come near, carry your brethren from before the sanctuary' (Lev. x. 4); whereas those brethren were Nadab and Abihu, the sons not of Uzziel but of Aaron. 'Jacob told Rachel that he was her father's brother, and that he was Rebekah's son' (Gen. xxix. 12); whereas, Rebekah was the sister of Rachel's father. It is sufficient, therefore, that the evangelists, according to the constant language of the Jews, called the kindred of the Blessed Virgin the brethren and sisters of her only son; which indeed is something the later, but the most generally approved answer.

"And yet this difficulty, though usually no further considered, is not fully cleared; for they which impugned the perpetual virginity of the mother of our Lord, urged it further, pretending that as the Scriptures called them the brethren of *Christ*, so they also showed them to be the sons of Mary, the mother of *Christ*. For first the Jews express them particularly by their names, 'Is not his mother called Mary? and his brethren, James, and Joses, and Simon, and Judas?' (Matt. xiii. 55.) Therefore, James and Joses were undoubtedly the brethren of *Christ*, and the same were also as unquestionably sons of Mary: for among the women at the cross we find 'Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of James and Joses.' (Matt. xxvii. 56.) Again, this Mary, they think, can be no other than the Mother of our Lord, because they find her early in the morning at the sepulchre with Mary Magdalene and Salome (Mark, xvi. 1); and it is not probable that any should have more care of the body of the son than the mother. She then who was certainly present at the *cross*, was not probably absent from the *sepulchre;* wherefore, they conclude, she was the mother

of *Christ*, who was the mother of James and Joses, the brethren of *Christ*.

"And now the urging of this argument will produce a greater clearness in the solution of the question. For if it appear that Mary the mother of James and Joses was different and distinguished from Mary the Virgin, then will it also be apparent that the brethren of our Lord were the sons of another mother, for James and Joses were so called. But we read in St. John, that 'there stood by the cross of Jesus, his mother and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene.' (John, xix. 25.) In the rest of the evangelists we find at the same place, 'Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of James and Joses' (Matt. xxviii. 56; Mark, xv. 40); and again at the *sepulchre*, 'Mary Magdalene and the other Mary' (Matt. xxviii. 1); wherefore that *other Mary*, by the conjunction of these testimonies, appeareth to be *Mary, the wife of Cleophas*, and *the mother of James and Joses;* and consequently James and Joses, the brethren of our Lord, were not the sons of Mary his mother, but of the other Mary, and therefore called his brethren according to the language of the Jews, because that the other Mary was the sister of his mother.

"Notwithstanding, therefore, all these pretensions, there can be nothing found to raise the least suspicion of any interruption of the ever Blessed Mary's perpetual virginity. For as she was a virgin when she conceived, and after she brought forth our Saviour; so did she continue in the same state and condition, and was commended by our Saviour to his beloved disciple, as a mother only now of an *adopted* son.

"The consideration of all which will at last lead us to a clear explication of this latter branch of the Article, *whereby every Christian may inform himself that he is bound to profess*, and being informed, fully express what is the object of his faith in this particular, when he saith, I believe

in *Jesus Christ* who was *born of the Virgin Mary.* For hereby he is conceived *to intend thus much:* I assent unto this as a most certain and infallible truth, that there was a certain woman, known by the name of *Mary*, espoused unto *Joseph of Nazareth*, which before and after her espousals was a pure and unspotted virgin, and *being and continuing in the same virginity*, did, by the immediate operation of the Holy Ghost, conceive within her womb the only-begotten Son of God, and, after the natural time of other women, brought him forth as her first-born son, *continuing still a most pure and immaculate virgin;* whereby the Saviour of the world was born of a woman under the Law, without the least pretence of any original corruption, that he might deliver us from the guilt of sin; born of that Virgin which was of the house and lineage of David, that he might sit upon his throne, and rule for evermore. And in this latitude I profess to believe in *Jesus Christ*, BORN OF THE VIRGIN MARY."

We have a word to add to this. "The Western Churchman," organ of the Episcopalians here, endeavored to cast discredit upon the above quotations. Now this was sheer impudence. The book is not only an Episcopal dogmatic text-book, but it is their only one. The title and the publisher's name are given above, and may be verified by anybody who chooses to take the trouble. The quotation begins upon page 263, ARTICLE III., "BORN OF THE VIRGIN MARY," and is unbroken to the last paragraph, beginning, "The consideration of all which," etc. Between that and the preceding matter, intervenes the proof of the title "Mother of God," and of the ABSOLUTE NECESSITY of MARY'S IMMACULACY to the Incarnation.

From this intervening and very brief portion we add one further quotation to those given above:

"The necessity of believing our Saviour thus to be born

of the Virgin Mary, will appear both in respect of her who was the Mother, and of Him who was the Son. In respect of her it was necessary, that WE MIGHT PERPETUALLY PRESERVE AN ESTEEM OF HER PERSON PROPORTIONABLE TO SO HIGH A DIGNITY. It was her own prediction, 'FROM HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED,' (Luke, i. 48); but this obligation is OURS, TO CALL HER, TO ESTEEM HER SO. If Elizabeth cried out with so loud a voice, 'BLESSED ART THOU AMONG WOMEN,' when Christ was but newly conceived in her womb; WHAT EXPRESSIONS OF HONOR AND OF ADMIRATION CAN WE THINK SUFFICIENT now that Christ is in Heaven and that mother with Him! Far be it from any Christian to derogate from that special privilege granted unto her, which is incommunicable to any other. WE CANNOT BEAR TOO REVERENT A REGARD unto the Mother of our Lord, so LONG AS we give her not THAT worship which is due unto the Lord Himself." —P. 272.

God grant that these words of old Bishop Pearson may influence the hearts of his pretended co-religionists here, if not to less hatred of the Church, at least to respect and sense of propriety and decency towards her whom their Prayer-book calls the "Blessed Virgin Mary."

We cannot resist the desire of embodying in this notice of the eloquent defender of Mary's prerogative, the beautiful tribute to the effect of mediæval devotion to the Blessed Virgin, for which we are indebted to a very compulsory witness indeed, "Lecky's Rationalism in Europe," vol. ii., pp. 224, 225. The reader will perceive that only an enemy and a bigot would use the words "benighted and monkish" in such connection.

"The world is governed by its ideals, and seldom or never has there been one which has exercised a more profound and, on the whole, a more salutary influence than the

mediæval conception of the Virgin. For the first time woman was elevated to her rightful position, and the sanctity of weakness was recognized as well as the sanctity of sorrow. No longer the slave or toy of man, no longer associated only with ideas of degradation and sensuality, woman rose, in the person of the Virgin Mother, into a new sphere, and became the object of a reverential homage of which antiquity had had no conception. Love was idealized. The moral charm and beauty of female excellence was, for the first time, felt. A new type of character was called into being, a new kind of admiration was fostered. Into a harsh and ignorant and benighted age this ideal type infused a conception of gentleness and of purity unknown to the proudest civilization of the past. In the pages of living tenderness, which many a monkish writer has left in honor of his celestial patron; in the millions who in many lands and in many ages have sought with no barren desire to mould their characters into her image; in those holy maidens who, for the love of MARY, have separated themselves from all the glories and pleasures of the world, to seek in fastings and vigils and humble charity to render themselves worthy of her benediction; in the new sense of honor, in the chivalrous respect, in the softness of manners, in the refinement of tastes displayed in all the walks of society; in those and in many other ways, we detect its influence. All that was best in Europe clustered around it, and it is the origin of many of the purest elements of our civilization."—Vol. i., pp. 225, 226.

# DEVOTION

TO

# THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

## IN NORTH AMERICA.

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### CHAPTER I.

General View—Columbus—Natural Growth of this Devotion—First Catholics—the Southern States and Canada—Our Lady's Discovery of America—Churches of her Name—Ministers of the Devotion—European and American Devotion—Honor due to Mary—Emigrants—Patroness of the United States.

The little seaport town of Palos, in Andalusia, lay basking in the sun, and its harbor was crowded with swarthy sight-seers and vocal with wondering tongues. The cool mountain waters of the Tinto brawled past the haven, and flowed into the broad Atlantic. Out on the burnished sea three caravels lay at anchor.

The crowd had assembled to see a set of madmen, as they called them, depart upon a hopeless voyage. Their tongues were busy in discussing the probable manner in which evil fate would fall on the expedition, for no one dreamed of a happy issue for the adventure. If any dared to suggest such a probability, he, too, was hooted at as insane, and ironically recommended to ship for the voyage.

And, as they disputed and sneered, ever and anon a strain of the Mass-music would swell out from the church, where Faith was kneeling to ask protection; where Confidence was drawing new strength from devotion to God and Mary. For the adventurers, their commander at their head, were preparing, by confession and Holy Communion, to enter like Christian men upon their perilous undertaking.[1]

Then the Mass was over, and out from the church, grave, resolute, and calm, walked the admiral at the head of his crew; and the crowd, hushed into silence, opened a way for the procession to the jetty.

A few moments were allowed for farewells. Then the brief orders were given, and the sailors entering the boats, rowed out to their respective vessels.

Then the report of the culverin sounded from the bows, and the standard of Castile swung out to the April breeze from the peak of the SANTA MARIA; and the crew cheered, and the crowd on shore responded, as the admiral stepped on board.

A few moments more and the anchors were weighed, the yards were trimmed, the sails filled, and the flotilla of Columbus stood out to sea. And with it, as it crossed those pathless waters, the love and protection of our dear Lady and Mother floated over the Atlantic to the shores of America.[2]

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[1] Prescott: Ferdinand and Isabella, ii. 130.

[2] The humble and reverent spirit in which Catholics undertook their great labors is wondered at, and sometimes even sneered at, by modern historians. These do not understand the consecration of all

The first land touched by the Christian admiral he called San Salvador,[1] in honor of the Son; the next, Santa Maria de la Concepcion, did reverence to the Mother.

It is well-nigh four hundred years since then, but never has Mary forgotten nor been forgotten here; but her servants have labored to extend her devotion; the faithful have responded with eager and loving hearts; her powerful prayers have aided them in heaven; and now, from the perpetual Arctic snows to the mists of Terra del Fuego, ascriptions of honor arise to the Mother Immaculate.

For devotion to Mary is in its own nature a necessarily growing one, inasmuch as it is the expression of our love and reverence for her; and these are inevitable, because of *her* nature, immaculately conceived as it was, lingering sixty sinless years on earth, and now glorified and triumphant in heaven.

things to God. Yet such was the spirit of Columbus. His prayer on reaching San Salvador is preserved by Washington Irving:

"Domine Deus, æterne et omnipotens, sacro tuo verbo cœlum et terram et mare creasti; benedicatur et glorificetur Nomen tuum, laudetur tua majestas quæ dignita est per humilem servum tuum ut ejus sacrum Nomen agnoscatur et prædicetur in hac altera mundi parte."

"O Lord, eternal and omnipotent God, Thou hast, by Thy holy word, created the heavens, the earth, and the sea; blessed and glorified be Thy Name; praised be Thy Majesty, who hast deigned that, by means of Thy unworthy servant, Thy sacred Name should be acknowledged and made known in this new quarter of the globe."—Irving: Columbus, i. 156.

[1] To call a land after the Saviour being deemed superstitious, the English conquerors reverently changed it to *Cat* Island.

Mary is, of all creatures, except the sacred Humanity of her Lord and Son, the nearest to the heart of God; and the love that she gives us is, after all, God's love, whereof she is the channel; and God's love, in His dealings with us, never stands still, but is evermore on the increase here, as it will be through the rapturous ages of eternity. But God gives love in exchange for love; He allows us with our own coin, poor as it is, to purchase treasures on high, and so our love necessarily increases in an humble kind of proportion with His. Then, when He sends us so much favor through Mary, we are impelled to return it through the same blessed channel; and thus devotion to her grows ever, and shall grow, until love shall be placed beyond the reach of change or decay.

So, then, Mary has gained vast possessions in this country. One day, let us hope, she will conquer it all, and annex it all, loyal and devoted, to the kingdom of her Son. There are peculiarities in her conquests and in her sacred warfare without parallel in the victories of the sword. The weapons of her hosts are gentleness, and mercy, and weariless affection; self-sacrifice and refusal of reward on earth; and, better still, whenever a soldier falls, fighting bravely in the front rank for her honor, his death only strengthens her armies and helps to insure the success of her cause. From the soil which was enriched by the blood of the martyrs, spring the flowers that deck her altars in the month of May.

With the successors of Columbus came the cannon

and the sword: but there came also the Cross and the Rosary. There came lust of dominion, of lands, of gold; cruelty, bloodshed, and the vices of civilization. But among them, and unharmed by their contact, were self-sacrifice, devotion, zeal for souls, love of God and of man only for God's sake.

They that took the sword perished by the sword, and won only blood-stained names as their reward. But the warriors of Zion and of Carmel won souls back to Heaven; and if they died in the conflict, their blood spake louder than their voices had done.

Ponce de Leon, Vasquez de Ayllon, Narvaez, de Soto, Alvarado, Coronado, with all the power of their arms, with all the Spanish and Indian gore they shed, only gained the abhorrence and hatred of the natives.

But Father Mark, the Franciscan, armed only with the crucifix, penetrated New Mexico, in 1539, and gained the Indians' love. Five other Franciscans took the same path in 1540; and two of them, Father John de Padilla and Brother John of the Cross, remained in the country, and taught the doctrine of Christ, until they were slain in an inroad of stranger savages. Rodriguez, Lopez, Santa Maria followed in 1580, and confirmed the faith in New Mexico, from which it has never since departed.

But earlier than this, in 1544, Andrew de Olmos had sought out the fierce Texan tribes, and had converted many; and in 1601, the Carmelite Father, Andrew of the Assumption of the Virgin, with his companions,

had entered California, and celebrated the divine mysteries at Monterey.

Florida was first baptized in the blood of Louis Cancel, the Dominican. As he stepped from his unarmed vessel, alone, and knelt down upon the shore, he was slain by a blow from a war-club, and his reeking scalp was shaken in derision before his shuddering brethren (1544.) To him succeeded many others, to labor for a while almost in vain, and then to die beneath the tomahawk or by the arrow. The Spaniards struggled long to make a successful settlement at Pensacola, but gave it up, for a time, in 1561. And when the soldiers had departed, there lingered on the shore, alone, resolved to labor on, Father Salazar and Brother Matthew of the Mother of God.

But a few years later, on the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, St. Augustine, "by more than forty years the oldest town in the United States," was founded, and so soon as this foothold was obtained, the heroic missionaries poured in.[1] Jesuit, Franciscan, Dominican, thronged in generous rivalry to spread the gospel of the Highest throughout the new

[1] "It was the hour of vespers, on the evening preceding the Festival of the Nativity of Mary, that the Spaniards returned to the harbor of St. Augustine. At noonday of the festival itself, the governor went on shore, to take possession of the continent in the name of his king. The solemn Mass of Our Lady was performed, and the foundation of St. Augustine was immediately laid. It is by more than forty years the oldest town in the United States. Houses in it are yet standing which are said to have been built many years before Virginia was colonized."—Bancroft: History of the United States, i. 69.

country. They pierced the thick forests, they crossed the mountain ranges, they swam the broad rivers of the South. They toiled with the Natchez, the Creek, and the Cherokee; they established missions in Carolina and Virginia, and they coasted the whole Atlantic border as far north as the Chesapeake, which *they* called St. Mary's Bay.

They were martyred, it is true, by the Indians; they died in the wild forest of starvation or fatigue; but that did not deter others from following in their steps; and the first Europeans who dwelt peaceably in these lands were the missionary fathers, who claimed them, not for any earthly power, but for God and St. Mary the Virgin.

It is true that they were soon driven from Virginia and the Carolinas. Shortly after the discovery of America, followed the discovery of that system of rebellion popularly known as the Reformation. The only distinctive mark of this was, and is, hatred to the Church, and whenever its adherents had the power, it was signalized by the destruction of religious establishments. While the most splendid monuments of religion and art were falling beneath its axes in Europe, its representatives in the New World, in Carolina and Virginia, banded with and led on the savages to the sack of the humble missions, and the slaughter of the devoted priests who served them.[1]

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[1] The Christian Indians driven out with the missionaries took the name of Seminoles, or Wanderers. Deprived of their instructors, they

No so-called Protestant powers have ever made their way to any new or pagan country—India, China, Japan, or America—without finding Catholic missionaries in possession before them; *quia Domini est terra*, "the earth is the Lord's." And wherever they have been strong enough, they have invariably overthrown those missions and re-established paganism. Nay, in some places they have endowed it; and to-day the distorted idols for India are manufactured by the ton in the cities of Christian England.

So the missions on St. Mary's Bay and in the Carolinas were destroyed by the combined zeal of the Reformer and the Yemassee; but under the Catholic flag of Spain, they flourished and took root in Alabama and Florida; and the summer sun of 1693 shone upon a statue of the Mother of God, under whose patronage and protection they were founding, and successfully, Pensacola.[1]

And while these transactions were occurring in the south and southwest, the French missionaries were conquering the tribes of the north. From Acadia and the St. Lawrence the servants of Mary spread the news of salvation. The forests of Canada rang with the *Salve Regina;* from the birch canoes that cut the azure waters of the great lakes swelled up the *Ave Maris Stella*. On the banks of the Hudson, Bressany told his beads in the intervals of Iroquois torture. In the

gradually relapsed into paganism.—*Vide* Shea's Catholic Missions, p. 75.

[1] Shea: History of the United States, p. 40.

valley of the Mohawk streamed the blood of the martyred Jogues, and whole districts of New York Indians publicly renounced their idolatries.

Allouez and Dablon evangelized the chill shores of Lake Superior; Marquette bore the cross down the waters of the Mississippi to the mouth of the Arkansas, established a mission of the Immaculate Conception among the Illinois, and laid. his weary frame to rest at last on the shores of Lake Michigan. And so the Catholic embrace circled North America, extending through pain and privation, through toil and martyrdom, until the Jesuit, going northward from Missouri, and westward from Canada, completed the sacred circle as they met beneath the crests of the Rocky Mountains and on the plains of Oregon.

But after all, this was but Our Lady's discovery of North America, as it were—was but a planting of her standard and the act of taking possession. The battle was still to be fought, the hostile tribes were to be subdued; re-enforcements of foes from lands inimical to her cause were to be expected, and were only to be met by re-enforcements of friends from lands that loved her.

Her conquests resemble those of the world in this, that if they are to succeed, the officers must be skilful, fearless, diligent, prudent, unselfish, and prompt; the troops must be steadfast, obedient, loyal, and constant. If they shall appear to have been so, we will understand how her honor has increased in the land; how *seven hundred churches* bear her Name, out of three

thousand five hundred in every portion of the country; how the same sweet Name is given to river, lake, and mountain peak and bay, north, south, and through the centre; and how more than two million voices chant her praise, and proclaim her Lady and Protectress.[1]

The instruments, then, of the gracious will and favor of God are the fidelity of His ministers, the influx of foreign Catholics, and the winning character of the doctrines and devotions of the Church.

The fidelity of the minister is the main point, since, without this, the aborigine would retain his paganism, the emigrant lose his faith, the American remain unconverted. He must be faithful who would preach the gospel of Christ, and so extend the devotion to Mary, for these two go together. The Mother, for all eternity, now is inseparable from her Son. When He took her pure flesh upon Him in time, it was not only to suffer in it here, but to preserve it forever in heaven. She whom He called Mother here, He calls Mother there. She has no honor but His, and what she merits by duty faultlessly performed to Him. Whatever goes towards God's glory is an honor to Mary; whatever detracts from it or obstructs it, is a pain to Mary. She has nothing of her own, yet she has all; for she has Him, "of whom and by whom and for whom are all"—*propter quem omnia et per quem omnia.*[2]

[1] Even these estimates are less than the truth. They are made from the almanac for 1861, in which, for some dioceses, the names of churches are not given: indeed, whole dioceses have no report at all.

[2] Saint Paul: Epistle to the Hebrews, ii. 10.

It is her Maternity to Him that explains—that only can explain—the Catholic devotion to her. It is because she has Him for her child that she has us for her reverers. She has a right to our veneration, because she bare Him who has a right to our adoration. It is a common sentiment of our nature to honor every good mother for the sake of her son; it is a sin, then, against our regenerate nature to refuse honor to that best Mother of the best Son. And so it comes that His ministers are her ministers; that fidelity to the gospel of Christ is fidelity to devotion for Mary.

And for this fidelity must her minister be endowed with the gifts which insure it, and which are rendered necessary by the circumstances of their lives, as well as for the success of their mission.

They must be prudent as serpents, for a thousand snares are daily laid for their destruction. *Estote ergo prudentes ut serpentes*[1]—yet prudent without selfishness or trick; "be ye simple as doves"—*simplices sicut columbæ*. They must be brave in their innocence, for "I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves," *mitto vos sicut agnos inter lupos*;[2] humble, for the poor in spirit have the blessing—*beati pauperes spiritu*;[3] yet in all their personal humility they must preserve the highest dignity and sacred character of their office, since, "as My Father hath sent Me, *even so* send I you" —*sicut misit me Pater et ego mitto vos*.[4] Renunciation of the world, and separation from its ties and it, are

[1] St. Matthew's Gospel, x. 10.
[2] St. Luke, x. 3.
[3] St. Matthew, v. 3.
[4] St. John's Gospel, xx. 21.

necessary, for the "cares of this world choke the word," and the married man careth for the things of the world, how he may please his wife, *ærumnæ sæculi suffocant verbum*,[1] and *qui cum uxori est solicitus est mundi quomodo placeat uxori*.[2]

The ministers of God and Mary must find no obstacle in disease, privation, or poverty, no terror in death; for the "sufferings of the present life are not worthy to be compared to the glory that shall be revealed"—*non sunt condignæ passiones hujus temporis ad futuram gloriam quæ revelabitur in nobis*.[3] He must be persevering, for only "to him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of Life which is in the Paradise of my God"—*Vincenti dabo edere de ligno vitæ quod est in Paradiso Dei mei*;[4] and he must be ever vigilant, since only that servant is blessed whom his Lord, when He cometh, shall find watching—*Beati servi illi, quos, cum venerit Dominus invenerit vigilantes*.[5]

And it is precisely men of such qualifications whom it has pleased God to send out for the evangelization of America. Had they been endowed with less than all this, the English conquest of North America would have swept the devotion to Mary from the land. Were they not so endowed to-day, devotion to Mary would perish before the godlessness, the indifference of the world around us. But they are the same in the nineteenth century as in the sixteenth; they may differ

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[1] St. Mark, xiv. 19.
[2] 1 Corinthians, vii. 33.
[3] St. Paul to the Romans, viii. 18.
[4] Apocalypse, ii. 7.
[5] St. Luke, xii. 37.

externally in some matters, but the interior—the intention, the purpose—is the same, as is the divine commission and ordination which gives authority to their labors.

Monseigneur Verot builds a church to-day on the spot where Luis Cancel de Barbastro was martyred three hundred years ago. Bishop Lamy renews among the Spaniards and Indians in 1862 the fervor awakened in 1560 for Our Lady of Guadalupe. Where Jogues told his beads as a preventive for martyrdom, on the banks of the Mohawk, a hundred voices are repeating the same prayers; and while the circle of Mary's influence has been widened, till its bounds are the Gulf of Mexico, the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, and its northern limits are the extreme Arctic regions—while a bishop has his seat at the mouth of the Columbia River, and another in far Florida, the land named for Palm Sunday,[1] and a third rules in the almost perpetual winter of Hudson's Bay, and a fourth in the golden land of California—the intrepid missionaries are pushing the frontiers still further northward; and faithful servants of Mary have filled, and are still filling the whole interior of the country with love and reverence for her name.

While the old missionary orders, Jesuit, and Sulpitian, and Franciscan,[2] are still energetically pursuing

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[1] The Spaniards landing on Palm Sunday, which they call Pascua Florida, or the Flower Easter, gave this name to the new land.

[2] The Recollects, an order of reformed Franciscans, are busied in Canada.

their sacred conquests in Oregon, among the Esquimaux and the tribes of British America, new orders have arisen especially devoted and dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, as the Marists[1] and the Oblates of Mary Immaculate.[2]

These are the outposts and advanced guards of God's army in North America; while, in the interior, the secular and regular clergy, bishop and priest, are in the heat of the fight. These have, perhaps, even harder work than the missionary to the pagan. I do not say this in a spirit of comparison, but only in expression of a feeling which I possess, in common with others, and which is this: That he who is roaming through the grand native forests, breasting the torrent in a birch canoe, setting a stout heart against the inclemencies of a wild nature, has the poetry and romance, the adventure and ever-varying incident to inspirit and excite him.

So Bancroft, after a tribute to the zeal of the missionary, says: "And yet the simplicity and the freedom of life in the wilderness had its charms. The heart of the missionary would swell with delight, as, under a serene sky, and with a mild temperature, and breathing a pure air, he moved over waters as transparent as the most limpid fountain. Every encampment offered his attendants the pleasures of the chase.

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[1] An educational order founded at Bordeaux, France, in 1818.

[2] A missionary order whose superior-general is Mgr. the Bishop of Marseilles, and who are laboring chiefly in British America and in the southwestern United States.

Like a patriarch, he dwelt beneath a tent; and of the land through which he walked he was its master, in the length of it and in the breadth of it, profiting by its productions without the embarrassment of ownership. How often was the pillow of stones like that where Jacob felt the presence of God! How often did the aged oak, whereof the centuries were untold, seem like the tree of Mamre, beneath which Abraham broke bread with angels! Each day gave the pilgrim a new site for his dwelling, which the industry of a few moments could erect, and for which nature supplied a floor of green, inlaid with flowers. On every side clustered beauties which art had not spoiled and could not imitate."[1]

He has the rough, hearty life of a soldier, and the triumph of the discoverer; and he has to teach the true God to those who have worshipped demons. But the priests in the midst of a more or less perfect civilization have not this. Their fight is against the vices of civilization, very unpoetic, very unromantic; against the love of money, the cheatery of trade, the permitted dishonor and dishonesty of the world; against the influence of the drinking-shop and the low gambling-table; against the serpent of liberalism and godlessness; against the temptations of impurity and false doctrine; against the ever-changing phases of sin in individuals; against dangers which confer no glory, and poverty which is not picturesque. They are in the

[1] Bancroft: History of the United States, iii. 153.

heart of the army, in the midst of the ranks; they are the unnoticed fighters, who fall, and are succeeded by others who fall in turn; who combat all their lives to gain one foot of ground, or, perhaps, only not to *lose* one foot; and whose record is only on the page of the book of the Great King on high.

For them the steaming walls of the hospital replace the dark green arching aisles of the stately immemorial wood. For them the rush and roar of the hot and narrow street must be a substitute for the fresh, free leap of the wild and beautiful river. The skulking convict and the drunkard, the brazen harlot and the apostate Catholic, must be their dark-skinned warrior tribe. The idols they must shatter are the human passions; the temples they must renovate are human hearts.

It is in this view that I have ventured to call their work harder; not in itself, but in its circumstances: not because more actual labor is required from one than another; but because of the lack of much which can stimulate and distract.

And this brings me to a point which must be carefully noticed by the reader. I mean the difference between the rise of devotion to the Blessed Mother of God in this country and in the old Catholic lands, and the consequent difference between the respective external manifestations of it.

When the Gospel of the Son of Mary issued from Palestine and spread over Europe, it was for the dethronement of false deities among comparatively simple men; for civilization then was exclusively

Roman, save here and there a little colony. Men received the faith, sooner or later, in simple, earnest hearts. Faith retained for many, many centuries a straightforwardness and unnhesitating openness which has begun to decay only within the last three hundred years. For the general diffusion of a too thin and innutritive knowledge has unquestionably injured the simplicity of faith, by increasing, not our wisdom, but our conceit that we are wise.

Men have been taught by this to replace Faith with those niggardliest of qualities, suspicion and doubt. State any manifestation of God's love to man, any individual and distinct mark of His favor or providence, and for one that will say Blessed be His Name for that, a hundred will doubt it, will furnish a score of mean reasons against its probability, will suspect a score of honorable men of collusion, invention, and deceit.

Pantheism—if I may use that word for want of a better to express the generalization and depersonalization of God—was not universally spread as it is now. If it existed, it was in some head which "too much learning had made mad"—some mind gone astray through over-esteem of its own reasoning faculties; and was generally confined to a university chamber.

Then men believed in a personal God, to whom they were personally accountable; they loved to receive His gifts and benefits as personal ones; they knew nothing of these fine, new, universal humanities and confederacies of God; but He was *my* Father and *my* God as

well as *our* Father and *our* God. They got closer to Him by this individualizing, which was yet in no sense exclusive. A man received a benefit, not as a general, universal gift—of the gratitude for which his own share was so small that God would not miss it if it were never paid—but as a benefit done to *him*, for which all his gratitude was too little.

And so they had personal dealings with God; and when he said to the beloved disciple—speaking from the cloud of agony which overhung the Cross—"Son, behold thy mother!" they saw in that divinest boon a mother for all and each of them; a mother equally loving and tender to each of her children; procuring benefits for each from her Divine Son, and, therefore, naturally carrying back to Him the thanks of each for such benefits.

Well, then, in a little time, human thanks to God ran generally through Mary's heart and lips as their channel, the channel naturally the most agreeable to Him; and so her name got to be embroidered on the bright mantle of the European world as its chiefest decoration. They went to fight, and begged her protection; they came back successful, and they built *Notre Dame des Victoires.* They were perishing by an epidemic, and made a novena to her, and she heard them, and their Cathedral is dedicated to Our Lady of Help in need, *Notre Dame de bon secours.*

Travellers lighted on land after storms, like the grand, heroic Columbus, and because in their trouble they had begged help from the gentle Mother, and

thought that she had heard them, they called the new land by her name. A city escapes some general desolation; they change its name for some title of hers. A poor, pious man, attacked by highwaymen, converts one by his gentle discourse; the place is called St. Mary of Robbers, and some nineteenth-century literary skirmisher will inform you that the Blessed Virgin was the patroness of thieves in this neighborhood.

In this way Europe became covered with mementoes of benefits received by Mary's intercession, and, by inevitable naturalness, they bear her name; and, in those days, remembering some kindness done by her to some particular town, and standing in need of the same kindness for himself, a man would pray to our Lady of Rehbourg, St. Mary of Challons, the Immaculate Virgin of Liege. From which circumstance certain flatulent writers have deduced that those Catholics thought there were many Blessed Virgins, and that each lived in her own special village.[1]

Hence, the History of the Devotion to the Blessed

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[1] Even such as Walter Scott and Washington Irving commit blunders which are incomprehensible to men whose education is far inferior to that of those masters. Catholics going to Mass at all hours of the afternoon and evening, confessing to and receiving absolution from laymen, and men, women, and children in general using breviaries and missals. A well-educated author, a Protestant, is required to know the meaning of the Ramadan, the Mishna, the Norwegian Sagas, Joe Smith the Mormon, the Yezidees, the Fetish, but is allowed to blunder like an idiot about Mass, Vespers, and Rosary, the highest and most frequent acts of worship of two hundred millions of Christian men, half of whom are of the leading races of civilization in France, Spain, North America, Germany, Italy, and Great Britain!

Virgin in Europe is simply a ramble through the Beautiful. There is no hamlet, no burgh, nor city without its consecration, partial or entire, to the dear Mother of God, and for His sake ours. Europe is flooded with fact, and legend, and circumstance; and he who writes of the devotion there finds difficulty, not in discovering material, but in deciding amid the masses that lie before him what he will accept and what refuse.

But with us, the national antiquities, so to speak, of the Catholic Faith must be looked for only on our borders. The poetry of evangelization meets only the Indian missionary, the tradition of the Spaniard in the South, of the Frenchman in the North. I mean, of course, the published poetry; for the hidden, intrinsic beauties of our faith and our devotion are imperishable and invariable. We live, comparatively few in number, in a land which, if not Protestant, is, at least, anti-Catholic. No sacred processions, with vested clerics at their head, sweep through our streets; no train of pilgrims winds along the river-bank, or through the greenwood, to a favored Lady Chapel; no sweet face of dear Mary Mother smiles at us as we pass from wayside shrine; there is no halt of business,[1] and gen-

[1] These statements are to be taken generally, and particularly only of the United States. French Canada, of course, retains, with the ancient faith, many of its external practices. The colonies of Catholic Highlanders in the extreme north can do as they please. Louisiana, New Mexico, and part of California, are still Catholic; but where our great populations and our largest wealth and influence are, these words are true.

eral baring of the head for a moment's communion with God, when the Angelus rings out from the steeple. A few traditional observances may linger in portions of the United States where the Spanish or French influence has remained unaltered; but the length and breadth of the land is bitterly hostile to any outward manifestation of our love for Mary, because bitterly hostile to that love itself.

Pulpit and lecture-room, rostrum, public meeting, and corner-stone layings, the press and the bar-room, re-echo with charges of idolatry, of taking from God the honor which is His due only, and giving it to a creature; and even the gentlest will shake their heads and bewail with grave charity the unfortunate propensity of the Papist to give too much honor to Mary.

And yet what is our feeble love and honor compared to that which she obtains from God? As our love for our fellows is but a shadow of His love for man, so our especial love for Mary is but a shadow—a faint, attenuated shadow—of His love for her. The Eternal Father hath chosen her to be the Mother of His only Son; the Holy Spirit elected her His spouse. The Son who giveth right-hand thrones to the apostles who preached His word, is bound in justice to do more for the Mother who bore Him. For His sake, if you would please Him, reverence her; if you believe in honoring your own mother, believe that He believes in honoring His. It is impossible for the Christian adorer of the Incarnate God to give His blessed Mother more honor, interior or exterior, than is her

due. *Sancta et immaculata Virginitas, quibus te laudibus efferam nescio; quia quem cœli capere non poterant, tuo gremio contulisti.*[1]

So, then, when we consider how strong this feeling against devotion to Mary is; how powerful the influence of the majority is, especially when that majority possesses the wealth and influence of the land; how many temptations surround the Catholic here; how hard it is to bear slight, misrepresentation, and wilful falsehood; how much easier it is to deny having a delicate and beloved sentiment the rather than to expose it to the risk of a sneer; how swift the pace of the money-hunter is here; how little the beautiful in life and creed is cultivated, and how devoted are men to what they are pleased to call the practical, and which means simply more careful diligence for the body than for the soul, for time than for eternity;—when we consider all these, the wonder is, not that there is so much or so little devotion to Our Lady, but that there is any at all.

Yet in despite of all this, we are prepared to believe that there is no old Catholic country in Europe; that there never has been a country in which reverent love and earnest heartfelt devotion for the Blessed Mother of God was more deeply rooted, more ardently cherished, or more fervently and fruitfully practised than this same North America. It is unobtrusive, but it is

[1] Response in office of B. V. M. Holy and immaculate Virginity! with what praises to greet thee I know not; for Him whom the heavens cannot contain, thou hast borne in thy bosom.

real. It guides and influences the hearts of men, and it is found, pure and glowing, in the souls of some who seem to be the most thoughtless in society, of some who seem to be the driest and most engrossed by affairs.

It begins in earliest childhood, when the scapular and the medal are placed round the neck, to be kept there ever afterwards, even in the grave. As the child grows, he is won into membership of some Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, some Rosary Society, some Confraternity of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. The elders form their benevolent associations, and place them under the patronage of the Queen of Angels. Nuns of Notre Dame and of the Visitation train the female children. Brothers of Mary are consecrated to the education of boys. The Bishop labors patiently till his seminary of St. Mary is completed; the priest toils arduously until his parish of the Annunciation or the Assumption is established; and all join their prayers, their counsel, their money, their manual labor, their self-denial and renunciation, until the Cross peeps through the greenwood from the convent of Mary's Help, and the Church of the Immaculata crowns the summit of the hill.

We close this chapter, then, with a short view of the means whereby this devotion has entered and increased in this country, before examining its progress and effects more particularly.

And first, the Spaniard brought it in his heart as his best treasure for a new life, his best memento of his own old fervent land. He planted it in the ever-

glades of Florida, on the coasts of Alabama; or bore it with patient perseverance into Mexico, California, Texas, and even Oregon. In the various changes which this country has undergone of political rule and advancing civilization, the Iberian was driven from the East, and made powerless in the West, and his faith grew lazy, and in some places almost disappeared. But religious freedom fought its way here into general acceptation, and now the love of Mary is reappearing, fresh and beautiful, as the resurrection of the flowers when the winter has passed away.

Then the Frenchman, above all, the loyal and pious Breton, settled Acadia.[1]

"When, in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles.
* * * * * * * * * * *
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them, and up rose matrons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry
Slowly the *Angelus* sounded, and over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale-blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers—
Dwelt in the love of God and man."[2]

And thence they were driven by the English, under

[1] The Acadia of the French settlers embraced Maine, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia.

[2] Longfellow's "Evangeline."

circumstances of barbaric cruelty which wrung from the very heart of a Protestant the finest poem yet written in America, and one of the finest poems of home and domestic affection extant in any language. But the good seed had been blown abroad by those brave northern winds, and the love and the name of Mary had been carried, through the wild red tribes, to the shores of Lake Superior, and missionaries were already sighing for permission to bear it to the far and yet unknown Mississippi.[1] And when, in 1673, Father Marquette discovered and explored that river, the name that he gave it was "Immaculate Conception."

The Frenchman, descending the Mississippi, met the Spaniards coming up from Mexico, through New Mexico, Texas, Arizona, and Arkansas. And yet, although it was the forces of Great Britain which exterminated the missions of Carolina, and half destroyed those of Acadia and Canada, it was reserved for that empire to send forth a colony which should make the central line Catholic, and give the name of Mary to the State they founded.

With these three points starts the History of the Catholic Church, and, consequently, of the devotion to the Blessed Mother of God in North America. What missionizing was done went either westward from

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[1] Bancroft, ii. Thus did the religious zeal of the French bear the Cross to the banks of the St. Mary and the confines of Lake Superior, and look wistfully towards the home of the Sioux, in the valley of the Mississippi, five years before the New England Elliot had addressed the tribe of Indians that dwelt within six miles of Boston harbor.

Maryland or southward from Canada, the Jesuits and Recollects reaching the Hudson and Mohawk rivers and the State of Illinois. But little, however, was accomplished until after the Revolution, in the interior of the States east of the Mississippi. West of that great river, the whites were few or none.

But the emigration began. More French came into the central States on the Atlantic, and their religion was respected for the sake of their services to the country, if for nothing else. The Irishman came, bearing from the shores of his seagirt isle the faith which had withstood centuries of persecution, and such a persecution as is a phenomenon in history, having no parallel in the annals of man's injustice to man. Vanquished, enslaved, starved, tempted, they clung to God and St. Mary the Virgin only more closely for all attempts to sever them.

Crushed down by that preposterous incubus called the National Church, they remained and still remain devotedly faithful to the ancient creed. I do not speak of the priest-hunting and sanguinary portions of the persecutions, for that violence rather fans the flame of loyalty; but of that dead, stupid, crushing load, which, pressing as it did on their very lives and souls, needed a miracle of grace to enable them to resist it as they have done.

And when, commending themselves to that dear Mother in heaven, who had been their support and consolation, they bade adieu to their home, they brought to the land of their adoption the same un-

shaken fidelity to their religion. They spread, like bee-swarms, over the land; their strong arms hewed wide pathways through the forest, and cut the canals which were the life-veins leading to the country's heart; their hands laid the long, interminable lines of railway with which the map is covered as by a spider's web; and wherever they went they called to them *Saggart aroon*, the priest of their love; and when he came, the new little church of St. Mary soon rose, and the ancient *Salve Regina* resounded beneath the heavens in a new land.

Then from the Rhine came their brethren, from that "long street of cassocks," as Charles the Fifth was wont to call it, where pilgrims are seen daily seeking shrines of Our Lady; where the mile-stones by the road are wayside niches for her image; where her name is the most beloved of household words; where a hundred poets chant her praises; where the great schools of modern art love to reproduce her pure, maternal face; and where the very Protestant has not learned to speak of her with disrespect, nor utterly to empty his heart of all love for her.

These came to take up a thousand minor necessary industries which were too slow for the swift, rushing American; to occupy small farms throughout the interior; to teach the vineyard how to bloom upon the hill-side. And they, too, brought a store of devotion to Mary, unobtrusive, little noticed, but fixed, steadfast, patient, and indestructible as their own quiet character. These parishes are generally the largest in America;

they retain the pleasant customs of their fatherland; they call their settlements Mariastein, Mariahilf, and they transmit to their children their own trust in and affection for *die heilige Mutter Gottes.*

Thus, then, from North, South, and East, have the armies of blessed Mary marched into the land. Since the year of our Lord 1530, they have advanced, at first slowly, and then with rapid strides. For not only do the foreign populations retain and transmit their veneration for her, but countless conversions are made from heresy, or from the godlessness which is more prevalent and dangerous than it. And how many of these have been caused through affection for the maternity of Mary, or by her direct interposition? Some have been brought into the true fold by reading for the first time the story of the Church's love for her; some by wearing her medal; some by invoking her in time of need—"O holy Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us sinners who have recourse to thee!" and some by observing the devotion of Catholic friends to her, and the beautiful charities, the gentleness, and unselfishness which are apt to spring from that.

What wonder, then, that in her own sweet month of May, the Fathers of the Council of 1846 held in Baltimore—twenty-two bishops, with their theologians—should solemnly elect as Patroness of the United States of America the Blessed Virgin Mary, immaculately conceived? The Fathers had been trained in her honor, they had lived for her service, they desired to add this crowning glory to their life-long prayer

and praise, and at the same time to show their zeal for the true interests of this country, by entreating her protection for it in this eminent and public way. The next year this election was confirmed by the sovereign Pontiff,[1] and now forever in the grand public session that closes these august assemblies, after the Te Deum has been sung, the cantors, richly coped, stand before the altar and intone their first acclamation to the Most High God. That chorused, they burst forth—

"Beatissimæ Virgini Mariæ, sine labe originali conceptæ, harum Provinciarum Patronæ, honor æternus!"

And in chorus the venerable bishops, the theologians and attendant priests, and the whole multitude of people, repeat the glad ascription, and then, swelling to vaulted roof, and filling aisle and nave and broad cathedral sanctuary, rolls in deep, majestic chorus the solemn Amen! Amen!

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[1] DECRETUM:

Cum R. P. D. Archiepiscopus Baltimorensis ejusque Suffraganei Episcopi Concilium Sextum Provinciale mense Maio anno 1846 celebrantes, supplices petiissent ut a S. Sede approbaretur electio quam ipsi in Concilio fecerunt Bmæ. Mariæ Virginis sine labe originali conceptæ in Patronam Septentrionalis Americæ Fœderatæ Provinciarum; * * * Emi. ac Revmi. Patres in congregatione generali de propaganda Fide censuerunt supplicandum Ssmo. Dno nostro ut pientissimis Concilii votis annuere dignentur.

Hanc vero S. Cong. sententiam in audientia die 7 Februarii 1847 habita Ssmus Dns noster Pius divina providentia PP. IX. benigne probavit in omnibus.

## CHAPTER II.

THE ZEAL OF THE PIONEERS—CHAMPLAIN AND THE RECOLLECTS—MOTHER MARY OF THE INCARNATION AND THE URSULINES—MARQUETTE AND THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

THE secret of the devotion to Mary is a heart-felt zeal for the glory of God. It was a higher motive than any worldly one that brought Columbus to San Salvador and Concepcion, or Champlain to the snows and forests of the North.

"The salvation of a single soul," says this pious gentleman, "is worth more than the conquest of an empire, and kings should seek to extend their dominions in countries where idolatry reigns, only to cause their submission to Jesus Christ."[1] He undertook his toils and labors with patience, in order "to plant in this country the standard of the Cross, and to teach the knowledge of God and the glory of His Holy Name, desiring to increase charity for His unfortunate creatures."[2]

Thinking that he would "commit a great fault if he employed no means of bringing the savages to the

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[1] The first words of the Sieur de Champlain's voyages.

[2] Planter en ce pays l'éstendart de la Croix et leur enseigner la cognoissance de Dieu et gloire de Son Sainct Nom, éstant nostre désir d'augmenter la charité envers ses misérables créatures.—*Voyages et découvertures depuis* 1615.

knowledge of God," he earnestly "sought out some good Religious who would have zeal and affection for God's glory." Such as these are always discoverable by those who are really in want of them, and Champlain soon found them—men "who were borne away by holy affection, who burned to make this voyage, if so, by God's grace, they might gain some fruit, and might plant in these lands the standard of Jesus Christ, with fixed resolution to live, and, if need were, to die, for His sacred Name!"[1] So, when the ship is ready, we naturally expect the next record, that "each of us examined himself and purged himself of his sins by penitence and confession, so best to say adieu to France and to place himself in a state of grace, that each might be conscientiously free to give himself up into the keeping of God and to the billows of a vast and perilous sea."[2]

When the voyage is thus undertaken, what wonder that we find, along the first discovered coasts, St. Mary's Bay, St. Mary's Isle, St. Mary's River; that Montreal is first called *Ville Marie;* that the first grant of land from the Duc de Ventadour to the Jesuits is the lordship or seigneurie of Our Lady of Angels, and that then, by Mary's lake and missions of Assumption and Annunciation, we sweep away westward to the mysterious river of the Conception?

And so the portal of the Occident being thrown open, and the highways baptized by the name of

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[1] Voyages depuis 1615, p. 3. [2] Ibid., p. 8.

Mary, her servants enter in. How they labored, a sketch of one or two of them will suffice to show.

### MOTHER MARY OF THE INCARNATION.

In the convent grounds of the Ursulines, at Quebec, stood lately an old ash-tree. More than two hundred years ago, under its shadowy foliage, one might have seen a crowd of swarthy Indian girls, Algonquins, Iroquois, Abnakis, but most of all, Hurons. Their voices sounded with natural sweetness in prayer, as their dusky fingers told their beads, or mingled in the *Salve Regina* or *Ave Maris Stella*, and their eyes were closed in meditation or lifted up with love upon the figure of the crucified Redeemer or the image of Our Lady, or fixed reverently and attentively upon the calm, affectionate face of their instructress. And she, with the holy wisdom and patient sweetness which are the gifts of saints, taught them the love of God, winning them one by one, and through them their families, from their pagan superstitions and their wretched life, to the love and service of that dear Lord and His Mother, to whom she had totally given up her body and her soul.

Far away in central France she had left a gay and comfortable world, the society of the noble, the ease of wealth, for the white bandeau and dark veil and habit of the Ursuline; and, in the year of our redemption 1639, she completed her renunciation of all things by forsaking her sunny native land forever for the ice-bound shores, the privations, the perpetual toils of

Canada. Her very name was left behind her in the world she had forsaken; the lady of the French salons had been called Madame Sophie Gaynet; the Ursuline beneath the ash-tree in Quebec was Mother Mary of the Incarnation. And this is, in brief, her story.

One holy Christmas-tide, in her home at Tours, when her heart and soul had been particularly given up to union with God, by meditation on the mystery of His Incarnation, she fell asleep and dreamed. She thought that she, with one companion, hand in hand, were toiling along a broken and difficult road; more difficult than ordinary, because they did not see, but only felt the obstacles. But they had plenty of courage, and went on until they reached a place known as the Tannery, beyond which lay their home.

Here they were met by a venerable old man, in whose pure, sacred lineaments beamed kindness and protection. It was he who had watched and guided St. Mary and her Child from the roofs of Bethlehem to the palm-shades of Egypt. And St. Joseph, she thought, conducted them into a vast inclosure, whereof the sky was the only roof. The pavement and the walls were of white, spotless alabaster, and arabesqued with gold. Here all was silence, deep, religious, recollected. And, without disturbing the holy stillness by a word, their guide pointed out to them the way they should go. And they saw a little hospice of quaint, ancient architecture, but very beautiful, and of snow-white marble; and in an embrasure of this, upon a delicately-sculptured seat, sat Our Blessed Lady, St.

Mary, with the infant Jesus in her arms; but their backs were towards the travellers.

Mary of the Incarnation sprang forward and embraced the throne of her Queen, while her companion knelt at a little distance, where she could easily see the Virgin and her Child. The hospice faced the Orient. It was built upon an eminence, and at the foot of this was a vast space, murky with clouds; and through the thick, chill mists there rose into pure air the spire and gables of a church, but the body of it was hidden by the heavy fog. A rugged, perilous road led down the rocks into this space, winding along fearful precipices and through cavernous rents in the mountain. Our Lady's gaze was fixed upon this gloomy space, and the heart of the nun kneeling behind her burned with desire to see the face of the Mother of pure delights.

And then the Virgin turned and welcomed the suppliant with a smile of ineffable sweetness, and, bending down, she gently kissed her forehead. Then she seemed to whisper something about the Ursuline to the divine child in her arms. And when she had done this three times the vision faded, and in a tremor of delight the nun awoke.

A year after, while absorbed in mental prayer, the Ursuline became impressed with the idea that the cold, cloudy space was Canada, then called New France. She felt the most powerful attraction towards those unhappy regions, and seemed to hear a command to go there, and to found a house for Jesus

and for Mary; so, then and there, she promised, if such were the will of God, to obey the inspiration if He would supply the means. She was right in her conclusions; this was her vocation; the shores of the broad St. Lawrence were to form the scene of her labors for more than thirty years; and then, blessing and blessed, she was to depart thence for her eternal home in heaven.

In October, 1636, comes a letter from the Jesuit Fathers, inviting her most urgently to join them. It is dated from the mission of the Immaculate Conception; it contains an anecdote of how the Fathers had made a vow to give the names of Mary and Joseph to the first persons baptized by them; how they had accomplished that vow; how Joseph died a holy Christian death soon after, but Mary was living, and was the first Indian who had brought her children for baptism and education to the missionaries. Their converts numbered several hundreds, and the Fathers often heard resounding from the leafy aisles of the forest the sweet names of Jesus and of Mary.

The saints have a straightforward simplicity in their lives which prevents our ever being surprised at their actions. After her vision, her waking convictions as to its significance, and the letters from Canada, we are ready to see her seated in the cabin of the St. Joseph, and writing placidly to her superior: "There are signs of a storm, the captain says; we are at war with Spain and England also, and may meet their cruisers in the Channel; but those are not reasons for being troubled

now. In fact, one has no trouble now; the difficulty is to explain or understand that infinitely sweet repose which follows one's complete abandonment to God; *lorsqu'on s'est donne une bonne fois à Dieu.*"[1]

There were no crowds of affectionate friends; no well-lined carriage; no warm and brilliant drawing-room ready for her in Canada: her welcome was to hear the savages chant hymns in their own languages; to see five hundred Huron names upon a year's baptismal register; to receive her young future pupils as they came forward, and to mark their names, Mary Negabmah, and Mary Amiskwam, and Mary Abateno, and Mary Gamitien;[2] and then to go to such house as she had, and, with her sisterhood, commence at once her thirty years' occupation.

It is not much of a house, that convent and seminary of the Ursulines; between the cracks of the planks you can see the bright winter stars; and it is almost impossible to keep a candle burning in the rooms. It is no easy matter to accommodate all their pupils, and the sisterhood in the bargain. The beds, for instance, made of pine-plank, have to be arranged in tiers, after the manner of berths in a canal-boat. They are obliged to cut up their own bedclothes to make garments for the poor little Indian girls as they come in, and their chief articles of diet, indeed their only ones for a while, are salt fish and lard.

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[1] Choix des Lettres Historiques de la Venerable Mère Marie de l'Incarnation, première superieure des Ursulines de Quebec, p. 20.

[2] Ibid., pp. 25, 27.

And then the children. They are not all like Mary Gamitien, who needs no spur to daybreak devotion; who is up with the sun, reciting her rosary, and who sings beautiful hymns to the Blessed Virgin in the Huron tongue. They are not like her when they come out of the woods. But they are brought to the good sisters with no more clothing than a solid coat of grease, well rubbed in by their parents.[1] And to get that, and worse, off of those little bodies, takes a profound and patient scrubbing, and a frequent changing of garments for months. Nice work for those delicate French ladies; but they dispute for the office in their humble, gentle way. Magdalen de Chauvigny, Dame de la Peltrie, gets it the first year; Mother Mary of St. Joseph monopolizes it the next. And while the scrubbing goes on, and indeed always, there are men and women waiting in the parlor to be fed through the grating by others of the nuns.

The small-pox entered their seminary and turned it into a hospital. The sisters all resigned themselves to catch it, and, if it were God's will, to die of it; for they were in attendance day and night upon their patients, and lived all together in small and crowded apartments; but, through the care of Mother Mary, not one sister was attacked. Add to this the perpetual wars with the treacherous Iroquois; the struggles

[1] Quand on les nous donne elles sont nues comme un ver. * * * Quelque dilígence que l'on fasse, quoiqu'on les change souvent de linge et d'habits, on ne peu de long temps épuiser la vermine.—Choix des lettres, p. 31.

of the medicine-men to retain their superstitious eminence among the savages,—that small-pox, for instance, and all these new diseases come, they say, from the magic of the whites; the seeming impossibility of teaching the elder ones to bridle their infamous passions; the desolation of the long winters; the forests echoing with savage howls; the repeated shocks of earthquake; the dreary wastes of snow which spread around; the news, now and then, of a missionary's martyrdom; surely these must break down our courage.

Not a bit of it. "We are perfectly well; we sing oftener and better than we did in France. The air is excellent—a little cool, perhaps, but excellent; so, you see, it is a Paradise on earth, where the crosses and thorns spring up so lovingly, that if one is pierced by them it is only to let new floods of love in upon the heart. Pray God to give me the grace to love Him always."[1]

But Mother Mary's troubles and trials cannot be given here; a mere list of them would take up too much room. Only one or two of them can be mentioned, which offer themselves apropos of our subject.

It is the night of December thirtieth, "in the Octave of our Lord's Nativity." Sister Martha has a large baking on hand for to-morrow, and forgets the fire in the bakery, which is exactly under our seminary. The night prayers are over, and all go to bed, to sleep as

[1] Choix des lettres, p. 48.

well as the cold will let them. A few hours afterward we find that some of them—poor souls!—have gone to bed with their shoes on, so terrible is the chill Canadian air. And, at midnight, Mother Mary of the Seraphim, who has the care of the children, and sleeps at the door of the seminary, rushes into our dormitory with the cry, "Wake, sisters, wake! The house is on fire! Up, and let us save the children!"

As they spring up, the flames, red and wild, leap crackling through the pine-floor of the apartment. The Mother Assistant and Sister St. Lawrence break down the convent grating, which is fortunately of wood, and get out a portion of the scholars that way. Our Mother Mary, trying to save some of the chapel furniture, gets caught between two fires, hesitates as to whether she should throw the large crucifix, her own, out of the window; thinks that that would be irreverence, so kisses it with lowly love and faith, and leaves it to the flames. Then she escapes into the bell-tower, is just missed by the falling bell, and gets out, barefooted, into the December snow.

Sister Ignatia has a theological difficulty. The smaller children are still up stairs: is it permitted her to give her life for theirs? Meantime, she goes up to their room, and lets them down, all safe, from the window, one by one. Then, with a fiery crash, the roof falls in, and Sister Ignatia's difficulty is solved.

All in authority appear to have presence of mind. Each goes first to her proper post, to see if any thing may be done there. Mother Superior, who has the

keys, goes to set the doors wide open, and stands there calling to the sisters by name. But no one comes forth—no one replies; then she throws herself at the feet of the Blessed Virgin, and makes a vow—its terms we do not know—for the preservation of her sisters; and, after a short agony of doubt, she finds them all safe, their poor little Indian girls with them.

Safe they are, but nine-tenths of them barefooted, with a single garment to cover them, standing in the December snow. But Mother Mary could see, by the tranquillity and submission of their faces, that God was in their hearts. "We were stripped," she says, "as bare as Job, but then we had better friends."

In fact, the people had gathered by this time round them; the Jesuits from their house, the French and Indians from the neighborhood. One man, after staring in amazement at the perfect calm and resignation of the nuns, was heard to say, "Either these women are mad, or they have an exceeding love for God."

Then all are hurried off, some to the neighbors' houses, some to the large parlor of the Jesuits; the nuns to the hospital, where the sisters clothe them with their own gray habits, and make, for the time being, *sœur grises* of them. On the way thither they are met by some good people with welcome shoes; and one of the first pair is given to Mother Superior, in right of her age and position. Mother Mary of the Incarnation does not say that she got a pair, which is very good evidence that she did not; in which case this delicately nurtured woman must have walked

some quarter of a mile, barefooted, through the snow, to the Hospital of the Gray Sisters.

And now all their earthly possessions were gone—house, furniture and raiment. Nothing remained to them but a black, ugly mass of ashes and ruin, whence a column of gloomy smoke rose, sluggishly curling up through the gray frosty dawn. Not a whit downcast is Mother Mary. "Divine Providence," she says, "will help us to pay our debts and to build again. That has placed us in our present sad condition. That will set us up again, through the most holy Virgin, *of whose succor we are so assured*, that we live in peace in that direction. What she does not of herself, she will excite friends to do for us; and so in time she will do all."[1]

Those miserable Iroquois were the greatest difficulty of all. They would wage war, make peace, and wage war again. They scalped, burned, and hewed in pieces our good Hurons and Algonquins. Their prophets accused our missionaries of bringing disease and other misfortunes upon them. Father Jogues goes off among them to have his fingers cut off, joint by joint; to escape, but only to go back again and win the crown of martyrdom. Father Daniel is burned by them, all clad in his vestments, at the foot of his altar. Father Brebœuf has the flesh torn from his body—torn carefully in thin strips, so as not to break the large veins; has boiling water poured upon his head

[1] Choix des lettres, 210.

in mockery of baptism; has his nails torn out by pincers; and passes from that torture into the eternal glory.

All these were friends of Mary of the Incarnation. "Ah," she sighs, "if we could only get hold of some Iroquois girls to educate and send back as missionaries to their fiendish clansmen! But some of the French are as bad as the Iroquois. Some have come hither only to trade, without care for souls; and the easiest trade is made by means of brandy, fire-water. Our best converts, some of them, are lured astray; our very school-girls get to love the hellish beverage, which they get when they go to see their parents. The traders are excommunicated, but they laugh at that. All our efforts will fail, unless it please God to interfere in our behalf."

God does interfere, he shakes that far northern land with an earthquake. It was in 1663 that this occurred. Houses rocked to and fro, cracked, and fell to ruin; the atmosphere was dust; steeples swung like trees in a storm; the mighty St. Lawrence ran yellow as sulphur; the lamp of the Blessed Sacrament fell three times in the church of Beaupre. A mountain near Tadoussac sank wholly into the yawning earth, and the valleys rose into plains. "The walls of our convent split; we were nearly choked with dust, asphyxiated with bituminous and sulphurous exhalations. Half of the neighboring forest was destroyed; some lives were lost; but God was with us!"

The brandy-traders, at least, were well frightened;

and a pious governor, coming over from France, put an end to them for the present. And we learn, too, from these records, a new and very advisable method of measuring time—a method much and successfully used by those early Ursulines in Quebec. Some of the shocks, they tell us, only lasted an *Ave Maria*, while others were as long as two *Misereres*.

All these trials, and all the daily hard labor, seemed, after all, by God's benediction, only to make these delicate women stronger, happier, healthier, daily more devout. Mary of the Incarnation never seemed to need repose; teaching, counselling, praying. She wrote a catechism in Huron, and three in Algonquin. She translated a large collection of prayers, and compiled a dictionary in the Indian tongues. "And I," she says, "I am so useless, that I tremble at the account I must render before God."

What then were her consolations? for, in fact, it were impossible to support such a life without some. They were abundant enough to fill Mary's heart with courage, confidence, and love. There was the touching, simple faith of the Indians. One poor couple, no longer young, were deserted with scorn by their heathen relatives, and the old man was ill. So his wife prayed, "O Thou who hast made all, Thou canst help me. Cure my husband; for we believe in Thee, and shall believe in Thee, even though he die." "And when my wife had made that prayer," said the poor Indian, "I got well. But," he continued, "I had no canoe to fish from, and knew not how to make one.

But I prayed with all my heart, 'O Creator of all, help me, I beseech Thee; for Thou knowest I have never made a canoe.' And then I set to work at it. Come, look at it; it is perfect!"

Then, again, the Indians got into a habit, when setting out on their hunting expeditions, of leaving their little daughters in the hands of the Ursulines, and by this means good seed was sown in those little hearts and matured there, and one day bore a hundred-fold. The baptisms increased yearly. New laborers for the ripening harvest came from France; the converted Indian himself became a messenger of good tidings to his brethren, suffering, many a time, torture and death with the fervor and constancy of a martyr. Above all, the venerable Mary of the Incarnation saw that sweetest fruit of truth, that most civilizing and gentle making of influences, devotion to Mary Mother of God, spreading deeply and broadly throughout the Huron and Algonquin tribes, and sinking more profoundly into the souls of her own sometimes too light countrymen.

There was the Abenaki tradition of a virgin's son, who had repaired the world after the great deluge, and who was to come to earth again. In the Huron name of this Being, which is Messou, the good Ursulines loved, probably correctly, to find Messiah. Then, besides the names of places which marked the land to her devotion, the Feast of the Virgin's Immaculate Conception was the patronal feast of all those countries. All the people, *habitans* and Christian Indians,

were wont to recur to the Holy Family in all their distresses, and not in vain. Mary of the Incarnation knew one blind man who had besought St. Anne, the Mother of Our Lady, to restore his sight. The Saint caused it to be made known to him that that boon must come by invocation of the Holy Family, and so he prayed and received his sight. Louis, a Christian Huron, taken by the sanguinary Iroquois and condemned to be burned alive, was saved by the Blessed Virgin. He himself told the Ursuline how, as he prayed earnestly to Our Lady for help, in the night, he felt the knots of the sinew-cord which bound him loosening on his right hand. Then it fell off, and left his fingers free to undo the other knots, and so passing unseen through several hundred sleeping Iroquois, he, thanks to St. Mary, escaped safe to Quebec.

What a pleasure to see the Indian girls, who had left the seminary to pass the winter in household duties with their parents, coming back in the spring, laden with early flowers to crown the beloved image of the Queen of May! Their first visit, on returning, was to the Most Holy Sacrament; their next, to bring their flowers to decorate the statue of their beneficent Mother. Even among the troops, our venerable Religious knew of five hundred soldiers who wore the scapular and daily said the Rosary. Indeed, this beautiful devotion of the beads, to which all grades of men, the simplest and the highest intelligences, become so fervently attached, was seldom neglected in New France. Mother Mary asked a young Indian,

who, soon after his baptism, had gone upon a long hunt, how he had managed when temptation assailed him. "Ah," he replied, "I was often tempted to sin; but then I took my beads in my hand, and said, 'Have pity on me, Jesus, Thou who determinest all; chase away the evil spirit, and have mercy upon me;' and then the temptation would depart."

Another, an old man, gave himself up entirely to the instruction of his brethren. They used to see him with Victor, an ancient Algonquin, a man of faith and love, but of decayed memory, reciting the beads thrice over at one visit. Many of the good souls, even in their long and exciting hunts, never once omitted to say the five decades daily; and some, taken prisoners and doomed to die with the martyr Jogues, when the beads were taken from them by the cruel Iroquois, said the prayers upon their fingers; and when these were cut off, joint by joint, they said them on the bleeding stumps—a *Rosary* indeed. Where such faith, such devotion were, it was not possible for our gentle Queen and Mother to leave unanswered the fervent prayers of her children. One instance out of many.

A young lieutenant, coming too late to say the Rosary with the rest, walked out into the bordering woods to pray apart. And there, while kneeling, the sentinel took him for a lurking Iroquois, for it was in time of war, and firing at him from the distance of ten paces, shot him in the head, a finger's breadth above the temple. But Our Lady preserved him; he fell, but rose again, with his beads still in his hands; the ball

was extracted from the skull, and he felt no very evil effects from the wound. Nay, where the famous church of St. Anne overlooks the broad St. Lawrence, our dear Lord manifested His love for His blessed Mother by daily miracles accorded to her intercession; and to-day, the rough boatman of those regions will tell you countless instances of mercy sought and won by prayer to Mary, his patroness and Queen.

So, then, amid such trials and such consolations, in faith, hope, patience, and charity, did this devout servant of Mary pass thirty years and more of holy life; and when worn out at last, with the same sweet confidence and resignation, she crossed her pale hands upon her bosom, and gave up her soul to the Virgin, who presented it lovingly to her God and Son. Mother Mary of the Incarnation ceased from her labors in the year of grace 1672.

## Father James Marquette.

We have Brebœuf and Daniel, Jogues and Noue and Bressany, the Jesuits, the Recollects, the Oblates, the Sulpicians to choose from, and we take Father James Marquette as the most American, so to say, inasmuch as he was the discoverer and explorer of the Mississippi, and as remarkably devout to Mary, having in childhood been consecrated to her, and in manhood as doing all for God through especial devotion to the Immaculate Conception.

Of an ancient family of Laon, always famed for their

valor in war and their sincerity in devotion, this glorious servant of Mary was born in the year 1637. Until the age of seventeen, his mother, Rose de la Salle, had educated him, inspiring him with that profound, ardent, tender, and unwavering devotion to Our Lady which was the mainspring of his life. When he had reached his seventeenth year she gave him up to God in the Society of Jesus. Twelve years from that dedication he landed in Canada. Mother Mary of the Incarnation was one of those who welcomed him to the toils and self-sacrifice which his sacred ambition desired. New York was red with missionary blood, and he longed for that field of labor, but it was not to be his. First of all he must learn the languages, but these he soon mastered. Then he began his westward march, and first halted at the Sault Ste. Marie, where the Cross had been planted by Father Isaac Jogues twenty years before, but had fallen. It was for Marquette and Allouez to replant it, and to build the first Catholic church there, where now stands the cathedral of St. Mary, and the apostolic Bishop Baraga presides.

From this, further west to the Ottawa, was a mission almost hopeless, from the abandonment of that people to the worship of their own passions. But now the great dream of his life began to rise in his heart, soon to take possession of it altogether. He had heard from straggling hunters, as from general rumor, that out towards the sunset a mighty river took its rise and rolled its floods, for measureless miles, through populous

pagan lands, to the far southern seas. Ah! to discover this—to launch himself on those swift tides with his cross, his beads, and his breviary! not to win a name among the learned of the earth, the applause of science, the gratitude of trade, but to bear to those lost tribes the glad news of a Redeemer; to people heaven with their ransomed souls; to teach those pathless prairies and unhewn woods to re-echo the sweet names of JESUS and of MARY!

This, Father James Marquette felt, was to be, for the future, his ambition. So at once he began offering up perpetual devotions to the Immaculate Mother for the accomplishment of his yearning. Indeed, things seemed to work that way. He was sent south and westward to Mackinac, south and westward to Green Bay—southward, at last, to the Illinois. Everywhere he heard more and plainer tidings of the great river, and he redoubled his devotions. Then Mary heard and granted his prayers. Joliet arrived, sent by the Count de Frontenac, then governor of Canada, and bringing with him, from Marquette's superiors, the long wished-for permission. And note the day of Joliet's arrival: it is the 8th of December, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of Mary!

The heart of the missionary burned within him, for it took months to prepare the expedition; but at last it was ready, at the mission of St. Ignatius, the cross of which, on the Isle of Mackinac, was seen over the wide straits and from the two inland seas of Huron and of Michigan; and in the middle of May, the month

of Mary, they pushed out their bark canoes upon the deep blue lake. They took all possible precautions, made all prudent preparations, but "above all," says Marquette, "I placed our voyage under the protection of the Blessed Virgin Immaculate, and promised her that if she obtained us the grace of discovering the great river, I would give it the name of Conception, as I would do to the first mission I should establish among those new nations."[1]

The story of this discovery cannot be repeated here; it is the common property of historian and geographer. We have only to show the voyage of devotion to the Mother of God, and what advances that made into the wild interior of North America. The missionary, starting inward from the shores of Green Bay, had penetrated west and south, through many adventures, leaving here and there some hint of the Gospel, which he hoped one day to preach to all these nations, and reaching at length a stream, wide, and swift, and deep, which they told him would bear him to the great river. Before embarking on its bosom, they began a new devotion to the Blessed Virgin Immaculate, which they practised every day, and "by especial prayers we placed," he says, "under her protection the success of our voyage and ourselves."[2] Then, for a hundred and

[1] Sourtout je mis nostre voyage soubs la protection de la Ste. Vierge Immaculée, luy promettant, que si elle nous faisoit la grâce de découvrir la grande rivière je luy donnerois le nom de la Conception.—Recit des Voyages et des Descouvertes de P. Jacques Marquette, cap. ii.

[2] Recit des Voyages, cap iii.

twenty miles, they float down the Wisconsin, through the State of that name, to its mouth and the object of their wishes. Then out upon the broad breast of the Father of Waters, and down its stream past Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, noting every object, the nature of the trees, the varying width of water, the animals, especially the "wild cattle," and the panthers which came in sight.[1]

The Illinois seem to have been a mild, dignified, and hospitable race, receiving Marquette in their villages, showing him their customs, and listening with respect to the new doctrines which he uttered. They urged him to stay with them, and when he refused for the time, gave him provisions for his journey and a calumet for his defence. Then down the river again as far as the mouth of the Arkansas. Just above this they had been attacked by a party of hostile Indians, apparently not natives of the neighborhood—perhaps Tuscaroras or Iroquois. They were armed with bows, arrows, axes, war-clubs, and bucklers, and prepared to attack the missionary both by land and water, some embarking in canoes, a part to ascend, others to descend the river, so as to surround their prey. The current drew the canoe to the shore, and the young men sprang in to seize it; but not getting near enough for that, they returned to the shore, and seizing their bows and arrows, prepared to pierce the servant of God. Death seemed inevitable. "But," says the

[1] Marquette gives the name of pisikiou to the American bison

faithful Marquette, "we had recourse to our patroness and guide, the Holy Virgin Immaculate, and we had great need of her assistance, for the savages were urging each other to the slaughter by fierce and continual cries."[1] But God suddenly touched the hearts of the old men, the youth were checked, and for that time the missionary was spared.

They had now reached a land where the inhabitants "never see snow, and know the winter only by the rain which falls oftener than in summer;" that is, they were in Arkansas. And now the problem of the great river was solved; and they knew how that, coming from the cold lakes of the north, it watered so vast an extent of country, to empty at last in the Gulf of Mexico. For they had heard already, by the New York missionaries, how bands of wandering Iroquois had warred against the Ontongannha, who lived on the banks of a beautiful river (Ohio) which leads to the great lake, as they called the sea, where they traded with Europeans "who pray to God as we do, and have rosaries, and bells. to call men to prayers."[2] Of these and other such accounts, Marquette gained full confirmation from the Arkansas tribes; and so, having navigated its waters for a distance of eight degrees, and published the Gospel as well as he could[3] to the nations he had met, and learning that all the tribes below were in perpetual war and furnished with fire-

[1] Recit, cap. viii.
[2] Shea's Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi, pref., p. xxiii.
[3] Recit, cap. ix.

arms, he turned the prow of his canoe and began to ascend the river.

Entering the Illinois River, he passed a town of the Kaskaskias; another, higher up, of the Peorias, and was compelled to promise both to return and instruct them. Three days he preached the faith in all their cabins, baptized a dying child, and so, after a voyage of two thousand seven hundred and sixty-seven miles, on foot or in birch canoe, he reached the mission of Green Bay.

It was here, under the roof dedicated to his beloved mission-model, St. Francis Xavier, that Marquette spent the summer of 1674, trying to recover from the chronic dysentery which his labors and fatigues had brought upon him; and it was here that the eagerly sought orders found him to go to the Illinois. In the month of November he set out, and was well enough upon the lake; but, with the severe cold upon the land, his disease attacked him with redoubled vigilance. Still he pushed on; for had he not his work to do? But when he reached the banks of the Illinois, and found that river frozen, he was prostrated. And there he lay, so ill that even on his well-loved patronal feast, of the Immaculate Conception (Dec. 8), he could not offer the Holy Sacrifice. There he must winter, that dying servant of Mary, in a half-open wigwam, exposed to the fierce northern blasts, dependent for his food upon the guns of his two poor French companions.

The Illinois heard of him, but only send to him for

powder and for goods. "I have come," he answers, "to instruct you, to speak to you of prayer, to stop your wars with the Miamis, and to spread peace throughout the land. Powder have I none."[1] How much does he murmur? "The Blessed Immaculate Virgin"—these are his words in his last journal—"has taken such care of us in our wandering, that we have never wanted food; we live quite comfortably."[2] This is the "History of the Devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary in North America," this spirit in her servants. What worldly motive-power is going to resist or overcome this? See that lone, feeble missionary, that child of an antique race of sunny France, in the poor bark hut of the savage, in the dead of the northern winter, lying prostrate there, yet performing the spiritual exercises of St. Ignatius, confessing and communicating his two comrades twice a week, fasting on Fridays and Saturdays, and saying, and *believing*, in his deep, saintly humility, that he "lives quite comfortably!"[3] That, we say, is the History of the Devotion to Saint Mary; stop *that*, if you can, by a sneer, a treatise, or a mob!

Meantime, the flesh of humanity has its laws, and under these the missionary is doomed to death. Far

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[1] Marquette's unfinished journal-letter to Father Dablon, superior of the missions, December 26.

[2] Journal, December 30.

[3] The last words in his journal are a gentle jest at the fatigues of the French traders—he forgets his own: "Si les François ont des robbes de ce pays icy, ils ne les desrobbent pas, tant les fatigues sont grands pour les en tirer." April 6.

south lies the desired mission; here, where he is lying, stretch the desolate snows and howls the wild boreal wind. He sinks daily, hourly; his comrades are beginning to consider where, beneath the frosts, they shall scoop out his solitary grave. But he says, "Not yet. Let me see my mission first, and then die. To prayer, friends!" Never has that dear Lady Mother of his failed him yet; nor, such is his confidence, will she do so now. They make a novena to the Immaculate Mother of God, to Mary conceived without sin. His companions have but little faith—he much. And the prayer of nine days is past, and Marquette rises from the couch of death recovered.

On the 29th of March, in the Octave of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin, he is able, still very feeble, to start. The ice is broken up and is floating down the river. On the 8th of April he reaches the long-desired village of the Kaskaskias. Here he assembled for several days the ancients of the tribe, then visited the separate wigwams, which were crowded to hear him. On Thursday, in Holy Week, he spake to all in public. It was a large town, five hundred fires burned there daily, and his audience was vast. His church was a prairie knoll. On four sides of him were planted his banners, large pictures of the Blessed Virgin, attached to strips of India taffety. Five hundred chiefs and ancients formed the first circle, nearest to the Father; fifteen hundred young warriors gathered behind them; the women and the children formed the outer ring.

Thus he preached to them the doctrine of Christ crucified; the Gospel of God's Son made Mary's Son for them. He offered up the awful sacrifice of the Mass for their conversion. On Easter Sunday he celebrated the same dread mysteries again, and claimed that land as a possession for the Most High God, and gave that mission the name of the Immaculate Conception of St. Mary.

The good Indians received his message with joy; his mission was securely founded, and his work was done. He could not labor there, but must go and get other Fathers to replace him. For thirty miles on his way the new converts attend him, contesting who shall carry something belonging to him. Then he reaches Lake Michigan, poor Jacques and François despairing almost of getting him further; for he lies helpless in their arms now, or wherever they lay him down—gentle, but feeble as a little child. He smiles, and speaks sweet, calm encouragement to these two, or lies quiet, murmuring from time to time, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," or "Mary, mother of grace and Mother of God, remember me!" He directs every thing to be prepared for his death, blessing holy water for his agony and burial, instructing his companions, reading his breviary until the film of approaching dissolution gathers on his eyes.

He had always entreated his dear Mother that he might die on Saturday, the day of the office of the Immaculate Conception. Well, Saturday had come, and he bade them paddle to the shore to a knoll, at

the foot of which a little river ran into the lake.[1] They laid him, like St. Francis Xavier, upon the shore, and stretched some birch-bark upon poles above him. There he gave them the last directions, thanked them for their love, begged their pardon for the trouble he had given, heard their confessions, and bade them take some repose. When they returned, he had entered the valley of the shadow of death; but he told one of them to take his crucifix and hold it up where his eyes might rest upon it. Looking on this, he uttered his profession of faith, and thanked the Triune Majesty for the grace of dying a missionary of Jesus, alone, and in the land of savages. Then, now and again, they heard him say, *Sustinuit anima mea in verba ejus*, and *Mater Dei, memento mei.* Then, as he seemed to be passing away, they called aloud, as he had told them, the names of Jesus and of Mary, and at the sound he raised his eyes above the crucifix; he saw some object which they could not see, for his eyes filled with the light of ineffable joy; a look of intensest delight made his whole face radiant; he cried out, Jesus and Mary! and fell asleep.

Surely we have no need of words to connect this man's life with devotion to the Mother of God, or of the part he took in establishing it in America. Let us content ourselves with citing the words of one of his editors and biographers:[2] "We could say much of his

[1] The river and the bay into which it falls, in Colton's Atlas, are called *Marquette.*

[2] John G. Shea: Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi, p. 64

rare virtues, of his missionary zeal, of his childlike candor, of his angelic purity, and his continual union with God. But his predominant virtue was a most rare and singular devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and especially in the mystery of the Immaculate Conception. It was a pleasure to hear him preach or speak on this subject. Every conversation and letter of his contained something about the Blessed Virgin Immaculate, as he always styled her. From the age of nine, he fasted every Saturday, and from his most tender youth began to recite daily the little office of the Conception, and inspired all to adopt this devotion. For some months before his death, he daily recited, with his two men, a little chaplet of the Immaculate Conception which he had arranged in this form: after the Creed, they said one 'Our Father, and Hail Mary;' then, four times, these words: 'Hail, daughter of God the Father! hail, Mother of God the Son! hail, Spouse of the Holy Ghost! hail, Temple of the whole Trinity! By thy holy virginity and immaculate conception, O most pure Virgin, cleanse my flesh and my heart. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;' and, last of all, the 'Glory be to the Father,' the whole thrice repeated.

"So tender a devotion to the Mother of God deserved some singular grace, and she accordingly granted him the favor he had always asked—to die upon a Saturday; and his two companions had no doubt that she appeared to him at the hour of his death, when, after pronouncing the names of Jesus and

Mary, he suddenly raised his eyes above the crucifix, fixing them on an object which he regarded with such pleasure and joy that they lit up his countenance; and they, from that moment, believed that he had surrendered his soul into the hands of his good Mother."

His bones were laid in the Isle of Mackinac, where they were taken soon after; his name is invoked by the boatmen when the lake is agitated by storms, and the Indians call him the "Angel of the Ottawa Mission."

## CHAPTER III.

ADVANCE OF THE DEVOTION—FIRST SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS—JESUITS IN CANADA—OUR LADY OF ANGELS—OLIER AND ST. SULPICE—THE CITY OF MARY—MADEMOISELLE MANSE AND THE HOSPITAL SISTERS.

WE have shown rather fully the spirit of those whom God, in His mercy to America, has charged with the diffusion of devotion to Mary. Nor did we choose them from any special preference for them rather than for others; for the Hospital Sisters of Our Lady were in Canada before the Ursulines arrived, and there were gray-headed missionaries among the Indians before James Marquette had left his own sunny France. The spirit which, in the first chapter, we set forth as necessary, is conveniently exemplified in Mary of the Incarnation and the holy discoverer of the Mississippi; but it is the same in all the servants. Urged by the love of souls, the children of St. Francis, known as Recollects, as early as the year 1616, follow the good Champlain. Of these three priests, two throw themselves at once into the difficult struggle, against sin and death, among the nomadic Algonquins of the Saguenay, the Ottawa, and the St. Lawrence, while the other pushes forward to the shores of Lake Huron, among the more settled Wyandots or Hurons. Three others are found about the same time in Maine; but the new, young orders of Jesuits and Sulpicians,

full of fresh ardor and energy, came upon the field and claimed its dangers and its toils, in the names of Jesus and Mary.

The year 1625 is the first of the establishment of the Jesuits, although they had labored in Nova Scotia and Maine from 1608 to the conquest of Acadia. Then the Duc de Ventadour granted them lands around Quebec, under the title of the Seigneurie of our Lady of Angels. Their first house was built at St. Charles. Then for the Mission of St. Joseph, near Quebec, Brulart de Sillery furnishes foundation. He desires to establish a spot where the wandering savages may be attracted and assembled, as the surest mode of their conversion. He hopes, in the deed of foundation, that all his plans "will happily succeed by the merits and powerful help of the most holy Virgin, Mother of God; and wishes, by the deed, also to testify the gratitude which he feels for the wondrous favors received from that Mother of Mercy." So he dedicates the foundation "to the honor and glory of the Most Holy Trinity,—of the Father, who chose the Virgin to give a second life unto His Son; of the Son, who accepted her as His Mother; of the Holy Spirit, who operated in her the work of the adorable Incarnation; and in honor of that same Virgin, who hath ever been Immaculate and without defect; and in memory and thanksgiving of the miracles of holiness wrought in her, and in gratitude for the graces which he, the founder, has received from God by her intercession."

So there he established a residence of Jesuits, on

condition that the "Fathers shall say, or cause to be said there, forever, a Mass of the Blessed Virgin, on every day permitted by the usage of the Church; and on other days the Mass shall be celebrated with the same intention of honoring the Mother of God, so as to thank her more worthily, and to invoke her more efficaciously by this foundation, placing her Son Jesus Christ anew in her hands, and heartily beseeching her to offer Him, herself, in daily sacrifice to God for the whole Church, and in express memory of that admirable offering which the same Mother made of her Son at the moment of the Incarnation, and afterwards in the Temple, to satisfy the apparent obligation of the law, and finally at the Cross, on the mountain of Calvary."[1]

Thus founded at Quebec, the members of the Company of Jesus radiated throughout all New France, carrying the light and warmth of salvation to every part of its territory. Checked for awhile by the success of the British arms, it was only to commence again with renewed fervor. By 1633 no less than fifteen priests of their order were at work in Canada, "and every tradition bears testimony to their worth. Away from the amenities of life, away from the opportunities of vain-glory, they became dead to the world, and possessed their souls in unutterable peace. The few who lived to grow old, though bowed by the toils

[1] Fondation faite par le Commandeur de Sillery pour le Residence de St. Joseph, près de Quebec, from Father Bressani's Relation abregée, redigée par R. P. Martin, Montreal, 1852.

ST. ALBERT'S COLLEGE LIBRARY



of a long mission, still kindled with the fervor of apostolic zeal. The history of their labors is connected with the origin of every celebrated town in the annals of French America; not a cape was turned, nor a river entered, but a Jesuit led the way."[1]

They followed the shores of the lakes to the Bay of Saguenay, and pierced into the heart of the Huron forests. St. Mary's rose upon the Niagara River. The Marquis de Gamache gave himself to the Society, and endowed with his ample fortune the first college at Quebec. From 1641 to 1644 the remoter Huron missionaries received no supplies; their clothes fell to pieces; they had scarce bread enough for the Holy Mysteries; they themselves crushed the necessary wine from the wild grape that sprang in the woodlands. And yet, before 1647, forty-two members of the order had visited and labored in these lonely wilds, counting their lives as nothing, if only they could win souls for the kingdom of Christ.

Before 1690, thirteen had baptized the pagan land with their blood. Others had fallen victims to starvation or exposure.

Father Anne de Noué, after years of terrible toil, died, frozen stiff and cold by the wild February blasts, upon the banks of the St. Lawrence. They found him kneeling upright, with crucifix clasped to his breast, and calm eyes open and fixed on heaven, on the Feast of the Purification of her whom he loved and served so

[1] Bancroft's History of the United States, iii. 122.

well (1646). Charles Garnier, pierced by three Iroquois musket-balls, prepared to die, when he saw a Christian Indian expiring. The sight awakened all the priest within him; he staggered to his feet only to fall again. But though he could not rise, he could and did drag himself along the blood-stained ground, and, as he gave the last absolution, a tomahawk clove his skull, and he died on the eve of the Immaculate Conception, which gracious mystery he had early bound himself by a vow to defend, even unto death (1649).

Anthony Daniel fell at the Iroquois sacking of St. Joseph's, in 1648. The braves were all absent at the chase. There were none at home but the old priest, the women, and the children, when the savages burst through the palisades. Swift he rushes to the wigwams to baptize the sick; a crowd of others demand that Sacrament; he has no time for even shortest ceremonies; he dips his handkerchief in water, and baptizes them by aspersion. Then he gave general absolution to all who sought it, and, entering the chapel, he vested and stood prepared to meet his death. "The wigwams are set on fire; the Mohawks approach the chapel, and the consecrated envoy serenely advances to meet them. Astonishment seized the barbarians. At length, drawing near, they discharged at him a flight of arrows. All gashed and rent by wounds, he still continued to speak to them with surprising energy —now inspiring fear of the Divine anger, and again, in gentle tones, breathing the affectionate messages of mercy and grace. Such were his actions until he re-

ceived a death-blow from a halbert. The victim of the heroism of charity died, the name of Jesus on his lips. The wilderness gave him a grave; the Huron nation were his mourners."[1] It was in the Octave of the Visitation of Mary Mother of God.

Noel Chabanel receives his death-blow upon the banks of a stream near St. Mary's, from the axe of an apostate Huron, on the 8th of December, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.[2] Réné Goupil, so livid and mashed with club bruises that his features were undistinguishable, had his thumbs cut off while repeating "Jesus, Mary, Joseph." Tied to the ground upon his back, at night the savage boys poured coals upon his breast until the flesh was charred. Six days tormented thus, he and his companion, Father Jogues, too weak to escape, were left at liberty. But one day, when they had retired apart to pray, two young men followed and ordered them back. "Dear brother," said the Father, "let us recommend ourselves to our Lord and to our good Mother the Blessed Virgin, for these men have some evil design." They walked back, telling the beads of their rosary. They had said four decades, when a tomahawk crashed into the brain of Réné, and he died, uttering the name of Jesus.[3]

Bressani (1644), captured by the Iroquois, marched chained in their procession, whereof the banner was the head of a Huron Catholic, whose heart he saw torn

[1] Bancroft's History of the United States, vol. iii. 139.

[2] Marie de l'Incarnation, p. 148.

[3] Shea's Narrative of the Captivity of Jogues.

from the body to be eaten in bravado—marched fearlessly in that dread procession, for "I was filled," he says, "with confidence in the intercession of the Holy Virgin." Six days they advanced through the forest, he being compelled to act as their slave, fetching the wood and water for the night encampments, cooking for his savage captors, and repaid by blows. He slept, tied to a tree, uncovered, in the night air of the early northern April. Arrived at the village, they prepared him for running the gauntlet, by splitting his hand up between the ring and little fingers, and then beat him as he moved between their barbarous lines. They forced him then to dance and sing for hours; they ran splinters into his flesh, and burned him with brands; they covered sharp points with hot ashes, and compelled him to walk thereon; they tore out all the nails of his fingers with pincers or with savage teeth. One night they would tear out a nail, the next cut off or burn off a joint; and all this, and more than this, lasted for a month. His wounds swarmed with worms; he "said unto rottenness, Thou art my father; unto worms, Ye are my mother and my sisters."[1]

Finally the sentence was passed, that what life lingered in him it should be burned out at the stake; and then he says: "I prepared my soul and commended myself unto the Mother of Mercy, who is in truth the Mother most amiable, most admirable, most powerful, most clement, and the consoler of the afflicted. She,

[1] Putredini dixi: Pater meus es; mater mea et soror mea vermibus.—Job xvii. 14.

after God, was the only refuge of me, a poor sinner, abandoned by all creatures in a strange land."[1] Then they reversed the death sentence. "For such," he says again, "was the will of God and of the Virgin Mother. To her I owe not my life only, but the strength to support my pain." It was the Hollanders of New York who saved him at length, purchasing him from the barbarians for some forty dollars, and he says: "I sang my *coming out of Egypt*[2] on the 19th of August in the Octave of the Assumption of the Virgin, whom I consider the bestower of my freedom."

Well, this at least was enough for one man; he surely left his mission. On the contrary, the same year saw him on his way to the Hurons. Four times he made that voyage, and thrice he fell into the same bloody hands, and was covered anew with wounds, yet God and Our Lady delivered him out of all. What wonder that those mutilated hands can record among the reverers of Blessed Mary, as the fruits of thirteen years, *twelve thousand* Indians!

There was yet another of these Jesuits, the last we shall cite here, who came in 1625, and won the crimson crown of martyrdom in 1633. When he came to the Hurons, he found not a single Christian; when he left them for the eternal glory, they numbered eight thousand. It was the noble Jean de Brebœuf—the heroic, impassioned servant of Mary. It was he who "once

[1] Bressani, Relation, pp. 116–139.

[2] In exitu Israel de Ægypto, domus Jacob de populo barbaro Ps. 113.

imparadised in a trance, beheld the Mother of Him whose cross he bore, surrounded by a crowd of virgins, in the beatitudes of heaven."[1]

This was his vow: "What shall I render to Thee, O my Lord Jesus, for all that I have received from Thee? I will accept Thy chalice; I will call upon Thy name. And now I vow, in presence of Thine Eternal Father, and of the Holy Ghost, in presence of Thy most holy Mother; before the angels, the apostles, and the martyrs, my sainted fathers, Ignatius and Francis Xavier, that if, in Thy mercy, Thou shalt ever offer unto me, Thy unworthy servant, the grace of martyrdom, I will not refuse it. So that if any occasion to die for Thee occur, I promise not to shun it (unless Thy greater glory so demand), and even to receive the mortal blow with joy. Now, from this hour, I offer unto Thee, with all my will, O Thou my Jesus, my body, my blood, my soul, so that, by Thy permission, I may die for Thee who hast deigned to die for me. So let me live that I may merit such a death! So, Lord, will I accept Thy chalice and invoke Thy name, O Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!"[2]

St. Louis, St. Mary's, and Conception were attacked by a thousand Iroquois in the winter of 1649. Among the prisoners taken was John de Brebœuf, who, when he saw the stake destined for his torture, kissed it with respect. So earnestly he exhorted his companions to be firm, that the brutal savages cut off his lips

[1] Bancroft's History of the United States, iii. 124.

[2] Relation de Bressani, p. 260.

and tongue. Continuing still his exhortation by signs, they gave him the first preference in the torture. "Thou wert wont," they said to him, "to tell others that the more they suffered here, the greater would be their recompense in the new life. Now thank us, for we only brighten thy crown." Then, having made a necklace of red-hot hatchet-heads, they hung it about his neck. In mockery of baptism, they poured boiling water upon his head. They pierced his hands and breast with red-hot irons; they tore his flesh away in strips; they cut his scalp into the semblance of a crown, then tore it from his head. He was a strong man, using to say of himself, "I am only an ox *(bœuf)*, fit for labor;" yet he died in three hours—while his comrade, Gabriel Lallemant, young, delicate, and frail, lived seventeen. Yet *his* first torture was, to be stripped, enveloped from head to foot in bark, saturated with rosin, and set on fire.[1]

But we must turn elsewhere and look for other "Marians," as the pagan savages called them, saying only with the historian of the missions:[2] "Fain would we pause to follow each in his labors, his trials, and his toils; recount their dangers from the heathen Huron, the skulking Iroquois, the frozen river, hunger, cold, and accident; to show Garnier wrestling with the floating ice, through which he sunk, on an errand of mercy; Chabanel struggling on for years in a mis-

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[1] Bancroft: History of the United States, iii. 140.

[2] Shea: History of Catholic Missions, p. 183.

sion from which every fibre of his frame shrank with loathing; Chaumonot compiling his Indian grammar on the frozen earth; or the heroic Brebœuf, paralyzed by a fall, with his collar-bone broken, creeping on his hands and feet along the frozen road, and sleeping, unsheltered, on the snow, when the very trees were splitting with cold."

But we must turn to other devout children, whose filial love has taught this country affection and devotion to the Mother of Divine Grace. In the great world of Paris, the Blessed Virgin Mary had few clients more sincerely devoted to her than the secretary of the king, Henry the Fourth—Jacques Olier de Verneuil, the trusted minister of his sovereign, the friend of Saint Francis of Sales. His wife, Mary Dobe, Lady of Ivoi, was worthy of the respect which this holy bishop bore her, of her husband, and of her son. To them, among other children, God gave a boy who, from his earlier years, belonged to Mary—Jean Olier de Verneuil, founder of Montreal. Even in childhood, whatever recalled the holy Virgin, or had any reference to her, caused joy or gratitude in him. He was glad to have been born of a mother named Mary, in a street called Our Lady of Silver.[1]

In his studies, he counted more upon the assistance of the Throne of Wisdom *(Sedes Sapientiæ)* than on his own abilities, though these were naturally very

[1] *Notre-dame-d'Argent*—a name given to the street called *Roi de Sicile*, because of a silver statue placed at its corner by Francis I., in expiation of some sacrilege committed there.

great. He says himself that he could learn nothing without "Hail, Mary!" and others have recorded that the devotion with which he used to repeat this angelic prayer moved them to tears. He undertook nothing, indeed, without first going to that dear Lady and asking her to command him to do it, as a mother her son. When clad anew, when the new hat or coat was given him, he never felt at ease until he had gone to dedicate them, and himself in them, to the Blessed Virgin, and to implore her for the grace, never, so long as he should wear them, to offend her Son. "I have thought," he said, in later life, "sometimes, that this practice might be a feebleness or a folly. But, when I omitted it, my clothes were sure to come to speedy ruin the first day or the next. So I took these accidents as a visible punishment, sent to correct my fault, or to warn me not to fall into it again."[1]

Grown up, he entered the gay world at Paris, as his birth and rank seemed for the time to require of him; and even there his patroness preserved him from its evil. He conceived an ambition to be profoundly learned, and set out to Rome to gratify it. But an affection of the eyes threatened him with total loss of sight; so, instead of staying at Rome to study, he went to Loretto to pray; and there Saint Mary healed him, and showed him also that he was to be her faithful and devoted servant. In 1633, accordingly, he received the holy order of the priesthood, and, after

[1] Vie de M. Olier. Paris, 1844, p. 5.

three months' spiritual retreat, said his first Mass in the church of our Lady of Mount Carmel. To her his devotion increased daily. Convinced that to her, after God, he owed all the graces he had received, he chose her for his august Lady and Queen; he held all his possessions as a grant from her; used them only in her name; made a vow of perpetual servitude to her; and, with the antique symbolism of his day, wore round his neck a silver chain to show that he was bondman to the Queen of Heaven. From that day he never refused, when in his power, to give whatever was demanded in the name of Mary.

He made no journey without first going to the church of Notre Dame to ask his Blessed Mother's benediction. When struck with apoplexy, his reason shaken, his sight and hearing gone, only two sounds seemed to reach his sense—the names of Jesus and of Mary. At the first, a bright smile gave intelligence to his half-dead face; at the second, his paralyzed lips murmured "Mother." When the idea of the grand Seminary of St. Sulpice was in his mind, he went as usual to Notre Dame, and there our Lady showed him visibly the plan for the proposed edifice. Then he commenced that sacred work, and the corner-stone was laid in the Octave of the Virgin's nativity. The works went on until the winter interrupted them. They ceased on the Immaculate Conception; they were recommenced in the Octave of the Purification.

He sang the Mass *de Beata*, with the keys in his bosom, offering them to Our Lady as the owner of the

house. "For herein," he says, "I trust that the holy name of Mary will be blessed forever. All my desire is to imprint it deeply on the hearts of our brethren; for Mary is our counsellor and president, our treasurer, our princess, our queen, and our all." In the court, facing the portal, he placed a grand statue of the Virgin, seated, and holding the infant Jesus in her arms. He refused to be called the founder of the house. "*Fundavit eam Altissimus*," he said; "it is Jesus in Mary who is our founder;" and he caused the monogram of Mary to be engraved on the silver, wrought in the iron-work, marked upon the linen, for the house was hers.

Olier furnishes the idea, and Le Brun paints the ceiling. It is the coronation of Mary Queen of Heaven by the hands of the Father Eternal; while below, the Church militant, represented by the Council of Ephesus, hail her with cries of exultation, and proclaim her title, *de fide*, of Mother of God.[1] Two other pictures from the same hand adorned the chapel—Mary, the channel of God's grace, and the Visitation. In that house the first devotion was to the interior life of Jesus; the second was to Mary. And all this love and devotion to the Queen of Saints was, by Father Olier's means, sent to consecrate the swift waters and immemorial forest-lands of North America. Before treating this point, we cannot leave the holy founder of St. Sulpice without mentioning his death. His last years

[1] Vie de M. Olier, p. 281.

were united to the Passion of his beloved Lord by a complication of disorders, especially the agonizing one of gravel. In its acutest attacks, when the soul was almost driven out of him by physical anguish, he uttered no complaints, but lay still, gently smiling, offering his pain to Jesus crucified, and murmuring, "O Love! O Love!"

He rendered up his soul into the hands of Christ and his dear Mother on Holy Saturday, March 26, 1657.

It was in 1636 that the Company of Montreal was founded "for the conversion of the savages and the maintenance of the Catholic religion in Canada." Five priests, a cardinal (Richelieu), a duchess, two dukes, twelve other nobles, and a simple Sister of Charity, formed the association; and, for four years, they labored faithfully to bring their scheme into successful operation. Their plan was this: To build, upon the Isle of Montreal, a town which should be at once a home for the missions, a defence against the savages, a centre of commerce for the neighboring people, which should be consecrated to the most holy Virgin, and be called Ville-Marie.

So, when all was ready, on the morrow of the Feast of Our Lady's Purification, the associates assembled in the cathedral church of Notre Dame. M. Olier offered up the perfect Sacrifice at the Virgin's altar, whereat all the laics communed, while those of the Company who were priests said Mass at other altars with the same intention, "fervently imploring the Queen of

Angels to bless their enterprise, and to take the Isle of Montreal under her holy and most especial protection."[1]

The collection after this ceremony was two hundred thousand francs. The commandant was Paul de Chaumeday, lord of Maisonneuve, a warrior who, for twenty years, had served his king with honor, the Blessed Virgin with devotion, having made for her sake a vow of perpetual chastity, never omitting, for any excuse, the recitation of the chaplet, and the little office. Under him, then, they start at length from Rochelle, cross safely, winter at Quebec, and, on the 17th of Mary's own month of May, arrive at Montreal. They build a chapel of bark, erect an altar, and offer for the first time the Sacrifice of the Mass. On that day they reserved the Blessed Sacrament, and *from that day* it has always been reserved in Ville-Marie. "Henceforth," says the American historian, "the hearth of the sacred fires of the Wyandots was consecrated to the Virgin."[2]

The colony does well, only it should not depend entirely upon France for clergy. The hospital sisters have settled here; the Congregation of Our Lady is established expressly for the place; there must be a seminary. The same devotion which built St. Sulpice for Mary in Paris, builds the new St. Sulpice three thousand miles away in the colony that bears her

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[1] Vie de Sœur Marguerite Bourgeoys. Ville-Marie, 1818, p. 21.

[2] Bancroft, iii. 128.

name. The mother house furnishes priests—Messrs. de Quaylus, de Gallinet, Dallet, and Louart, to begin with. In 1663, the Company, whose only object was the conversion of the savages, resigns, into the hands of the Sulpicians, all seigneurial rights over the island, titles confirmed, a century later, by the British government, after the conquest of Canada. And thus it is that the Blessed Virgin Mary is still the sovereign lady of Montreal.

These Sulpicians also have their crimson records—their dealings with the fierce and wily Iroquois. Two only, for the present, will we mention. When M. Olier first proposed this mission to his ecclesiastics, all eagerly offered themselves: none were more zealous than Father Le Maitre. "Send me," he said; "I will promise earnest labor; I will go to the Indians, even in their own country." "You will not have the trouble," answered the servant of God; "they will come to look for you, and will so surround you that you shall not escape from their hands." Two years after the death of M. Olier, Father Le Maitre, then in Canada, was surrounded and beheaded by the Iroquois, on the Feast of the Decollation of Saint John the Baptist. Father Vignal followed him to heaven by the same painful path.

On the scant records that we have been able to procure, we read the names of twenty-five seminary priests in less than forty years—Salagnac de Fenelon, on the north Ontario shores; among the Iroquois, de Belmont in the Indian school of the Mountain;

Buisson de St. Comé, going far south to the Natchez. The children of Ignatius and Xavier were the adventurers and pioneers; for them earth had no resting-place, death no terrors; their time of labor and its field were while and wherever their lips could proclaim the name of Jesus; their rest was only *in Patria*. The ecclesiastics of Jean-Jacques Olier were a settled colony to educate, civilize, train, and keep the converted. The Jesuit furnished the element of conquest; the Sulpician that of conservatism.

Side by side with the Jesuit of Quebec labored the patient hospital sisters, founded by the bounty of the Duchess d'Aiguillon, and the Ursulines of Mary of the Incarnation. So, at Ville-Marie, we have other hospitalieres, endowed by another pious and noble lady, the Duchess de Bullion, and sister Marguerite Bourgeoys, and her "Congregation of Our Lady."

It is most interesting to trace the manner in which Mary calls and inspires her servants, so various, yet so effective are the means she uses. One has simply a restless feeling, searches repose everywhere, and finds it suddenly at the first purpose of self-consecration to Mary. Another is summoned in a moment, when thinking of nothing less than of the Blessed Virgin, by a voice, or an apparition, or an accident, as Father Louart, the second priest of Montreal, could have testified. He was destined for the world; he was on the point of marrying, when on the Feast of the Assumption of Our Lady, he strayed by chance into a church in Paris. The preacher was not well prepared

—did not get along well on the subject of the day, and went wandering about in his discourse until he found a more familiar topic. This happened to be, the necessity of being sure of your vocation before entering upon any state of life. Whether he dealt more happily with this subject than with the one he had left for it, we are not informed; but he set the mind of the young Louart at work; the vocation for matrimony was found not to exist, and a few years after saw the *fiancé* cure in Ville-Marie. Different illustrations are found in the cases of the two holy women who came first to the wild island in the St. Lawrence, there to represent the tender pity and care of Mary *Prudentissima*, Mary *Salus Infirmorum*.

A young lady of Langres, Mademoiselle Jeanne Manse, passing her life quietly among her friends in the ordinary routine of a pious girl's life, is suddenly struck with the idea of consecrating herself to the service of the Blessed Mary in New France. What New France is she has no idea, or, at least, a very confused and indistinct one. It is a notion from some traveller's story, think her friends. Her confessor is consulted; he has never heard of Montreal, and he treats his penitent as a visionary; but, as she persists in her notions, he writes to Paris for information. The answers confirm the purpose of Mademoiselle Manse; she goes to Paris, is introduced to the Duchess de Bullion, a great friend of the Montreal scheme; the vocation is tried, ascertained, and followed. "I will go," she said; "give me, madame, a letter to the

directors of the Company." The pious duchess gives her a note to M. de la Dauversiere, and a purse of *twenty thousand* livres for expenses. She was warned that, in all probability, the walls of Montreal must be cemented in blood; that there were tribes of hostile savages who would oppose, perhaps destroy, the colony; that she would be alone to care for the sick and wounded: but when these representations only increased her zeal and fervor, the good man blessed God, and bade her go in His name. And when he did that, he laid the foundation of that Hotel of God *(Hotel Dieu)*, or Hospital St. Joseph, where now some forty nuns and fifteen novices are consecrated to the service of Christ in His poor.

They arrived in the middle of the month of Mary; the land was assigned; the gold of the good duchess was exchanged for wood and labor; a house and chapel rose up swiftly, and, on the 15th of August, 1642, it was opened to celebrate the Feast of the Assumption of St. Mary the Virgin. As the colony grew, the number of its sick augmented also; the house was found too small, the labor too great for any one person, however zealous. A new gift of sixty thousand livres, by Madame de Bullion, enlarged the edifice, and recruits from France brought help to Mademoiselle Manse. It was de Maisonneuve, the commandant of Ville-Marie, and the sworn servant of its Patroness, who went to look for hospitalieres. He found eager candidates for the mission among the sisters of St. Joseph, in la Fleche, from whom three

were selected and sent to found their order[1] in America. And now, what more have we to say of this lady? Her arm, broken by a fall, and badly treated, became hopelessly paralyzed. She was patient, but she was a burden to others; so she resolved to seek relief from God through her holy and gentle Mother Mary. Every one in Montreal had, of course, great veneration for M. Olier; so, full of devotion and simple faith, she made a journey to France, and, at his tomb, she prayed for such a restoration only as might enable her to aid herself, that she might be no longer a burden to others; and her arm was made whole.[2] She returned to her labors, and died in 1673. There is no more to tell. Hospital sisters have no stories. Their whole lives are beautiful praises to the gracious God, and are written only in His Book of Life on high.

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[1] They were still seculars. Pope Alexander the Seventh erected them into a religious order in 1666.

[2] Vie de M. Olier, p. 394.

## CHAPTER IV.

MARGUERITE BOURGEOYS AND THE CONGREGATION OF OUR LADY.

THE hospital sister practices the virtues of Mary, and dies adventureless. But Mary's servants are of all kinds. There are adventures in the life of Marguerite Bourgeoys—more than she sought, faithful, loving soul, as she was, but not more than God saw were necessary for her perfection. She did not look for roses, nor did she find them; but her life is itself a rose, offered and accepted on Our Lady's altar. If the old style of writing in conceits were in vogue, her life is one that could almost be composed so that every third word should be "Mary." That word was in her mouth and in her heart, from the time her lips first could frame it, until they laid her head, whitened by ninety winters, beneath the snows of Canada. She was born in 1620, this Margarita, this pearl of the Queen of Virgins. She was called, in religion, Marguerite of the Holy Sacrament. She was the founder of that society known as Daughters of the Congregation of Our Lady.[1]

It was in the city of Troyes, in Champagne, that Marguerite was born. Her parents, not notable for rank or wealth, were distinguished for something

[1] Vie de M. Olier, p. 394.

better—earnestness in the practice of religion. This was the best heritage they bequeathed their daughter; it was the only portion of their bequests that she retained. Her childhood was distinguished, quite early, by a certain grave piety, which was always characteristic of her in after-life, and by zeal in the confraternities and rosary societies to which she belonged. It was at a feast of our Blessed Lady that she first caught a glimpse of her vocation. It was the festival of the Rosary, and Marguerite had gone to join in the procession, which it is the custom of the Dominicans to make on this day. On this occasion, Anno 1640, so great was the throng of people, that the pomp was forced from its usual neighborhood into the larger streets, and passed before the grand cathedral church of Notre Dame. A statue of the Holy Mother of God adorned the grand portal, and Marguerite saw it, as she thought, at least, environed with lustre; while the eyes, full of kindly intelligence, appeared to look wistfully at her. Imagination or reality, Marguerite received it as an invitation to consecrate herself to God, under the auspices of St. Mary. And, from that moment, all the innocent little fineries of dress, in which, like other girls, she had hitherto indulged, were laid aside, and she thought only, henceforward, of how she might acomplish her self-dedication.

At first she tried to gain admission into the convent of our Lady of Mount Carmel; but God had other work for her, and she was baffled in this attempt, although she persisted for years—although it became

the strongest desire of her heart. There was another order of nuns whom she frequented in Troyes, those of Notre Dame, devoted to instruction, and they had under their supervision a number of young persons, united by an agreement, without vow, living each in her own family, and visiting and instructing those who could not attend the classes of the nuns. These were called the "outside Congregation of our Lady," and into it the members received our Marguerite with gratitude. This was her novitiate. Here she practised all those virtues of holy poverty and self-sacrifice, charity and devotion, with which, afterwards, she made America illustrious. So, in the course of time, her saintly, mortified life won great grace for her. Her heart was always filled with fervor when she approached the Holy Communion; nay, such was her devotion, that our Lord vouchsafed to show himself to her in the Blessed Sacrament as a little child incomparably beautiful. It was the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption, the chief festival of her congregation.

Among the nuns of Notre Dame was a sister of that pious noble, the commandant of Ville-Marie. Another sister, equally devoted, Madame de Cuilly, remained in the world. Of course, both were interested in their brother's far-away colony in America; they had pledged themselves to use every effort to procure for him some religious, for the instruction of the young people, and, for a long time, many of the nuns of Notre Dame hoped to be sent. They had given to

M. de Maisonneuve a picture of the Blessed Virgin, whereon they had written, in testimony of their promise and desire, these lines:

"O Holy Mother of our God, Virgin of loyal heart,
Keep for us, of thy royal mount [Montreal], a consecrated part."

Naturally, then, the good sisters talked much about Canada, and Marguerite Bourgeoys listened. For, by this time, she had won the respect and love of the whole community, and had been offered admission to the Order; but it was not her vocation—that, as far as she knew it yet, was to be a Carmelite. But de Maisonneuve, arriving in France to look for hospital sisters for Mademoiselle Manse, and soldiers for the defence of his colonists, went, as he ever did, to visit his sisters at Troyes. It was in the parlor of the convent at Notre Dame that Marguerite met him, and heard him talk of Ville-Marie. Then she knew at last where her vocation was. If she needed confirmation, she had seen the commandant in a dream some weeks before his arrival, and recognized him as soon as she saw him; and when, in the absence of the bishop, she went to take counsel of the vicar-general, he told her, in so many words, that God required her in Canada.

To know her vocation was to follow it. She was guardian of a younger brother and sister, and she arranged at once for their education. She had some property—she made it over to them and to the poor, and stood free in the world. She said, "I am ready;" and then came the difficulties and temptations. The

religious, refused for the present by de Maisonneuve, dissuaded her from going until they could go too. She desired to have with her a member of that "outside congregation," of which she had for some time been prefect, a young girl, whose honor she had saved; but circumstances were inexorable: only one could be taken; there was employment only for one. Marguerite must stay or go alone—alone, of her sex, in a ship filled with newly-recruited soldiers, and their commander, whom she had seen but once. Not an easy obstacle this to surmount.

She has recourse to her confessor. "Go freely," he says; "M. de Maisonneuve will be your guardian; he is one of the noblest knights in the court of the Queen of Angels."[1] Still, nature and modest education are powerful; Marguerite yet hesitates; then the Blessed Virgin herself decides. One morning, while meditating in her own chamber, a lady, beautiful, white-robed, surrounded with a halo of flashing yet tender light, appears before her, and says gently: "Go, Marguerite, to Canada; I will not abandon thee." This settles the matter. Come now what may, she will be at Nantes for the embarkation by the Feast of the Visitation of St. Mary. Many a thing will come—temptations, remonstrances, imputations which are the hardest for women to endure, but all useless. She quits Troyes, in the Octave of the Purification, for Paris. At Paris

[1] "C'est un des premiers chevaliers de la chambre de la Reine des Anges."—Vie de Sœur Marguerite, p. 51.

she is generally laughed at; her uncle there, not sharing in the hilarity, storms, argues, rebukes, forbids, brings tears abundantly and humble protestations of affection, but no change of purpose. The provincial of the Carmelites begs her to renounce this crazy adventure—offers to procure her reception in any Carmelite convent she prefers. Here, then, is the dearest wish of her heart realized at last, and it staggers her a little. She pays a visit to the nearest church, and comes back fixed. It is not to Our Lady of Mount Carmel that she belongs, but to Our Lady of Ville-Marie.

Then she makes up her comforts for the voyage. These consist of a crucifix, a rosary, a book of devotions, and a change of linen. She takes this luggage in her hand, and she starts for the port of Nantes. Travelling alone, she is frequently insulted; at Saumur and at Orleans she is contemptuously refused entrance at the hotels. One night she passes in a stable, the other in a church. She has a letter for a merchant at Nantes, whom, on her arrival, she meets in the street. He gives her the address of his house, and promises to follow thither shortly. A young man, going out with M. de Maisonneuve, insists upon carrying her little bundle, and they present themselves at the house of Monsieur le Coq. Madame, in person, opens the door; madame appears to have been one of the "unco good." She looks at the poor young woman and the youth beside her, and shuts the door in their faces. Marguerite crosses over to the church of the Jacobins,

in time for the commencement of the Rosary procession, joins in the ceremony, and then with renewed courage attempts the merchant's house again. This time she is soundly rated for her impudence, and dismissed with ignominy. But, as she turns away patiently, M. le Coq himself comes home, and the weary servant of Mary finds a shelter at last.

She reposes for a day or two. By the Octave of the B. V. M. of Mount Carmel, she is out at sea—not in a modern packet-ship, or luxurious, swift-puffing steamer, but in the lumbering little transport of two hundred years ago. In this vessel, sleeping upon a pile of cordage, the nurse of the sick, the consoler of the distressed, making the night and morning prayer, the attendant upon a hundred soldiers and the crew, the heroic woman traversed the Atlantic. When she steadily refused to eat at his table, M. de Maisonneuve sent her food, filtered water and wine, which she received gratefully, and distributed among her patients. She ate the coarse fare of the ship; she drank, from a little leathern cup, the ropy, unsavory water of the common cask, and drank but once a day—a habit she preserved through all her after-life, from devotion to our dear Lord's bitter thirst upon the cross. In the practice of these virtues, after a journey of between three and four months, sister Marguerite arrived at Montreal about the Feast of Our Lady's Presentation, 1653, and then and there began the labors which knew no rest for nearly half a century.

The town of Ville-Marie had few magnificences in

that day. Within the stockade, some fifty houses; outside the walls, twenty or thirty farms, and a half hundred of Indian wigwams—that was the city of Montreal. But, small though it were, Marguerite could find work enough in it. Scarcely any one of those habitations faile to received a daily visit; you saw her everywhere, if good were to be done there, nursing the sick, consoling the sorrowful, instructing the ignorant, washing the linen and mending the clothes of the poor, as well as giving away to the needy what others thought the very necessaries of life. M. le Coq had given her a bed, which she had never used on board the ship. There was a straw bed, a mattress, two coverlets, and a pillow. In less than a week, one after the other disappeared, and Marguerite slept upon the floor in the Canadian winter. In a word, she "became an eye unto the blind, and feet unto the lame. When the ear heard, then it blessed her; when the eye saw, it gave witness to her, because she delivered the poor that cried, the fatherless, and the helpless. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon her, and she caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."[1]

Above all, she found her greatest pleasure in instructing young girls, both French and Indians, in the

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[1] Oculus fui cœco et pes claudo. Auris audiens beatificabat me, et oculus videns, testimonium reddebat mihi. Eo quod liberassem pauperem vociferantem et pupillum cui non esset adjutor. Benedictio perituri super me veniebat et cor viduæ consolatus sum.—Job xxix.

branches necessary for them, especially in the principles and practice of religion. "She inspired them," says one of her biographers, "with sentiments of love and devotion towards the august Mother of God, to whom she was herself particularly devoted. A worthy coadjutrix of M. de Maisonneuve, while he was building up a material city for Mary, she was establishing the spiritual empire of that Blessed Mother in the hearts of the faithful."[1] For four years occupied in these labors, she ran from house to house, for as yet no building could be spared her for a school. But if the commandant could give her no building, he could and did give her land; and on this, thinking first, as always, of St. Mary, she determined to build, not a school, but a chapel in her honor. Then she redoubled her energies, running about to every one in the town; and so, one brought wood, and another stone; a few, money; a greater number, their stout arms, willing hearts, and mechanical skill; and thus the chapel arose, just where now stands the church of Our Lady of Good Help *(du Bon-secours)*.

But the colony was growing large—a bishop had arrived, Mgr. de Laval de Montmorenci—and Marguerite felt that, if her work was to go forward, she must have help. Mademoiselle Manse was going to France to look for hospital sisters, and for relief for her use-

[1] La Vie de la Venerable Sœur Marguerite Bourgeoys, dite du Saint Sacrament, Institutrice, Fondatrice et première Superieure des Filles Seculaires de la Congregation de Notre Dame. Ville-Marie, 1818.

less arm. Marguerite then could wait upon her, and so sanctify the voyage itself; and, when arrived in France, could gather some devoted souls, and, if it were God's will, establish a congregation of Our Lady in Ville-Marie. They had a safe and pleasant passage; they visited together M. Olier's tomb, and, together, rendered thanks to God for the mercy extended to Mademoiselle Manse. Alone, as she came, so she goes back to her native country, a simple woman, without rank, wealth, or influence, to ask parents for their daughters, to go to an isle in a scarce explored river, three thousand miles away, surrounded by cruel and hostile savages, to instruct the children of poor colonists and Indians in the knowledge of the Gospel of God. Truly it required some confidence to make the request, and more to hope for a favorable response. But Marguerite knew to whom she looked, whom she loved in her heart, whom she trusted in, whom she had chosen.[1] "I will come back in a year, and successful," she said, as she left Montreal, on the Octave of the Virgin's Nativity, 1658.

No sooner had she arrived in Troyes, than three of her old companions presented themselves to her for the mission; but the father of one of them, a notary, wanted a little information on the subject. "How did they live, for instance, in that wild country?" "They had a stable," said Marguerite, "which M. de Maison-

[1] Regnum mundi et omnem ornatum sæculi contempsi propter amorem Domini mei Jesu Christi, quem vidi, quem amavi, in quem credidi, quem dilexi.—Com. non Virg.

neuve had given them, and which only wanted some repairs to make a residence of it." The notary wished to know what inducements were offered to those who should inhabit this fine lodging? "Troubles, humiliations, and labors," answered Marguerite. "Was it proposed to support life exclusively upon these?" asked the notary. "Oh, no; she would insure them bread and soup, and, with the blessing of God, that was enough." The tears arose in the old man's eyes. "You shall have my daughter," he said, "provided you accept a dowry with her." Marguerite thanked him, in Our Lady's name, for the former, but refused money upon any conditions. At length, with five recruits, she returns to America and her stable in Isle Mont-Royal.

"It was a stone building, this stable," she tells us, "about twenty-five feet square, and had long been a retreat for animals of every sort. But I had a chimney built, and got it cleaned; so that we could lodge there the children whom the Indians gave us, as well as hold our schools. As for us, there was a sort of dove-cot, or garret, above, where, until now, pigeons had been bred, and of this I made our dormitory and community-room, although it was rather inconvenient of approach, the only access being by *a ladder outside.*"[1] Yet, in this establishment they lived, taught their schools, guarded young emigrant girls who came from France—once as many as eighteen—and trained their

[1] Vie de Marguerite Bourgeoys, p. 81.

postulants and Indian converts. Next, they spared two sisters for the famous Mountain Mission of the Iroquois. It was the mountain which Jacques Cartier had surnamed the Royal, and which gave its name, corrupted, to the island.

When first, in 1649, M. de Maisonneuve beheld the stately height, that "knight of the Queen of Angels" vowed to erect a cross, the standard of his Lord, upon its summit, and to place beside it the lesser banner of his sovereign Lady. So he caused a tall, massive cross to be made; and he himself bore it painfully to the top of the mountain, planting it firmly there, and inserting carefully, in a niche at its foot, the image given him by his sisters at Troyes. This took place the same year and season—perhaps the same day and hour—in which Marguerite, looking up from the Rosary procession upon the great statue of Our Lady, beheld it robed with unwonted splendors.

So now she sent two sisters to toil among the Indians; for M. de Belmont, serving there as priest, had opened schools for the savages, which were well attended. And there the sisters dwelt in birch-bark wigwams, and labored for the spiritual weal of the native American. When advancing civilization drove the Indians thence to the Saut au Recollet, and thence to the Lake of Two Mountains, the sisters followed them, and are still found there in 1862, faithful to their inherited duties, as were the first two sent by Sister Marguerite. But labors and troubles accumulated—difficulties about the congregation—hard work in get-

ting the rule. The saintly bishop hesitates, would like to unite the orders of Quebec and Ville-Marie, does not see with Sister Marguerite's eyes. She must needs go to France again, and get a charter for her congregation from Louis le Grand; which charter, according to the propriety of dates which seems to accompany these matters, is issued and signed by King Louis in the month of May. Mgr. de Montmorenci falls ill, and is obliged to resign his see; so that, when Sister Marguerite returns to Canada, she finds no bishop to whom to submit herself and the rule, as the term of the charter required.

One treasure she acquires in France. All the Company of Montreal, we know, were distinguished for devotion to the holy Virgin Mary. Among them, le Pretre, lord of Fleury, had a collection of ancient relics in the chapel of his castle. One of these was a little statue of Our Lady, by which it had pleased God to work miracles. This he determined to send to Ville-Marie, where, he hoped, a chapel would be built for it, and where it would be more honored than elsewhere, as that town and colony were more particularly consecrated to the pure Mother of God than any other portion of the world. Being brought to M. de Fancamp, another member of the Company in Paris, he was healed instantaneously of a dangerous illness, and then he vowed to labor steadfastly for the chapel, headed the subscription list with a heavy sum from his own purse, and placed that sum and the sacred image at once in the hands of Sister Marguerite. It

was the consolation of the sisters on their voyage, and the object of their unremitting zeal on their arrival, which happened on the eve of the Assumption. So well they labored, that, on that day two years, they saw the chapel finished—the first stone church erected in Montreal—walked in the long procession, and heard the first Mass within its walls. The house of the Congregation rose beside it, and the sisters dwelt and toiled there under the eye of their tender Mother.

Many a storm passes by her and over her during all these years. Chapel and house consumed to ashes; the first English war and the capture of the city; the burden of the Superiority—for the order numbers forty persons now, and she desires to lay down the authority, to place it in younger hands; nay, she walks to Quebec, on foot, through the midwinter snow, at the age of *seventy-three*, to beg remission from the office, but the bishop (Lacroix) will not listen to her. "Go back, Marguerite, to your austerities, your labors, to this position of honor, harder for your humility to bear than either: '*qui perseveraverit usque in finem hic salvus erit*—whoso persevereth unto the end, he shall be saved.'"[1] So Marguerite persevered, lived to see her mission-schools spread over the land; to hear her community blessed by every mouth; to build a new church, in 1695, and to see there founded the perpetual adoration of the most holy Sacrament. Her prayer on this occasion to the Prisoner of Love is preserved,

[1] St. Matthew, x. 22.

wherein she beseeches His especial benediction upon, and his guardianship for, her sisterhood. "Most Holy Virgin," thus, after long supplication to Jesus in the Sacrament, it ends, "remember that thou art our Mother. Be, too, our advocate, and supply what our devotion to thy Son is lacking in. Make us see the power of thy intercession with Him, bearing thyself our poor and feeble prayers to Him, and presenting them thyself before the throne of His glory."

And, now, the day was well-nigh over—the hour was approaching for repose, for reward. Sixty years of austerities and toils had done their work upon the weary frame—forty-seven of those years in the wilds of Canada. Consult her life for the extraordinary spirit of mortification which always ruled her, or judge what treatment she reserved for herself when she prescribed this course for her community: "To live in perfect renunciation of self and all things earthly; to seek only the glory of God; to be devoted to the instruction of young girls, and the practice of all good works, without murmuring at the pain, trouble, humiliations, and suffering which are inseparable from these; to imitate the simple and modest life of Mary in all things; on their missions to imitate the Apostles; to travel always, when possible, on foot; to win their bread by the labor of their hands; to be chargeable to no one. In their missions and community to have only the simplest, poorest, most indispensable furniture; to wear the commonest clothing, and eat the coarsest food; to have no better bed than straw; to

live in all things as the poorest people, only in scrupulous neatness. Such was her rule for others; it was luxurious when compared with the rule for herself."[1] Thus, when the Master came, He found His servant watching, and the end was on this wise. Sister Catherine, the mistress of the novices, lay dying in the infirmary, still young, but early called. The last sacraments had been administered; the agony came on. The sisters watching her ran to the various rooms to summon all to the prayers for the dying. When they came to sister Marguerite, she groaned in spirit, and said: "O Father! why not take me, the old and useless, and spare that poor sister who can yet serve Thee long?" And Mary bore the aspiration of self-sacrifice to the feet of God, and God heard it, and granted it. Sister Catherine rose up cured. Sister Marguerite lay down upon a couch of cruel anguish for ten days, borne with thanksgiving and hymns of praise, and then, on the Feast of the Epiphany, she fell into a sweet and gentle agony,"[2] and, with her hands crossed meekly on her bosom, went to "find the young Child and His Mother" in the courts of heaven, January 12, A. D. 1700.

How simply she told her Mother what she desired for her congregation! "Oh, my good Mother, I ask for our community no goods, no honors, no pleasures of this life. Obtain for me only that God may be faithfully served, and that we may never receive

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[1] Vie de Sœur Marguerite, p. 139. [2] Ibid., p. 168.

haughty or presumptuous persons in our midst; nor those whose hearts are in the world; nor who are slanderers or mockers; nor any save such as will study to practise those maxims which our Lord, thy divine Son, has taught us, has sealed with His blood, and which thou, oh, most Holy Virgin, hast observed with such exactitude."[1] How dearly she loved the very name of Mary, giving it in baptism to the poor little Indian babes, abandoned or easily given up by their parents! The first, baptized on the feast of Our Lady of Snows, and all the others, were named Mary. One, an Illinois girl, lived to be eighteen, and died a holy death in their house. Other two, Iroquois, Mary Barbe, and an Algonquin of the same name, became sisters of the community.

But Marguerite's whole life was devotion to the Blessed Virgin; every thought was affected by her, every act was done as if by her direction. To Mary she gave herself in France; for her she left her native land forever, to dwell in a wild and just discovered country, in a town bearing the name of Mary, to establish a congregation under the name of Mary, where the books, and houses, and persons wore the livery of Mary, and where Mary herself was solemnly chosen first and perpetual superior.

For, at the first formal assembly of the congregation for the election of a superior, the sisters had cried with one voice, that "they would have the Blessed Virgin

[1] Vie de Sœur Marguerite, p. 114.

for their superior, their origin, founder, protectress, and good mother for time and for eternity."[1] And then Marguerite and the rest of them prostrated themselves before the image of our dear Lady, and made this prayer, remembered and preserved by the sisterhood: "Look, holy Virgin, on this little band of thy servants, who have consecrated themselves to God's service under thy direction, and who desire to follow thee as good children follow their mother and mistress, and who consider thee as their superior, hoping that God will give to thee the rule over a community which is thine own creation. We have nothing worthy to present to God; but we hope, by thine intercession, to obtain the graces necessary for our salvation and for the perfection of our state. Thou knowest better than we what we need, and what we should ask for. Refuse us not thine aid. Help us, by thy prayers, to receive light and grace from the Holy Spirit, so that we may labor faithfully in the instruction of the young girls whom it is our especial charge to teach. And, above all, oh, our dear Lady and Mother, procure that we, the teachers, and all the children to us committed, and all who shall contribute to their spiritual advancement, may be of the number of the elect; so that, in thy society, we may praise our good God in the joy which endureth forever."[2] And so it happens that, in the Congregation of Our Lady, there are no earthly superiors, but only sub-superiors.

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[1] Vie de Sœur Marguerite, p. 148. [2] Ibid.

We would like to show, by its manifold varied examples, the zeal of Marguerite for God's service in other channels of devotion, but it cannot have place in this book, which is dedicated to one topic only. But, she used to tell her sisterhood, and her entire life exhibited her own conviction of its truth, that their zeal, to be perfect, must be formed upon the model of the Blessed Virgin's, of her whom it pleased the Eternal Father to make a coadjutrix (in a manner) of her divine Son's work of redemption. From this, that dependence on, and imitation of, Mary, which she so much insisted on in the formation of her society, it was no barren and transitory sentiment of devotion which caused her to call her institute the Congregation of Our Lady, under the title and invocation of the Visitation of Mary. It was the expression of the devotion which filled her heart. It was a monument of her own dependence and love—a model for her sisterhood, hereafter, that she proposed to establish by these titles. Some brief quotation from her own simple instructions to them will not only give us an insight into her ruling sentiment, but will exhibit the power of one means of extending the devotion to the Mother of God in this country.

"The Blessed Virgin," she said, "desired to continue the work of God on earth: this must be our desire in our special mission, the instruction of young girls. As Mary used to pray for the fulfilment of the promises, for the deliverance of the Fathers, who, in limbo, awaited the coming of the Just One, so must we

pray continually for the souls in purgatory, and for the conversion of sinners on earth.

"At the age of three years she was taken to the Temple, as to the school of virtue: our novices must be scholars of Mary and with Mary during their preparation. She was edifying in all her acts; ever ready to serve others; moderate in her repasts and in all things: and we, like her, must do all things for edification; must prefer others to ourselves, and be as moderate in food and drink, in apparel, in slumber, and in conversation, as necessity will admit.

"Mary was at prayer when the angel saluted her: 'Hail, full of grace!' By prayer, then, must we gain the graces needed for our condition as instructresses. And when our Lady had given her consent to become the Mother of God by the operation of the Holy Ghost, at once to show her gratitude to the Eternal Father, to correspond with the graces He bestowed, and with His designs for the redemption of the human race, she hastened to visit her cousin, Saint Elizabeth, to become an instrument for the sanctification of the great Saint John the Baptist, and to carry grace and salvation to the house of Zacharias: so we, the servants of Mary, on our missions, must strive to contribute to the sanctification of children, to edify all persons, especially those of our own sex, and to let the whole world know that we are indeed daughters of that most holy Virgin.

"Mary received, with equal kindness, both kings and shepherds as they came to adore her Son, and

took to herself no tittle of the honors which they paid Him: nor shall the sisters distinguish between their scholars, rich and poor, nor attribute to themselves any of the success which God may grant to their labors. It is believed that, as the number of Christians increased, Mary, and other holy women, aided the Apostles by instructing persons of their own sex, and, by their prayers and exhortations, recalled them, if they erred from the promise of their baptism: and the sisters must be ready to receive such in retreat, and to labor for their reformation, where that is needed.

"But the life of the Blessed Virgin being all perfection, and including all the virtues of the religious state, points her out in all things as especially to be chosen as our model, our mother, and our directress. As, then, she has deigned to admit us into the ranks of her humble servants, has chosen us to imitate her life, and is our founder and superior, let us, in conformity with all the graces given us, as far as the frailty and corruption of our nature will allow us, imitate her virtues. Our good God has always, in the history of the Church, given to the founders of religious orders the special graces demanded by the spirit of their institutions; be sure, then, that he will accord to Mary, our dear founder, the graces which she asks for her daughters, so entirely consecrated to her glory and that of her Eternal Holy Son.

"Study, then, her life, oh, my sisters, and imitate her virtues, and, if we are faithful, we may be confident of her perpetual help."

This is the spirit which animated the whole life of this saintly woman—the spirit which she carefully instilled into the Congregation that she founded. In her own long, laborious life, she formed at least sixty of the sisters after this model; and since she has passed, as we believe, to her eternal joy and reward, she has seen from heaven that Congregation ramify and extend over the country, preserving intact the principles she left them. At this hour, in the half-dozen dioceses we can learn about, more than three hundred sisters of the Congregation are teaching the example of Mary to *seven thousand* pupils in the very spirit of their venerable founder.

So you see, my reader, what Marguerite Bourgeoys, the poor girl of Troyes, the austere, lowly religious of the colony in the wilderness, has to do with devotion to Our Lady in North America.

## CHAPTER V.

EXTERMINATION OF THE HURONS—OUR LADY OF FOIE—NEW LORETTO—THE NORTHWEST—IMMACULATE CONCEPTION IN ILLINOIS—MARY AKO—DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI—BACK TO MONTREAL—OUR LADY'S GUARD—THE CONGREGATION AGAIN—THE RECLUSE OF VILLE-MARIE—OUR LADY OF ANGELS.

WESTWARD from Nazareth and Bethlehem, through Europe, to the shores of America; westward, athwart that continent, advanced the devotion to Mary, on its consecrating march to the Pacific. We have seen the broad St. Lawrence entered by her servants; a vast manor given up to her in the territory of Quebec; a city built as a monument of devotion to her, and solemnly called by her name; and the bearers of her standard pushing westward, painfully, but with courage unflinching, and planting a fort or a chapel, a station or a mission-house of St. Mary, to mark their toilsome but triumphant way. Let us follow it as it leads through the limits of the present British possessions; then through the French claim, down the Valley of the Mississippi, and so to its progress under the Spanish flag, and to the settlement of the United States. This much will bring us to the year 1776, and thus to the present day.

The Huron learned quickly to love the name of Mary. Above all, the women looked up, from their la-

borious debasement, to this glorified model of womanhood; and when they heard from the Jesuit or the Sulpician that, by imitating her virtues, they might share in her glory; when they saw the Ursuline, the Hospitaliere, and the daughter of Notre Dame, treading this sanctified path, they gave up their very hearts to the Immaculate Queen, and besought her followers on earth to teach them the way to her protection. Nor less did the tall warrior swear himself to her banner; the wisest spake her praises by the council-fires of his tribe; the bravest crowned his dusky forehead with the grains of her rosary. Mary of the Incarnation could count two hundred redskins in her schools; Marguerite of the Blessed Sacrament saw them devoted sisters of her order. In their country the missionary placed his headquarters, St. Mary's on the Matchedash or Wye. "There, at the humble house dedicated to the Virgin, in one year, three thousand guests from the cabins of the red-man received a frugal welcome."[1] And thence the early Jesuits went forth to discovery, to spiritual conquest, or to martyrdom. In the cabin of the Huron they sate as fathers of the tribe; side by side with the Huron they received the deadly arrow, or felt the keen scalping-knife of the Iroquois.

Brebœuf organized the mission in 1634, and the Fathers never left until the Hurons were no more a people, 1650. They taught them in the day of peace;

[1] Bancroft's History of the United States, vol. iii. 125.

suffered with them in their misfortunes, and gave them hope beyond the grave for their restraint and consolation. The triumph of the Iroquois broke the nation up into five bands. The first sought immediate security with the French. The second fled northward to the Manitoulin Islands, and, driven thence by their implacable foemen, took refuge in Quebec. The third, appealing to the generosity of the Mohawks, were received by them as brethren and adopted into the tribe. Here they preserved the faith, although without priest or instruction. They met in common to chant the hymns they had learned, and to tell the beads they had acquired before the days of their captivity. They became missionaries among their captors, and allured many from paganism. When the Fathers at length penetrated into the Iroquois cantons, some of these converts, grown old in the long-deferred hope of baptism, rushed forward to meet them, and wept aloud for joy. The fourth troop went to Mackinac, where the enemy followed; thence far beyond Lake Superior to the Sioux, who treated them as ill as the Iroquois; thence to the Ottawas, in North Michigan; and then to Point St. Ignace, upon the Straits of Mackinac, where a small remnant of them dwells to-day.

The fifth joined the Eries, and, with them, were blotted from existence by their relentless enemies. The first alone reaped benefit from the national ruin. They settled in Isle Orleans, in the St. Lawrence, and changed its name to St. Mary's Isle, and here, amid their cabins, rose the house of prayer, and the fixed,

though humble, residence of the missionary. The Iroquois drove them even from that, it is true; but, when the war was over, they settled again about four miles off, and gave to their new home the name of Mission of Our Lady of Foie. Hither the Belgian Jesuits brought a statue of the Holy Virgin, sculptured from the oak of that forest near Dinan, in which was found the miraculous image which bears the title of Notre Dame de Foie in Europe. But their need of the chase drew them nearer to the woods, and a league further brought them to a place wherein they hoped at length to rest. The cabins were arranged in the form of a square, and in the midst of them the church was placed supereminent, dominating all the village with its cross as in perpetual benediction. To this the missionary, Chaumonot, added a chapel of the Blessed Virgin, in size and form, material and furniture, a copy of the Holy House of Loretto, wherein our Lord was born. This became the holy place of the Indians. The Iroquois convert found a home here, side by side with his ancient Huron victim. The Hurons themselves grew in holiness and all primitive virtues; and their brethren in far exile were wont to make pilgrimages hitherward, bringing offerings of furs and balm, from the distant west, to the feet of the Virgin Immaculate. Another and final removal to a very short distance took place long after. They called the settlement the New Loretto,[1] and there, to-day, are gathered

[1] Notes to Bressani's Relation, 309–318.

the fast-fading remnants of the once grand Huron nation. What was once the site of the Old Loretto of the Hurons is now the parish of the Annunciation of Our Lady.

The Cross went northward, and was planted among the Chippewas of Lake Superior. The mission-house was called by the name of Mary, and stood where the cathedral of the Immaculate Conception now shadows the leaping waters of the Saut. Then along the south shore of the same great water, Father Allouez carried the beautiful devotion, founded the mission of the Holy Ghost at the very extremity of the lake, and taught a Chippewa choir to chant the Pater and the Ave Maria.[1] And here he met the scattered Hurons and Ottawas, the sun-worshipping Pottowattomie from the recesses of Lake Michigan, the Sac and Fox, the gentle Illinois, and the proud warrior Dacota. For years, Allouez, Dablon, Marquette evangelized the vast regions from Green Bay to the head of Superior, "defying the severity of climates, wading through water or through snows, without the comfort of fire, having no bread but pounded maize, and often no food but the unwholesome moss from the rocks; laboring incessantly; exposed to live, as it were, without nourishment, to sleep without a resting-place, to travel far, and always incurring perils; to carry his life in his hand, or rather daily, and oftener than every day, to hold it up as a target, expecting captivity, death from

[1] Bancroft's History of the United States, iii. 150.

the tomahawk, tortures, fire."[1] So to the Fox River, to Iowa and Wisconsin, to the tribes of the Kickapoo, the Mascoutin, and the Miami, the devoted servant of Mary proclaimed her beautiful name.

The Mission of the Immaculate Conception among the Illinois was the most prosperous, although not without its checks. In a foray of the Kickapoos the Recollect Rigourde was slain, and his colleague, Membré, put to flight. Allouez, the "Apostle of the West," labored long, and then retired to Isle St. Joseph to die. But, as in later times, with other races, some of the red men were willing to adopt Christianity only on condition that it should not interfere with their passions. The chief of the Kaskaskias called himself a Christian, and professed great respect for the missionary, but he lost it in this way. The light of his lodge was his daughter Mary, brought up from childhood in the faith, which had found congenial soil in her innocent heart. Mary had heard of the virgin spouses of Christ, and longed always to be such as they were. Besides, she desired to belong altogether to that dear, spotless Mother of Purity, whose name she had received in baptism. But a Frenchman, named Ako, rich for the place and time, but dissolute and reckless, demanded her hand, and her father determined to give it him.

Mary prayed earnestly to be left as she was; she told her father that she had given her heart to God,

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[1] Bancroft's History of the United States, iii. 152.

and could not religiously marry; but the old chief forced her to the chapel. At the very altar she told Father Gravier of her earnest dislike to the marriage, and was instructed by him that her free consent was necessary. This she refused to give, and the party left the chapel. But her dusky sire stripped her and turned her from his lodge. More than this, he won the other chiefs to his side, and the "Prayer" was prohibited in the village. Gravier appealed to the French commandant, one of the adventurer La Salle's posting, but Ako had been there before him, and he was dismissed with blame and reproach. The mission was tottering to its fall. Fifty Peorias and Kaskaskias remained faithful, but their opposition was only strong enough to irritate, not to resist, the party of the chief. The cross would soon be broken down, the chapel closed, the pastor driven away. Then Mary offered herself in sacrifice for the good of her tribe, and, on her father's promise to restore the mission, she gave her hand to Ako. Her virtues and her gentleness reclaimed the dissolute Frenchman, and he became a model of penitence. The old chief made himself a sacristan, and morn and evening he went through the village calling his people to prayer. His wife influenced the women, as he did the warriors; and Mary assembled the children daily in her house, and taught them to invoke, by prayer and hymn, the benign Refuge of Sinners.

From this source was it that the good Indian woman drew her consolation and strength. "I call her only

Mother," she was wont to say of the Blessed Mother of her Lord. "I beg her, with all the terms of endearment that I know, to accept me as her child. If she accept me not as daughter, if she will not be my mother, what can I do? I am but a child, and know not how to pray. I beg her to teach me how to pray, how to defend myself against the evil one, who attacks me ceaselessly, and will effect my fall unless I have recourse to her, unless she shelter me in her arms, as a gentle mother does a frightened child."[1] This was an Illinois Christian woman two hundred years ago.

I know of no country in which the influence and interference—so to speak of the Blessed Mother of God—is so evident as in this country. Here, now, in Illinois, as the first Jesuits disappear, the Priests of the Foreign Mission take their place, and the Priests of the Foreign Mission were originated in a sodality of the Blessed Virgin in Paris. These carried the beloved name to the banks of the Ohio and the St. Joseph's. The number of converts among the Illinois grew rapidly, and embraced the noblest and best of the tribe. So changed was an Indian village now, that the French settlers preferred to choose their wives from its maidens. At home, the tribe was punctual at the chapel; when they went to their hunting-grounds, they would meet every night and chant—for that was *their* way—in alternate choirs, the Rosary of Our Lady.

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[1] Shea's Indian Missions, 417.

There was no priest at Peoria since the death of Father Gravier, slain there by the influence of the medicine-men or prophets. But the grand chief wore a crucifix upon his breast, which he revered with sincere piety, and a medal of the Blessed Virgin. He had found this somewhere, and had carried it to better instructed Christians to learn what it was. They told him that it represented the Virgin Mother of God; that the little Infant, whom he saw in her arms, was the Redeemer of the world, and that her especial title was Mary the Help of Christians. He received this lesson into a faithful heart, and he wore his medal with confidence in her whose image was embossed upon its surface. One day, walking with his gun unloaded, he espied a Fox Indian lurking in a thicket, and saw that the musket of the savage was levelled at his heart. Then he cried to Mary Help of Christians, and she heard him. Five times in succession the gun of the Fox missed fire. Before he could aim a sixth time, the piece of the Peoria chief was charged and levelled in its turn. The Fox surrendered, threw down his gun, and the votary of Mary led him triumphantly to his lodge. It was to Father de Charlevoix that he told the story, when he brought his little daughter for baptism to that clergyman.[1] What most charmed the later missionaries, when they came among these Indians for the first time, was their peculiar, grave, alternate chant for the Rosary.

[1] Shea's Missions, p. 428.

These Illinois chanters of the Ave Maria had been even to the mouth of the Mississippi, to the new French settlements, chaplet in hand, and the by no means too pious Europeans there looked admiringly, and, perhaps, self-reproachfully, at these swarthy warriors, who had not left their religion behind them in the far-off lodges of their tribe. Indeed, a prayer to Mary Immaculate was not new there, for de Soto's expedition in 1539 had been accompanied by twenty-two ecclesiastics. The *Salve Regina* had floated over the waters of the mighty father of streams, from the mouth of the Red River to the ocean, and the infidel Mobilian, in the wilds of Alabama, had listened with wonder to the chant of the Litany of Loretto. Membré told the pure Name to the swarthy Arkansas; Montigny to the Tænsas on Red River; St. Comé laid down his life to honor it, amid the towns of the fire-worshipping Natchez; Foucault, du Poisson, and Louel shed their blood while proclaiming it among the Choctaws and the fierce Yazoos. When Iberville came from France, to meet the Acadian and the Frenchman descending from the Canadas, he called the islands at the mouth of the Mississippi, *Chandeleur*,[1] in honor of our Blessed Lady's Purification; and soon we find within the stockade of New Orleans the hospital sister (1705), the monks of the Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel (1722), and those devoted pioneers of educa-

[1] The French Festival de la Chandeleur answers to our old English Candlemass, or Feast of the Purification.

tion, the daughters of St. Ursula. Thus, then, from its head-waters to the ocean, had the devotion to Mary followed the tides of the Mississippi; and on both sides of the stream it had been planted, and its roots had taken firm hold, and had spread widely. We shall soon see their bloom.

But we must now return, where indeed we find the throbbing heart of this devotion, to the city of Mary on the St. Lawrence, to Ville-Marie. There, while all others were contributing to the honor of their sacred patroness, their safety was watched over by the guard of de Maisonneuve; for this gentleman had enrolled from among the soldiers sixty-three volunteers, all specially vowed to defend the town of Our Lady, out of peculiar devotion to her. The number was suggested by the years of her blessed life on earth; and these veterans of old France formed thus, in the forests of America, a sort of military confraternity. They met daily for the recital of the Rosary; they wore the medal of their order as a military decoration; they approached the holy sacraments on all the feasts of the Virgin; and be sure that for all this they were the first to confront the cannon of the English, or to answer, with their battle-cry of *Ave Purissima*, the war-whoop of the sanguinary Iroquois.

So, too, when their chief enrolls the inhabitants into a militia, it is "*attendu que cette isle appartient à la Sainte Vierge*—because this island belongs to the Blessed Virgin." And those who are forward in the service are to have their names publicly recorded "as a mark

of honor, as having exposed their lives for the interests of Our Lady and the public weal."[1]

And the imitation of Mary in her Visitation to Saint Elizabeth spread fast and wide, the distinctive institution of Northern French America. It was this festival that Marguerite Bourgeoys had chosen for the patronal holiday of her institution. "The Visit of Our Lady," she used to say to her sisters, "was the occasion of the greatest of miracles, the purification of Saint John the Baptist from original sin; his sanctification and that of his family. Take that thought with you, sisters, in all your missions. Imitate Mary in the sanctification of children." Swift and steadfast the good work spread; ecclesiastics wrote to their friends in France; colonial officers reported to the home government; the soldier detailed to his ancient comrade the marvels of Marguerite's institution. Their missions multiplied from Isle Orleans to Quebec. Not only did they follow their vocation in their schools, but in what was called the Outer Congregation, which was devoted to grown-up girls. This was of incalculable benefit, not only in correcting morals and manners that were defective, but in implanting the principles of purity and zealous practice of religion. On Sundays and festivals the sisters were wont to gather the maidens of the neighborhood to instruct them in the faith and in their duties for this life. Then they would lead them in

[1] Memoires et documents publiés par la Société Historique de Montréal. 1860, vol. iii., p. 134.

procession to the church, and watch that their deportment there befitted children of Mary, and servants of the Lamb without spot.

"Then," says one of the biographers of Marguerite.—"then did piety, religion, and modesty succeed to levity and indevotion; and not only were all improved, but the hearts of many, touched by the lessons and example of their saintly instructors, grew disgusted with the world, and they consecrated themselves to God in the Congregation of Our Lady."[1] Marguerite lived to see no less than eight of these missions securely founded and prosperous in well-doing; a few years after, they had increased to thirty-three, and now they form an especial glory of Canada, and are to be found in one diocese at least of the United States. Anywhere in their mission you may see them patiently, sweetly, perseveringly busied in their beautiful calling, the "sanctification of children," leading the young heart, through Mary's maternal tenderness, to God, her Eternal Son. But most edifying must that sight have been when they met in their new and present home in Ville-Marie, on the Octave of our Blessed Lady's Nativity, A. D. 1845, their number lacking but one of the hundred. And still more touching is that anniversary of theirs, when they assemble on the day that Marguerite Bourgeoys died—not to lament her as one lost, but to celebrate with joy her birth into

[1] From the large and very beautiful life, in two volumes, published for "the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame." Ville-Marie, 1853. By Rev. M. Faillon, St. Sulpice.

that new and better land where her soul is reaping the rewards of her self-sacrifice, her labors, and her sanctity.

For many months before the day comes round, the young girls of the wealthier classes consecrate their working-hours to the making of a complete outfit each for one of the poor children of the outer schools. And on that day all assemble, rich and poor, in the presence of the good sisters and a concourse of friends, in the grand hall, where all the gifts are laid at the foot of an image of Blessed Mary. There stands, too, a bust of Marguerite, at the feet of her whom she loved so truly and followed so devoutly; and there, after the other exercises are over, each child leads up her little protegée, presents for Mary's sake the roll of comfortable clothing, and adds something wherewith to make a little feast at home in honor of Marguerite and Saint Mary. And this is the annual celebration of the Daughters of Our Lady at Ville-Marie.

One mark of the devotion to the Mother of God, which still exists in all its pristine fervor in Montreal, I insert here, as belonging to the Congregation by sentiment, although to our own time by date. It is an extract or two from the pious dedication to the life of Marguerite Bourgeoys, to which I am indebted for so many beautiful facts.[1] The dedication is—

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[1] Let me thank, here, for the loan of this book, as well as for the Life of Mademoiselle Leber, the kind courtesy of the Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, M. P. P. for Montreal.

"TO THE MOST HOLY VIRGIN—QUEEN OF APOSTLES," and it begins—

"Blessed Virgin, I am most happy to recount here the touching effects of your love for the Sister Bourgeoys, who owed to you, after God, all that rendered her so venerable to the colony of Montreal. Her virtues and her labors are your work. Her biography is the history of your love for her, or rather, the manifestation of your especial predilection for your beloved city, on which you have deigned to bestow so rare an instrument of your choicest favors. By this privileged soul you desired to renew and to make felt in this rising colony the effects of your grace. You made to her an abundant communication of your spirit, and rendered her a living image of your own apostolic zeal; so that, veiling your power beneath her form, you gained as many hearts for God as she attracted by the fervor of her prayers, by the force of her words, and by the efficacy of her example. Be blessed then, for this sweet discovery of your love.

"Be blessed anew for having willed to perpetuate so great a benefit in this colony by the establishment of the congregation which justly recognizes you as its foundress, its instructress, its superior, and its Queen. She who originated it was but an instrument in your hands. It was formed by a diffusion of your spirit, extending from her through all the members of this body to give them life; by your love it has grown; by your care and maternal solicitude it has been main-

tained until to-day. If you are Mother of all saintly communities, by the participation in His fœcundity which God the Father gave you in the adorable mystery of the Incarnation, you are so in an especial sense of this institute, which has received from you all that it has, and is, by you, all that it is. Deign to protect it forever, and always to renew that primitive spirit of fervor and zeal which you gave it so abundantly at the beginning. Cause all who read this book to reap edification from its pages; to be drawn to imitate the virtues of your faithful servant—above all, her sincere and tender filial love for you. And may they, by this reading, learn how consoling is that truth, that he *who has found you has found life*[1] in you, the Life which is JESUS, from whom by you he may attain everlasting salvation."

Such, then, for two centuries, has been the ardent feeling in Montreal for the Lady of their city. And it is by reciting such things as these that we reveal to you the secret springs of devotion to Saint Mary in North America.

Although the history of the famous church of Our Lady of Good Help, and of the chapel of Our Lady of Victory,[2] belong to the history of the Congregation, yet we reserve them for another place, and end this chapter with the beautiful episode of Mademoiselle Jeanne le Ber.[3]

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[1] Proverbs, viii. 35.

[2] *Notre Dame de Bon-secours* and *Notre Dame de la Victoire.*

[3] L'Héroine Chrétienne du Canada, ou la Vie de Mademoiselle le Ber, Ville-Marie, chez les Sœurs de la Congrégation de Notre Dame. 1860. By M. Faillon.

Among all who loved Marguerite Bourgeoys—and who did not love and revere her?—none was more eminent than this lady. Daughter of the wealthiest merchant in French America, she had every thing at her command that could make the world inviting; an esteemed pupil of the pious Ursulines, the religious orders would have thought her an acquisition, but her vocation made her turn from both, and she went to dwell alone in prayer, and work, and meditation with God. It is not our purpose to follow her life, but only to look at it as a devotion to Mary. It was love for this Blessed Mother that drew her so surely and attached her so ardently to the Congregation. "How happy your lot," she used to say to a cousin of hers in the sisterhood, "to be numbered among the daughters of Mary! Learn well the excellence of your good fortune in this, and all the extent of your obligations. You must be perfectly free from the maxims of the world and from all carnal inclinations. She who wears the livery of the most holy Virgin must care for naught else."[1] Faithful to this predilection, when the time had come at last to retire, it was with the Congregation of Notre Dame that she sought seclusion. The immediate cause was the holy death of a young sister of that society, whom she tenderly loved, and whose death-scene was of such beauty, and hopefulness, and peace, that it broke what little tie there was to bind her to the world. She exclaimed in her heart, with

[1] "Life," p. 234.

the Syrian prophet, "Let my soul die the death of the just, and may my last end be like theirs."[1] She determined upon absolute seclusion, but it was exacted from her that she should undergo a novitiate, as it were, of five years in the house of her father. This ended, her mother's death, meanwhile, giving new strength to her purpose, she retired to the church of the Congregation, which she had largely aided from her abundant means.

Here, in a little cell behind the altar, dwelt this devoted recluse, the cell modelled upon the *Santo Camino* or sacred chamber of the Holy House of Loretto; so that in this she might be perpetually, as it were, under one roof with the Mother of the Incarnate Word. Here, with her rosary, her little office of the Blessed Virgin, and her utensils for embroidering—for she proposed no idleness—she was at length inclosed, after vespers on the Feast of Our Lady of the Snows, August 5, 1695, to go no more out forever. Here she dwelt for nineteen years in prayer, in manual labor for the altar, in meditation, and in adoration of the thrice holy Sacrament.

To aid her in obtaining the inner union which she sought with the perfect dispositions imprinted by the Holy Spirit on the heart of the Blessed Virgin, she kept continually before her eyes, upon the walls of her cell, two pious pictures. The first was called the "in-

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[1] Moriatur anima mea morte justorum, et fiant novissima mea horum similia.—Numbers, xxiii. 10.

terior life of Mary." There you saw the Blessed among women enthroned on clouds, the hands crossed upon her immaculate bosom, while the sacred Dove, hovering over her, seemed to pour from his spotless wings His sevenfold grace. The eyes of Our Lady, raised to heaven, were fixed upon the sacred monogram, I. H. S.—*Jesus hominum Salvator.* This showed that if the Holy Spirit were the source of Mary's actions, JESUS and the salvation of souls was their end and aim. Below the print, you read: "*With Mary. By Mary. In Mary.*" This was Sister le Ber's—for such was her title henceforward—this was her object now; sought steadily in prayer, at holy Mass, in her communions and other pious exercises, in labor, in her poor repasts, to unite herself by faith and love to the interior dispositions of Mary; and earnestly she besought that sacred and tender Mother to be with her spirit, her heart, and all her faculties; to be the model of her actions and the soul of her soul; to penetrate and fill her mind, to possess it altogether, until she should become a simple instrument wherewith the Mother might deign to glorify her Divine Son.[1]

The other print represented the same good Mother receiving into her arms and lovingly supporting a Christian soul, which, languishing in this condition of exile, seemed to find all its joy and repose in Mary. The Sulpicians celebrated the feast of this interior life of the Blessed Virgin on the nineteenth of October,

[1] Life of Mademoiselle le Ber, p. 211.

and for the pious recluse it was a day of particular devotion. And, still more to honor it, even by the works of her hands, she made a superb vestment for the feasts of the Immaculate Queen, and in the centre of the cross she embroidered most cunningly the picture first described. How all this love was answered and increased, we shall see in the notes of the chapels and churches connected with the Congregation. She never wearied in her benefits to this "family of Mary," as she called it. Her means had greatly aided the building of their church; she furnished the richest vases and ornaments for the altar; she founded there the Perpetual Adoration of the Most Holy Sacrament, and endowed a daily Mass; and more, to maintain, out of filial love and tender devotion to Saint Mary, an institute so distinctly her own, she gave them ten thousand livres "for the good friendship that she bears to the Sisters of the Congregation of Our Lady,"[1] the only condition being that the revenue shall be applied to their uses in Ville-Marie alone.

Glad enough, we may be sure, was the heart of Sister Marguerite to have such a guest within the walls of her house. At the time of her coming there were other guests there also. The Hospital Sisters had been burned out, and had found affectionate welcome from the humble Daughters of Our Lady. "We have now," says Marguerite Bourgeoys, "in our house

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[1] "Pour la bonne amitié qu'elle porte aux Sœurs de la Congregation de Notre Dame." Words of the deed of donation.

the three estates of women whom our dear Lord left on earth, after His resurrection, to serve Him and His Church: like Magdalen, by solitary life; like Martha, by active life in the cloister; like the most holy Virgin, by an uncloistered life of zeal."[1] There lived, then, the recluse, so busied with her needle, that she furnished all the parishes of Montreal with chasubles, altar fronts, and other ornaments. They still preserve in the parish church of the city a cope, chasuble, and dalmatics, richly embroidered on cloth of silver by her nimble fingers. Towards herself she showed an extreme parsimony, making her poor woollen robe and coarse shoes last for years by mending them repeatedly herself; for of all her large revenues, what was left from her gifts to the altar, she scrupulously gave to the poor. She knew the Psalms and the New Testament almost entirely by heart. They were her books of predilection. But, besides reading these, she recited daily the Litanies of the Saints, the Office of the Cross, the Rosary, and the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin. Add to these her ordinary prayers, mental and vocal, her adoration of the Sacrament, the office for the dead three times a week, her embroidery, and her care for the poor, and judge whether she had not caught some of the tireless spirit of zeal of her sacred model and Mother.

The faithful of that day and place believed that the angels used to help her. That she did receive many and

[1] Vie de Mademoiselle le Ber, p. 229.

visible graces from on high, it is impossible to doubt. Touched by her example, her brother Pierre also renounced the world from devotion to Mary in the Holy Family. Joining with François Charon de la Barre, he instituted the Hospital Brothers in honor of St. Joseph, and built with his fortune a chapel of St. Anne, the mother of the Blessed Virgin, on the opposite side of the town from that where stood his sister's chapel of Bon Secours. This was the origin of St. Anne's, so famous in song and northern story. Dying before his sister, he left to her beloved community ten thousand livres, on the sole condition that there should always be one of the sisters who should bear the name of Saint Mary, and another that of Saint Anne. His body was buried in the church of the Hospital Brothers, his heart in the chapel of the Congregation of Our Lady—that it and his dear sister's heart might not be divided even in the grave.

Marguerite, dying, had charged her sisterhood to increase the accommodation for their schools so soon as Divine Providence should provide the means. But thirteen years passed on, the necessity annually increasing, but the good sisters growing no richer. For years, however, this project had lain in the charitable heart of Jeanne le Ber, and now that she felt heaven drawing nearer, she determined to execute it. First, she recommended her project to the Blessed Virgin and to her holy friends the angels, and then she began to press the sisters to the work. They were reluctant, having the fear of debt before their eyes, and they put

off the pious recluse as well as they could. But they were used to listen to her advice, and when she said that she knew it was the will of God, and that the angels would help them, they went to work and gave the first orders, although they had neither materials nor money. The foundation was dug, the corner-stone was blessed and laid by M. de Belmont, and the new house was dedicated to their heavenly superior, under the title of Our Lady of Angels. This was the inscription on the plate in the corner-stone:

"Most Holy Virgin, Queen of Angels, refuge and safety of men, receive the prayers which we, in full confidence, offer, to obtain your blessed protection for the commencement, the advance, and the completion of this building which your servant and our good mother, Marguerite Bourgeoys, has charged us to construct. With all our hearts we desire that it may serve to augment your honor and the glory of your Divine Son. Do not, oh, Immaculate Virgin, ever permit mortal sin to enter in this house. Bid the holy angels watch so well over the conduct of all who dwell therein, that you may be ever loved and faithfully served as Our Lady and Our Queen. Amen."

Ask in the country where it stands to-day, and they will tell you that immortal hands worked at those walls, and that the masons looked with awe every morning at a progress to which they had not contributed. Be that as it may, the house was finished; and Jeanne le Ber, gathering together her last thirteen thousand livres, founded therewith what we would

now call scholarships for girls who merited education, but whose parents were too poor to furnish the requisite means. And this was the last act of money-giving charity, done in honor of Our Lady of Angels. It was the day after the Feast of the Blessed Virgin's Nativity, September 9, 1714, that she signed the deed of this foundation; twenty-four days after, hope had become realization.

On their own festival, the second of October, the holy guardian angels came for the pure soul of the recluse, and she died in prayer and love as she had lived, resigning herself into the hands of that blessed Mother whom on earth she had served so well. Her modest cell and work-room were religiously preserved, and the devout of Ville-Marie loved to go pray at her tomb; but the cell with its furniture, the church, and the house of the Congregation, were consumed by the fire of 1768. When the establishment was builded anew, a repository was made on the site of the cell, where now remains, in His ineffable patience, the Prisoner of Love. Beside the grave of the recluse stands the miraculous statue of Our Lady of Pity, gracious sentinel over the ashes of her devoted child. Frequent recurrence will be made to Mademoiselle le Ber in these pages; but now, for the present, we leave the edifying volume which contains her biography, and is dedicated with propriety, TO MARY PRESENTED IN THE TEMPLE.

## CHAPTER VI.

DEVOTION OF THE HOLY FAMILY—OUR LADY OF VICTORY—OUR LADY OF GOOD HELP—OUR LADY OF THE VISITATION—LODGE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION—OUR LADY OF SNOWS—CATHEDRAL OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, AND CHURCHES OF OUR LADY IN QUEBEC.

THE first three titles written above are the titles of three most eminent devotions in Canada. Dating back to the very beginnings of the colony, they, or at least two of them, have grown steadily in the affections of the Canadian Catholic down to this day. A favorite theme of M. Olier's devout meditation was the Holy Family, JESUS, Mary, and Joseph, in the stable, in the humble house at Nazareth, or the flight from the murderous wrath of Herod during the long hidden life of our Lord. As by this sacred household it had pleased the Eternal Father to convey salvation unto man, so did M. Olier desire to secure its protection for the new France which was growing up in the snowy pine-woods of the scarcely trodden West. It was in February, then, that this holy priest, assembling the Society of Montreal in the church of Our Lady of Paris, and having offered the eternal Sacrifice at the altar of the blessed Virgin, consecrated Montreal and its whole territory to JESUS, Mary, and Joseph, under the particular protection of Mary, to whom the company resigned forever the sovereignty and dominion of their lands.

As he used to go before, on their journeys in the land of Palestine; as he marched before on the weary way to Egypt; so now St. Joseph was the first to come amid the ice-fields and by the rushing rivers of Canada. He came in and with the hospital sisters of Mademoiselle Manse, endowed by M. de la Dauversiere expressly to honor the pure foster-father of Christ. Then came the seminary priests of St. Sulpice, whose aim was, as is that of the sacred priesthood indeed, to represent our Lord himself, and to diffuse His spirit. And, thirdly, came the institute of Marguerite Bourgeoys, to make the name and thought of Mary revered and loved.. To none of these three had M. Olier revealed this cherished idea; yet, without their own design, they perfectly accomplished it. By and by, the time came; the Jesuit Father, Chaumonot, proposed and took the management of the scheme; the three communities accorded heartily, and the Confraternity of the Holy Family was established in Canada. The object was to reach the three estates of manhood, womanhood, and childhood; to induce every resident of the land to do something towards an imitation of these great exemplars of human virtue—the men to find their model in St. Joseph, the women in Our Lady, the children in the gentle innocence of the Infant JESUS.

Sister Marguerite records her signing of the act of foundation, together with Mademoiselle Manse, and Mother Macé, superior of the Hospitalieres; "for," says the Sister Mozier, historian of the Hotel Dieu.

"our first superiors were closely bound in holy friendship with Marguerite Bourgeoys and her sisters; they were daughters of the most holy Virgin, whom they had chosen for mother and protectress; and we daughters of St. Joseph, which makes us, too, adopted children of the same Holy Family."[1] The first use to which Marguerite applied the new scheme was in the establishment of a house for poor grown-up girls, wherein they might be taught some honest calling, while their souls were kept pure from the temptations to which they were exposed. And this was called the House of Providence of the Holy Family. Soon it was used for spiritual retreats; then for the preparation of children for their first communion; and so incalculable were the moral benefits produced, that royal procureurs grew eloquent about it in their letters to the king, travellers consecrated pages of their journals to its praises, and the Parisian Father Souart used to call Sister Marguerite *la petite Sainte Genevieve du Canada.*

Mgr. de St. Vallier desired such a blessing for his episcopal city of Quebec, and sister Marie Barbier was sent to found it. From the very commencement, zeal and fervor for a better and holier life spread throughout the city; every day gave birth to some new practice in honor of the Infant Saviour, the Virgin, or St. Joseph; the young girls in humbler life had been overfond of dress, vieing with each other in self-ornamentation, and, by dressing above their class, had exposed

[1] Vie de Sœur Marguerite, i. 170.

themselves to vanity and the usual risks and temptation that attend it. But, before the end of the first year, this was all cured; and, on Corpus Christi, a modest neatness was the characteristic of all, and their head-tire and other gilded decorations were lying at the feet of the statue of St. Mary the Virgin. Since that day, no people has ever surpassed the Canadians in devotion to the Holy Family.

About the autumn of 1711, Ville-Marie was filled with terror at the report of an English armament, twelve thousand strong,[1] on their way from Boston to the conquest of Canada. Montreal and Quebec, had they been together, had no means of resisting even the half of such a force; and it was soon clearly evident that, if help there were, it must be only from the hand of God. To Him, therefore, the Catholic people had recourse. The churches were thronged, the altars besieged. Men and women vied with each other in acts of interior and exterior penitence. And, at last, the young people who formed the external Congregation of Notre Dame united in a vow to the sacred Mother of God, that if, by her powerful intercession, she would save the town, which was built in her honor and bore her gracious name, they would erect a shrine in their gratitude, *in perpetuam rei memoriam*, which should bear the title of Our Lady of Victory. As the time passed on, the rumors grew to certainty. The fleet was already in the St. Lawrence, and advancing swiftly

[1] Bancroft's History of the United States, vol. iii. p. 222.

towards the city. The alarm reached even the cell of Sister le Ber. The sister who carried her modest provision to her, told her that, if the wind should hold favorable, the English fleet and the ruin of Montreal would arrive together, and that in a day or two. But, after a short silence, the recluse said, calmly: "No, my sister, the Blessed Virgin will take care of the country; she is the guardian of Ville-Marie, and we have nothing to fear."

Now the people of the good town had great confidence in the prayers of the holy recluse, and they trusted in God in the midst of their reasonable alarm. Her cousin, the Baron de Longueil, governor of the place, resolved to attack the advancing fleet off Chambly, and do what he could to keep them from the town. He could get but a mere handful of men, and his hopes were entirely in the help of their Blessed Patroness. So a banner was prepared, on the centre whereof they wrought a picture of the Virgin Mother, and Jeanne le Ber's cunning needle worked round the image this legend: "Our enemies put all their trust in arms, but we confide in the Queen of Angels, whom we invoke. She is terrible as an army in battle array, and under her protection we hope to vanquish our foes." M. de Belmont blessed the standard before all the populace in the parish church of Our Lady. Then, bearing it in his own hands, Longueil set forth at the head of his little troop.

Their trust was not in vain. Heaven fought visibly for the servants of Mary. As the fleet came up the

St. Lawrence, abreast of Egg Island, on the night of the second of September, a fierce northward-careering gale smote them suddenly. Seven of the largest ships were instantly wrecked, another was struck with lightning, and the shattered remnants of its hulk flung sheer up upon the yellow sands. The shores were covered with corpses—nearly three thousand, say the French—about a thousand, says the accurate Bancroft. The rest were driven from the river, and fled back to Boston, where their arrival was followed by a conflagration that destroyed eighty houses.

When solemn thanksgiving had been rendered to the Most High for this signal deliverance, the *externes* of the Congregation commenced their collection. The sisters gave a piece of ground within their own inclosure, and the chapel of Our Lady of Victory raised its roof above the dwellings of Montreal. Pope Benedict XIII. enriched it with privileges and indulgences; its patronal feast was the Nativity of Mary; and, for many a year, no day ever saw it unvisited by faithful worshippers who came to give thanks for their preservation. Burned with the other buildings, it was reconstructed in 1769, and became thenceforward the particular chapel of the *externes* of Notre Dame.

But the greatest, as it was the first, treasure of the good sisters was, and is, their church, Our Lady of Good Help, *Notre Dame de Bon Secours*. If you should make a pilgrimage to this famed American shrine—and a more edifying devotion you will not find on this continent—you will see its quaint structure on the hill-

side, fronting Notre Dame Street, and overlooking the broad, sail-covered St. Lawrence. Its not ungraceful, rather Oriental-looking steeple, with its two open lanterns, one above the other; its steep, snow-shedding roof, and old-fashioned ornamentation of the doorway, will at once carry you back to the date of the Jesuit martyr and the Indian missions. Of course, this, or something like it, had found a place in M. Olier's saintly reveries. "Often," he says, "it comes into my heart that God will, of His grace, send me to Montreal, in Canada, where the first chapel built to Him shall be under the title of the Holy Virgin, and I shall be the chaplain of that Blessed Lady."[1] But he was not to see Canada; the work was for Marguerite Bourgeoys, and we have seen her struggles to build crowned with ultimate success in 1675. The wish of M. Olier was fulfilled in the person of his spiritual children, the Sulpicians, for they became the chaplains of Our Lady in Ville-Marie. Father Souart headed a procession of all the people upon the feast of Saints Peter and Paul, and solemnly blessed and laid the corner-stone—"*D. O. M. Beatæ Mariæ Virgini et sub titulo Assumptionis.* To God, most Good, most Mighty, and to Blessed Mary the Virgin, under the title of the Assumption."

The walls rose swiftly; a bell was cast from a bronze cannon which had been burst in the Iroquois war; the miraculous statue of Our Lady was placed in a shrine,

[1] Vie de Marguerite Bourgeoys, i. 238.

gilt and enriched with jewels, and *Bon Secours* stood open to the faithful, the first stone church on the island. Then the sisters made over all their claim to the parish church of the city, retaining this privilege alone, the perpetual right to keep it in repair, and to adorn it, "which we offer to do," they say, "to render to the Blessed Virgin, our Mother, all the honor and service that we can." This was accepted by the Sulpicians, as lords of Ville-Marie, and the deed was sealed with their famous seal for Montreal, which shows on its intaglio the Queen of Saints kneeling to receive the Most Holy Eucharist from the hands of the beloved Disciple, with this brief, eloquent legend: "*Virgo Virginem virgini communicat.* A virgin to a virgin gives a Virgin in communion." And there, henceforth, were daily Masses said; and there, in all distresses and calamities, were public processions made; a daily pilgrimage sprang up for the citizens, and from the remotest parts of settled Canada came others, for already Our Lady of Bon Secours had become the refuge of New France, and to her protection was attributed the success of the infant colony. This was the beacon of the boatmen on the stormy river, and the remembrance of the trapper in the far-off forests. For the Sisters of the Hospital, expelled by the fire of 1734, it became a refuge, a hospital, and a grave; for, almost coeval with the fire, an epidemic of most virulent kind broke forth; they had no place but the chapel wherein to lay their sick; and it was within its venerated walls that they performed their offices of

mercy; and that *eleven* of them, smitten by the plague, died there, and were buried there, under the eyes of the Virgin of Good Help.[1]

In 1754 a great part of the town was burnt again, and this time, to the horror of the people, they beheld their beloved and venerated shrine reduced to ashes. Nothing was saved, picture nor altar furniture—all disappeared under the smoking ruin; all things, save one. Beneath the ashes they found the little statue, not even discolored by the fire, but in perfect preservation. Imagine with what joy it was recovered by the Sisters of the Congregation! They carried it with devotion to their own church, and the holy Father was pleased to transfer thither the many indulgences with which the shrine of Bon Secours had been enriched.

Many an evil followed this. Famine, and war, and English conquest, with its train of consequences; and the ashes grew black with age over the site of the venerated shrine, and the rains beat upon them and mingled them with the soil. Now and then, a devout soul would say, amid the sorrows of a conquered people, "Ah, if we only had Our Lady of Good Help back in her own house, all would go well!" But the people were disheartened, and did nothing towards a reconstruction. At last the governor claimed the place as waste land, and this roused them from their apathy. Not that, at least! The land, and the city, and the

[1] Manuel du Pelerin de Notre Dame de Bon Secours. Montreal, 1848, p. 22.

people he might have; but Our Lady's little plat of ground! no, that, at least, no governor should get, by any fault of theirs.

So, towards the end of June, in 1771, the ground was cleared anew; and, on the anniversary of the first procession, a second, manifold as great, chanting litanies and hymns, passed to the spot to lay anew the ancient corner-stone. The new inscription tells the history of the shrine: "*D. O. M. et Beatæ Mariæ Auxiliatrici sub titulo Assumptionis, Templum hoc, primum angustiori forma ædificatum, anno* 1675, *postea flammis adustum anno* 1754, *ampliora forma restauraverunt Cives Marianopolitani, cultui Beatæ Mariæ Virginis addictissimi anno* 1771, *die Junii* 30ª *eadem qua primus lapis veteris ecclesiæ fuerat impositus.* To God, the All Good, the Almighty, and to Blessed Mary of Good Help under the title of the Assumption, the citizens of Ville-Marie, most devoted to the veneration of the Blessed Virgin Mary, have restored this Temple, built at first in 1675 of narrower dimensions, consumed by the flames in 1754, in ampler form, this 30th day of June, 1771, the same day that the first stone of the ancient shrine was laid."[1]

It was finished in 1774, and so stands to-day. It is not large, the nave being seventy feet by forty-six; the choir, thirty-two by thirty; but it holds the religious heart of Canada. Over the portal stands Our

[1] Vie de Marguerite Bourgeoys, ii. 427–30; Pelerin de Notre Dame, 22–24.

Lady's image, with the legend: "*Maria Auxilium Christianorum*—Mary Help of Christians." It looks over the swift-rushing river, and the flash of its metallic roof makes it a beacon to the boatman and the sailor, "beckoning him," says Father Martin, "as it were, to the shore of the heavenly country, the port of safety and repose." The famous image was of dark-brown wood, exquisitely sculptured, and, after being the object of affectionate veneration for three centuries, was stolen by some infamous wretch in 1831, and has never been recovered. How it has been replaced by a modern substitute, we shall see hereafter.

Another ancient American shrine of the Blessed Mother, near, or rather at present in, Montreal, must have brief notice. It is that of the first chapel at La Prairie, the Indian mission so often referred to in these pages. The date is 1675, September 22. Very humble, indeed, in man's eyes, is the gift we chronicle, but precious as St. Peter's or Cologne in the sight of God and to the heart of Mary. It was only "a lodge of stakes or upright logs, straw-thatched; but, for thirty years, it sheltered the celebration of the Divine Mysteries, and echoed to the responses of the Rosary." Nay, within its little inclosure of twenty by twenty-five feet, Mgr. de St. Vallier once held a confirmation in 1692. And this is the deed of gift:

"Pierre Pera, and Denise Lemaistre, his wife, both dwelling at the Prairie of the Magdalen, with mutual accord and consent, moved thereto by an impulse of piety, have given, and by these presents give, *to the*

*Holy Virgin Mary Our Mother*, purely, simply, and irrevocably, a stake lodge, thatched with straw, situated on their property at the Cote St. Lambert, with the site of the said lodge, as well as with a perch of land all round, and a right of way to be adjudged and marked out; the said lodge, site, environ, and way, to be perpetually *used for the service of the Blessed Virgin*, and this lodge to be made a church dedicated to her name."[1] Sixteen years from this time the pious donors were massacred by the inevitable Iroquois; but the simple church they gave, blessed under the title of Our Lady's Immaculate Conception, survived them for many years; and even now a handsome cross marks the spot, and has indulgences, attached to it by Mgr. Bourget, for all who shall salute it with respect. Here, then, is the second church of the Immaculate Conception, in a land where now nearly a hundred temples stand in honor of that wondrous mystery.

Next, in Montreal, was, and is, the church of Our Lady of the Visitation, or the church of the Congregation. Built, as we have seen, chiefly by the help of Mademoiselle le Ber in 1696, this shrine of the faithful children of Mary was held second, in the devotion of the people, only to Bon Secours. Here mouldered the heart of Sister Marguerite; here lived and died the saintly recluse; here, for many years, all the indulgences of Bon Secours, were obtainable; and here, in

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[1] Souvenirs Historiques sur la Seigneurie de la Prairie: par J. Viger, Ecuier, ancien et premier Maire de Montréal. 1857.

our own day, some of the most earnest devotions in Canada take place. In 1718, a pious widow, Marie Biron, gave foundation for a Mass and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in honor of the holy Heart of Mary, "with intention of conforming to the zeal which the Sisters of Our Lady have ever shown to inspire in the breasts of the children whom they educate, a knowledge of, and love for, that most Sacred Heart."[1] For this purpose was the Mass to be offered and the Benediction given, after which the sisters were to say a *De Profundis* for the souls in purgatory, who, when on earth, had shown devotion towards the Heart of Mary.

This pious intention is still carried out on the feast of that title, the Sunday in the Octave of the Assumption. Burned in 1768, this church was rebuilt, as it now stands, by the close of the next year. The last of the ancient shrines mentioned by us here, is *Notre Dame des Neiges.*

Fronting on Sherbrooke-street, a wall of defence and two towers are still erect, to show you where once stood *Our Lady of the Snows.* Formerly, surrounded by the dwellings of the Indian converts and their instructors of the "Mountain Mission," it stood on the southern slope of the Royal Mount. The present chapel of the name is in the village of Cote des Neiges, behind the mountain. Here follows the Legend of—

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[1] Vie de Marguerite Bourgeoys, ii. 254.

## OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS.

If, pilgrim, chance thy steps should lead,
Where, emblem of our holy creed,
Canadian crosses glow—
There you may hear what here you read,
And seek, in witness of the deed,
Our Lady of the Snow!

In the old times, when France held sway
From the Balize to Hudson's Bay,
O'er all the forest free,
A noble Breton cavalier
Had made his home for many a year
Beside the Rivers Three.

To tempest and to trouble proof,
Rose in the wild his glittering roof,
To every traveller dear;
The Breton song, the Breton dance,
The very atmosphere of France,
Diffused a generous cheer.

Strange sight, that on those fields of snow
The genial vine of Gaul should grow,
Despite the frigid sky!
Strange power of man's all-conquering will,
That here the hearty Frank can still
A Frenchman live and die!

The Seigneur's hair was ashen gray,
But his good heart held holiday,
As when in youthful pride
He bared his shining blade before
De Tracey's regiment, on the shore
Which France has glorified.

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[1] From "Canadian Ballads," by Hon. T. D. McGee, M. P. P., Montreal.

Gay in the field, glad in the hall,
The first at danger's frontier call,
The humblest devotee
Of God and of St. Catherine dear
Was the stout Breton cavalier
Beside the Rivers Three.

When bleak December's chilly blast
Fettered the flowing waters fast,
And swept the frozen plain—
When, with a frightened cry, half heard,
Far southward fled the arctic bird,
Proclaiming winter's reign—

His custom was, come foul, come fair,
For Christmas duties to repair
Unto the Ville-Marie,
The City of the Mount, which north
Of the great river looketh forth
Across its sylvan sea.

Fast fell the snow, and soft as sleep,
The hillocks looked like frozen sheep,
Like giants gray the hills—
The sailing pine seemed canvas spread,
With its white burden overhead,
And marble hard the rills.

A thick, dull light, where ray was none
Of moon, or star, or cheerful sun,
Obscurely showed the way—
While merrily upon the blast
The jingling horse-bells, pattering fast,
Timed the glad roundelay.

Swift eve came on, and faster fell
The winnowed storm on ridge and dell,
Effacing shape and sign—
Until the scene grew blank at last,
As when some seaman from the mast
Looks o'er the shoreless brine.

Nor marvel aught to find, ere long,
In such a scene the death of song
Upon the bravest lips—
The empty only could be loud
When nature fronts us in her shroud,
Beneath the sky's eclipse.

Nor marvel more to find the steed,
Though famed for travel or for speed,
Drag on a painful pace—
With drooping crest, and faltering foot,
And painful whine, the weary brute
Seemed conscious of disgrace,

Until he paused in mortal fear,
Then plaintive sank upon the mere,
Stiff as a steed of stone.
In vain the master winds his horn—
None, save the howling wolves forlorn,
Attend the dying roan.

Sad was the heart and sore the plight
Of the benumbed, bewildered knight,
Now scrambling through the storm;
At every step he sank apace,
The death-dew freezing on his face—
In vain each loud alarm.

Down on his knees himself he cast,
Deeming that hour to be his last,
Yet mindful of his faith—
He prayed St. Catherine and St. John,
And our dear Lady called upon
For grace of happy death.

When, lo! a light beneath the trees,
Which clank their brilliants in the breeze,
And lo! a phantom fair!
As God is in heaven! by that blest light
Our Lady's self rose to his sight,
In robes that spirits wear!

Oh! lovelier, lovelier far than pen,
Or tongue, or art, or fancy's ken
Can picture, was her face—
Gone was the sorrow of the sword,
And the last passion of our Lord
Had left no living trace.

As when the moon across the moor
Points the lost peasant to his door,
And glistens on his pane—
Or when along her trail of light
Belated boatmen steer at night,
A harbor to regain—

So the warm radiance from her hands
Unbinds for him death's icy bands,
And nerves his sinking heart—
Her presence makes a perfect path;
Ah! he who such a helper hath,
May anywhere depart.

All trembling, as she onward smiled,
Followed that knight our Mother mild,
Vowing a grateful vow;
Until, far down the mountain gorge,
She led him to an antique forge,
Where her own shrine stands now.

If, pilgrim, chance thy steps should lead
Where, emblem of our holy creed,
Canadian crosses glow—
There you may hear what here you read,
And seek, in witness of the deed,
Our Lady of the Snow.

At Quebec, the Recollect Fathers had raised a handsome church, as early as 1693, "to the perpetual glory of God and the honor of the Virgin Mother of God, instead of the ancient convent of

Our Lady of Angels," converted into an asylum for the poor.[1]

But old, even as the original convent—older than our little straw-thatched lodge at La Prairie—is the cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, built by the noble and saintly Bishop Montmorenci de Laval, in 1666. So that they built cathedrals in America two hundred years ago, in honor of that dogma which the learned reformed divines declare a novelty in 1860. The cathedral is very lofty, with massive arches of stone dividing the nave from the aisles; its dimensions are two hundred and sixteen feet by one hundred and eight, and it can contain four thousand worshippers. The tall tower and spire stand detached from the body of the building. Its interior was destroyed by shells during the bombardment of 1759, and the pictures and decorations now there are modern.

Next comes the hospital, with its chapel, dedicated, in 1672, "to the Blood of Christ poured forth for us, and to the Blessed Mother of Mercy—*effuso Christi Sanguini et Misericordiæ Matri;*" and thither one goes to look at Coypel's famous picture of the "Virgin and Child."

At the repulse of the British arms in 1690, the Feast of Our Lady of Victory was established in the church of that title; and, twenty-one years later, on the wreck of the Boston fleet, the title was changed

[1] For these notices of churches in Quebec, see "Hawkins' Picture of Quebec." 1834.

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to Our Lady of Victories. The church was destroyed by the bombardment which injured the cathedral.

Of old pictures of our Blessed Mother, which we hear of in Quebec, the Ursulines possess an original Vandyke, a *Mater Dolorosa*. The Seminary of the Holy Family has a *Flight into Egypt*, by Vanloo; an *Adoration of the Wise Men;* and a *Virgin ministered unto by Angels.*

## CHAPTER VII.

DEVOTION IN TEXAS, CALIFORNIA, NEW MEXICO—OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE—THE NEW MOUNT CARMEL—THE ATLANTIC SPANISH MISSIONARIES—MARYLAND.

IN the North—as we have seen—the devotion was planted and grew; grew steadily, in spite of checks and obstacles. Throughout the present British possessions it maintained itself healthfully, with the single exception of unfortunate Acadia. But its story in the South is twofold. Brought by the early Spaniards, ever devoted to the Holy Mother of God, her name was proclaimed upon the coasts of Florida and Alabama; was carried thence through the forests as far north as the Bay of St. Mary (the Chesapeake); as far west as the yellow Mississippi. But new dominions drove it hence, only to be renewed with additional fervor in our own day. This was the approach from the Atlantic and from the Gulf of Mexico. But the conquests of Our Lady of Victories were more progressive and steadfast on the Pacific side—the side of the Ocean of Peace. Here, securely sheltered by the golden flag of Spain, the missionary pushed his way through the Mexican territories, new and old—Texas and California. From that day the love of Mary has consecrated those regions; and still are the rivers, the mountain-peaks, the valleys, and the upland slopes,

blessed by her beautiful name. A daily newspaper will show this, wherein the letters from these countries are full of Santa Maria, Asuncion, Virgen, Concepcion, Loreto, El Rosario, Carmelo, and la Purissima; the last new diocese established there is Marysville, and the capital of New Mexico is still called Santa Fé.

It is not to be supposed that the blood of so many holy missionaries had been shed in vain in the Southern Atlantic and Gulf States, or that the English arms effectually destroyed all reverence for the sacred name of Mary. Something survived, if only the solitary "one cluster of grapes, or as the shaking of the olive-tree, two or three berries on the outermost bough, or four or five on the top of the tree."[1] Enough was left to give courage by tradition, enough to support hope when it pleased the Son of Mary to "send new laborers into His harvest."

Although the first explorers who landed on the Southern coast were accompanied by ecclesiastics, yet there remains no record of any fruits gathered by them for God. But, as early as 1526, Mexico, thoroughly Christianized, began to pour her heroic missionaries upon the Northern shores of the New World Mediterranean. Franciscan, Dominican, and Jesuit struggled side by side. These first missions were about St. Augustine, the town founded on the Feast of Our Lady's Nativity, with solemn celebration of that rising

[1] Sicut racemus et sicut excussio oleæ duarum vel trium olivarum in summitate rami, sive quatuor aut quinque in cacuminibus ejus fructus ejus.—Isaiæ, xvii. 6.

of the Morning Star. By 1597, three chapels, dedicated to Our Lady, stood upon the soil of Florida; a mission upon St. Mary's Bay invited the Algonquins of Virginia; another wooed the Uchees and Catawbas amid the pine-covered Carolinian mountains. The Cherokee, the Natchez, the Mobilian tribes, were visited. The Indian and the Spaniard knelt side by side at the foot of the stately statue of Our Lady, which threw its stately shadow over the harbor of Pensacola. But they were nearly all washed away in blood. The tomahawk and arrows of the savages slew over thirty Jesuits, Dominicans, and Franciscans. The English conquest did the rest. The Catholic Indians who throng around the Spanish St. Augustine grew few and feeble in the destructive and licentious presence of the Saxon successors of the Spaniard. They wandered back to hide themselves in their thick, green everglades, and were called Seminoles—the Wanderers. By 1783 they were all gone from the neighborhood of the city where they had been peacefully colonized and instructed in the faith of Christ and the virtues of civilization, near the shrine of St. Mary the Virgin.

The same power desolated the missions of Alabama, until, in 1722, none remained of the converts save four chiefs—Oziuntolo, the Creek; Adrian and John Mark, the Appalachicolas; and Tixjana, or Baltasar, chief of the Talapoosas. These, gathering a hundred Christians of their tribes, established the Mission of Our Lady of the Solitude. Then came the cession to the English, and the red-skinned devotee of Mary disap-

peared. Their priests were banished; the religion of the foolish Establishment was proclaimed; and if any still lingered who loved the beautiful Name, it was in the fastnesses of the forest yet pathless for the invader. Nevertheless, before we cross the Mississippi, let us note the double consecration of its waters to the Immaculate Conception. Almost from its source to the Arkansas had Marquette made its shores hear the praise of that adorable mystery of God's love to man; and, ere his followers sank the body of Fernando de Soto in its turbulent floods where they near the sea, his fingers had traced in his last will and testament these directions:

"I order"—he says, after the usual Christian preface and commendation of his soul to the Most Holy Trinity—"I order that, wherever I may die, my body shall be carried to Xeres—to the church of San Miguel, and laid in the sepulchre *where lies my mother*." * * * "And in that church, I order that of my goods a site and place be bought, where shall be built a chapel, which shall have for its invocation Our Lady of the Conception. In which edifice and work I desire that there be expended two thousand ducats—fifteen hundred for the structure and inclosure, and five hundred for an altar-piece representing the said Invocation of Our Lady of the Conception." He then directs fully the furnishing of silk vestments; the chaplain's salary; the fund for the perpetual guardianship and repair of the chapel, and for the Masses to be said therein—to wit: five of the Passion of our Lord; five of His sacred

wounds; sixty for the souls in Purgatory; ten of All Saints; ten of the Holy Ghost; and twenty of "Our Lady of the Conception." And then he adds: "In the event that my body cannot be taken for sepulture to Spain, I order that *that* be no impediment or hindrance to the founding of said chapel." Ah, Christian Caballero! not beside thy mother; not in the chapel of the Conception; but in the swift, turbid river of the Conception were thy bones laid to moulder until the trump of God shall bid them rise. *Requiescant in pace!*[1]

Meanwhile, in Mexico, the devotion to the Blessed Virgin was spreading rapidly and surely. The Spaniard had been nurtured in it afar off beside the Andalusian streams, or on the hills of Castile. And the Indians—they were a gentle race, except in the celebration of their pagan rites—the Indians gladly learned the beautiful mystery of the Saviour's Incarnation, and gave up their whole hearts to His influence, embracing with simple but most earnest faith the privilege of sharing in Mary's maternal love. In a little while they returned that love with faithful childlike affection, and so won great spiritual reward from her gracious intercession.

Throughout Texas, Arizona, New Mexico, and parts of California, you find churches by the score dedicated to the Mother of God. Some of these were built but yesterday; some, echoing now on festal days to the

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[1] De Soto's will may be found in the "American Historical Magazine," vol. v., p. 104.

chant of Our Lady's Litanies, or the choral sweetness of the *Ave Regina*, heard the same sounds swelling from Indian voices two hundred and forty years ago. On every mountain-side, on forest edge, on village-watering stream, upon the frontier of the far-stretching prairie deserts, beside the cañon's brink, they stand, perpetual prayers in stone, invoking the intercession of the matchless Virgin with her eternal Son: Our Lady of the Rosary, Our Lady of Angels, Our Lady of Light, Our Lady of Carmel, Our Lady of Sorrows, Our Lady's Annunciation, Nativity, Immaculate Conception, Assumption; Our Lady of Belen, of Santa Cruz, of the Canon de Jemes; but, above all, Our LADY OF GUADALUPE!

No less than five of these famed shrines are filled with praise, even in this age, in the diocese of Santa Fé alone. That diocese is well named, for the holy faith, sown there in blood three hundred years ago, has never faded from the people's hearts. But why so many shrines of *Guadalupe?* Ask the lady in the drawing-room, or the shepherd-boy on the hill-side; inquire of the soldier in the barrack, the cattle-driver on the pampa, the Indian girl with the basket of fruit upon her dark-tressed head, and they will all tell you the same story of *Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe.*[1]

Our Lady of Guadalupe was soon the patroness of all New Spain; Texas, and California, and New Mex-

[1] The legend of Our Lady of Guadalupe is given in Orsini's Life (Virtue's edition), p. 374.

ico, were rivals in showing her honor. Rivers and towns were called after her name, and little hamlets on the edge of the forests still bear the name of Guadalupita, or Little Guadalupe.

At least a score of churches, dedicated to Our Lady of Guadalupe, have in those States resisted the changes of empire; the many revolutions; the influx of licentious infidels from the Eastern States; the cruel, causeless, wicked destruction of the harmless Catholic Indians by the people of the United States.[1] A chapter was formed for the first church, and Pope Benedict XIV. accorded a Mass and office, with a privileged octave. The copy of the miraculous portrait given him, he gave to the religious of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin in the Eternal City. To Spain he gave the right of celebrating the festival in Europe, and the great Pius VI. extended the privilege to Italy.

Judge then, with such a patroness for New Spain, how fast the devotion spread! By 1581 the fearless missionaries had carried it seven hundred miles from the capital, into what is now the State of New Mexico. The land was of course irrigated here, as elsewhere, with blood; and the first to fall for St. Mary was the Franciscan Father, Juan de Santa Maria. Sixteen years later, eight more of the same order had penetrated to the northern Rio Grande. By 1608 eight thousand souls had been baptized into the faith of Christ; and when less than a score of years more had

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[1] *Vide* note at end of chapter.

rolled over, Father Benavides had established the twenty-seventh mission in New Mexico. Three well-built churches of Our Lady of Guadalupe, and others, under various dedications, sheltered crowds who adored the All Holy and told the beads of the Rosary of the Virgin. Of these poor Indians, in spite of their many sufferings from the governments which have plundered and oppressed them, eight thousand still exist as a proof of the graces won from God by la Purissima Virgen.

As early as the year 1686 there was a *Guadalupe* river in Texas, and eight Franciscan missions flourished on its borders. Nay, some of them were pushed forward among the Osages and Missouris, while others, going towards the Pacific shore, had marched to the spiritual conquest of California. These pioneers of Christ, who were hunting souls, more precious far than gold, were in a special way St. Mary's own sworn servants; they were the Monks of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. These were the founders, two centuries and a half ago (1601), of Santa Barbara, San Francisco, and Monterey; and, at the latter place, an altar was erected beneath a shadowy oak, and Father Andrew of the Assumption of the Virgin said then and there the first Mass, and laid claim to California in the name of the King of kings.[1] South of that rose the new Mount Carmel, and the mission of that title stood at its feet, looking out upon the broad, still, transparent

[1] Shea's Indian Missions, p. 88.

sea; and the dusky Pueblos gathered there to learn the history of the Incarnation; to be glad at the news of a Redeemer; to lift their untutored hearts in reverent love to His Mother, whose protection they soon learned to trust. And the good Fathers won them from their savage sloth, and idleness, and want, having heard in their souls a voice like that which sounded to the prophet of old: "Feed this people with thy crook, this flock of thy heritage, which dwell solitary in the wood in the midst of Carmel."[1] There the beads of Mary's Rosary were taught, and the hymns of her feasts were sung in the Indian language; and as in Asia the Mediterranean bathed the feet of the ancient hill, so here the blue, clear Pacific sought the shore, and broke at the base of the new-found vineyard of God.[2]

Wondrous, indeed, were some of our dear Mother's manifestations of power and protection. In the Octave of her glorious Assumption into Heaven, year 1770, the priests Somera and Cambon started off for the interior, where pagan tribes, hitherto unvisited, were dying in ignorance of the Father of all. Weary days and nights they travelled with their little escort of ten soldiers, till they reached the base of the vast Sierra. The sun was going down over the Western Ocean; the snowy peaks of the mountains were turning rose-hued in the setting day, when they saw hundreds of Indians,

[1] Pasce populum tuum in virga tua, gregem hereditatis tuæ, habitantes solos in saltu, in medio Carmeli.—Micah, vii. 14.

[2] The Hebrew word Carmel signifies God's vineyard.

fully armed, and shouting their war-cry, rushing upon them. A moment's commendation of their souls to God, and then the missionaries unfurled their battle-flag—the flag of the Blessed Virgin. Fold after fold, the azure standard, studded with golden stars, streamed out in the light of the sunset, and from its field the radiant beauty of Our Lady's eyes beamed on the startled Indians. Their hearts were touched; they threw away their arms; and catching their trinkets, or whatever else they had of value with them, they came forward humbly to offer them to her as a propitiatory gift. They were soon won to know her and love her better; the Mission of San Gabriel, of him who brought to her the message of the Incarnation, rose among the mountains; the Cross was securely planted, and the first Mass was offered on the Feast of her Nativity, in the chapel which her new children had builded.

Thus the whole golden land was won to Mary and her Divine, Eternal Child. Missions of Santa Maria, Nuestra Señora de la Soledad, la Purissima Concepcion, were crowded with the Christianized natives. All these establishments had the same rule. At daybréak the Angelus summoned all to church for morning prayers and Mass before their fast was broken. After that, each went where the duties and labors of the day might summon him. Again the Angelus recalled them at eleven, when they dined, rested until two, and returned to work, until the third Angelus sounded as the sun went down, and they gathered for the Rosary and then for their last meal. The evenings were spent in

innocent recreations. Their wealth was in common, and was laid out by their spiritual Fathers for their best welfare; happy, innocent, and pious, thus they lived, until the "lust of gain in the spirit of Cain" sent the eastern money-worshipper among them to blight, demoralize, and destroy.

In 1837, thirty-one thousand lingered still in plenitude and peace; but the next year Father Saria died of starvation and poverty—died clad in his sacerdotal vestments, as he strove to begin the Mass where for thirty years he had offered it, at the altar of Our Lady of the Solitude. In 1840 there remained of these poor children of God only about four thousand in all the missions of California. Would you know the rest of their history, read the note which follows this chapter.

While these first conversions were going on in the more Southern and Southwestern States, an English nobleman, a friend of his king, yet powerless to practise his religion even under that protection, resolved to seek for freedom of faith in America. A grant of lands was obtained; the expedition organized; the spiritual charge of it given to some Jesuit Fathers, and thus the first step was taken towards the establishment of that church which, two centuries later, should declare Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception patroness of all the land.

It was then, in the year of our Lord one thousand six hundred and thirty-three, on the twenty-second day of November, the first day in the Octave of Our Lady's

Presentation in the Temple, that the Catholic emigrants, under Lord Baltimore, embarked on board the "Ark" and the "Dove." "They placed their ships," says their chaplain, Father White, "under the protection of God, of the Blessed Virgin Mother, of St. Ignatius, and of the Guardian Angels of Maryland," and so set forth to seek religious freedom in the forests of America. Their voyage was long, as usual in those days, and a furious storm threatened to send them to the bottom. The two vessels were driven apart, and in the one which bore the Jesuit they expected and prepared for death. Strengthened by the Sacrament of Penance, they had resigned hope, almost, when the priest, kneeling on the drenched deck, called to witness "the Lord JESUS and His Holy Mother, that the purpose of the voyage was to pay honor to the Blood of the Redeemer by the conversion of the barbarians." The tempest soon lulled, and, at the close of February, they gave thanks to the Blessed Virgin as they landed in Virginia. Then sailing up the Chesapeake, first called, by Christian men, St. Mary's Bay, they entered the Potomac, and reached the territory of Maryland.

Their first solemn thanksgiving for safe arrival was made on the Feast of Our Lady's Annunciation (March 25). They offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and then planting a huge cross, hewn from a tree, they knelt at its foot to recite the Litanies. No other colonists of the United States, known to us, dealt so fairly with the red-men. No rum, no worthless trinkets, no destructive weapons were used in trade; but the Indian

set his own value on the land, parted from it willingly, and received in exchange seeds, cloths, and instruments of husbandry. No native blood stains the soil purchased for St. Mary the Virgin; no Indian warfare is in the records of its history; but on St. Mary's River they pitched their tents, and, in friendship with the red-man, laid the foundation of their town. They called it after the beloved Mother of their Lord, to whose protection they avowed their safety from the perils of the sea; and for years the little town of St. Mary's was the centre of their colony.

One of their earliest converts was the chief Tayac, and with him were baptized his wife and daughter, both of whom received the sacred name of Mary. And soon the fervent heart of the Jesuit Father White was gladdened by hundreds of neophytes, for the aborigines received with joy the doctrine of Christ. The ceremony of the baptism of the chief's family had been conducted with what pomp their rude circumstances permitted. A cross was borne in procession, the governor of the colony and his officers walking beside the dusky American king, and all chanting the beautiful words of the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. Soon came the crowning boast of this colony, the passage of the religious toleration act, in 1649; for these children of St. Mary had not been, like the Puritans of New England, soured by persecution into relentless and absurd intolerance. Churches soon arose to bless the land, sometimes the work of government, sometimes of individuals, as when William Bretton gave, for a church,

a grant of land "in honor of Almighty God and the Ever Immaculate Virgin Mary."[1]

This colony, it is true, was soon to see itself disfranchised, robbed of its religious freedom, and its Catholic people stripped of their privileges for worshipping God in the way of their fathers. But before this, Father White had displayed the spirit of his holy Company, in the evangelization of the savages. Sailing up the rivers in an open boat, with a box of presents, a chest containing the sacred vestments and altar-stone, and a basket of provisions, with a mat for shelter from the sun and rain, he went forth in pursuit of souls. Towards nightfall the boat was made fast to the shore; the two attendants went into the wood to look for game; and the priest gathered sticks to make a fire, or, if it rained, stretched the mat upon boughs of trees. "Thanks be to God," he says, "we enjoy our scanty fare and hard beds as much as if we were accommodated with the luxuries of Europe."

On one of these occasions he was called to a Christian Indian, an Anacostan, who had fallen into an ambush of Susquehannas and been run through with a lance. Father White found him chanting his death-song, and the Christian red-men beside him praying fervently. Then the good priest heard his confession and prepared him for death. But, ere leaving him, he read a gospel and the Litany of Loretto over him; he urged him to commend his soul to JESUS and to Mary.

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[1] Day-Star of American Freedom, by G. L. L. Davis, p. 228

Then, touching his wounds with a relic of the true cross, he bade the attendants bring the body to the chapel for interment, and launched his canoe to go visit a dying catechumen. Returning the next day, he beheld with amazement the same Indian vigorously propelling a canoe to meet him. When they met, the Anacostan stepped into the priest's canoe, and, dropping his blanket, showed him a faint red line, which was all the trace remaining of the deadly wound. Recommending him to make his whole life an act of gratitude to JESUS and Mary, the father went on his way, giving thanks to God.[1]

But here the further records of devotion to our Heavenly Queen, if any such exist, from this time to the Revolution of 1776, have, owing to the distracted condition of these States, and other causes, become quite inaccessible to the present writer. The present significance of the settlement of Maryland is this, that the devotion to Our Blessed Lady, expressed in the English language, here enters the now territory of the United States. The Spaniards planted it, to be well-nigh extinguished, along the Mexican Gulf; and, more permanently, in Texas, California, New Mexico, as early as 1540. The French so cherished it from its first coming, in 1615, that it grew with luxuriant beauty, grows daily now, and promises, by God's blessing, to shelter, with its pleasant shade, the whole North, from the Arctic circle to the great lakes. The English, as

[1] Shea's Missions, 492, 493.

we see, attempt the centre in 1634. We shall return to them at the period of the American Revolution. Now we are to look at the other early Missions in the United States.

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NOTE TO PAGE 152.

An unexpected confirmation of this sort of fact is found in *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, 1861, p. 307, *et seq.* When I saw in the *Annales de la Propagation de la Foi*, the statement in a missionary's letter, that the whites were wont to "*try their new pistols*" upon the unfortunate Indians, I was unwilling to believe. Read, now, the testimony to that and to the Catholic Missions from the most prejudiced and anti-Catholic work in this country:

"As California became more settled, it was considered profitable, owing to the high rate of compensation for white labor, to encourage the Christian Indian tribes to adopt habits of industry, and they were employed very generally throughout the State. In the vine-growing districts they were usually paid in native brandy every Saturday night, put in jail next morning for getting drunk, and bailed out on Monday to work out the fine imposed upon them by the local authorities. This system still prevails in Los Angeles, where I have often seen a dozen of these miserable wretches carried to jail roaring drunk of a Sunday morning. The inhabitants of Los Angeles are a moral and intelligent people, and many of them disapprove of the custom on principle, and hope it will be abolished as soon as the Indians are all killed off. Practically it is not a bad way of bettering their condition; for some of them die every week from the effects of debauchery, or kill one another in the nocturnal brawls which prevail in the outskirts of the Pueblo.

"The settlers in the northern portions of the State had a still more effectual method of encouraging the Indians to adopt habits of civilization. In general they engaged them at a fixed rate of wages to cultivate the ground, and, during the season of labor, fed them on beans and gave them a blanket or a shirt each; after which, when the harvest was secured, the account was considered squared, and the Indians were driven off to forage in the woods for themselves and families during the winter. Starvation usually wound up a considerable number of the old and decrepit ones every season; and of those that

failed to perish from hunger or exposure, some were killed on the general principle that they must have subsisted by stealing cattle, for it was well known that cattle ranged in the vicinity; while others were not unfrequently slaughtered by their employers for helping themselves to the refuse portions of the crop which had been left in the ground. It may be said that these were exceptions to the general rule; but if ever an Indian was fully and honestly paid for his labor by a white settler, it was not my luck to hear of it. Certainly, it could not have been of frequent occurrence.

"The wild Indians inhabiting the Coast Range, the valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, and the western slope of the Sierra Nevada, became troublesome at a very early period after the discovery of the gold mines. It was found convenient to take possession of their country without recompense, rob them of their wives and children, kill them in every cowardly and barbarous manner that could be devised, and when that was impracticable, drive them as far as possible out of the way. Such treatment was not consistent with their rude ideas of justice. At best they were an ignorant race of Diggers, wholly unacquainted with our enlightened institutions. They could not understand why they should be murdered, robbed, and hunted down in this way, without any other pretence of provocation than the color of their skin and the habits of life to which they had always been accustomed.

"Voluminous reports were made to Congress, showing that a general reservation system, on the plan so successfully pursued by the Spanish missionaries, would best accomplish the object. It was known that the Missions of California had been built chiefly by Indian labor; that *during their existence the priests* had fully demonstrated the capacity of this race for the acquisition of civilized habits; that extensive vineyards and large tracts of lands had been cultivated solely by Indian labor, under their instruction; and that by this humane system of teaching, many hostile tribes had been subdued, and enabled not only to support themselves, but to render the Missions highly profitable establishments.

"No aid was given by government beyond the grants of land necessary for missionary purposes; yet they soon grew wealthy, owned immense herds of cattle, supplied agricultural products to the rancheros, and carried on a considerable trade in hides and tallow with the United States. If the Spanish priests could do this without arms or assistance, in the midst of a savage country, at a period when the

Indians were more numerous and more powerful than they are now, surely it could be done in a comparatively civilized country by intelligent Americans, with all the lights of experience and the co-operation of a beneficent government.

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"At Nome Cult Valley, during the winter of 1858–59, more than a hundred and fifty peaceable Indians, including women and children, were cruelly slaughtered by the whites who had settled there under official authority, and most of whom derived their support either from actual or indirect connection with the reservation. It was alleged that they had driven off and eaten private cattle. Upon an investigation of this charge, made by the officers of the army, it was found to be entirely destitute of truth; a few cattle had been lost, or probably killed by white men, and this was the whole basis of the massacre. Armed parties went into the rancherias in open day, when no evil was apprehended, and shot the Indians down—weak, harmless, and defenceless as they were—without distinction of age or sex; shot down women with sucking babes at their breasts; killed or crippled the naked children that were running about; and, after they had achieved this brave exploit, appealed to the State Government for aid! Oh, shame, shame! where is thy blush, that white men should do this with impunity in a civilized country, under the very eyes of an enlightened government! They did it, and they did more! For days, weeks, and months they ranged the hills of Nome Cult, killing every Indian that was too weak to escape; and, what is worse, they did it under a State Commission, which, in all charity, I must believe was issued upon false representations. A more cruel series of outrages than those perpetrated upon the poor Indians of Nome Cult never disgraced a community of white men. The State said the settlers must be protected, and it protected them—protected them from women and children, for the men are too imbecile and too abject to fight.

"During the winter of last year a number of them were gathered at Humboldt. The whites thought it was a favorable opportunity for getting rid of them altogether. So they went in a body to the Indian camp, during the night, when the poor wretches were asleep, shot all the men, women, and children they could at the first onslaught, and cut the throats of the remainder. Very few escaped. Next morning sixty bodies lay weltering in their blood—the old and the young, male and female—with every wound gaping a tale of horror to the civilized

world. Children climbed upon their mothers' breasts and sought nourishment from the fountains that death had drained; girls and boys lay here and there with their throats cut from ear to ear; men and women, clinging to each other in their terror, were found perforated with bullets or cut to pieces with knives—all were cruelly murdered! Let any who doubt this read the newspapers of San Francisco of that date. It will be found there in its most bloody and tragic details. Let them read of the Pitt River massacre, and of all the massacres that, for the past three years, have darkened the records of the State."

If such a record as this can be read in the pages of *Harper's Magazine*, in what language would the exiled Franciscan describe this unholy march of modern civilization?

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE DEVOTION IN MAINE—SILLERY AND CHAUDIERE ITS NURSERIES—THE WAMPUM BELT FOR OUR LADY OF CHARTRES—THE VOW OF THE OWENAGUNGA—THE MISSION OF THE KENNEBEC—THE MURDER OF FATHER RASLE—THE CATHOLIC RED-SKIN AND THE PURITAN COUNCIL.

FROM the crimson record of the Iroquois we turn to a gentler race;—from the struggle of Christianity with sanguinary paganism, along the bright lakes of New York, to the serene and beautiful rise of the Morning Star over the hills and pine-forests of Maine.

The reader will perhaps recollect that fine Catholic gentleman and knight of Malta, Brulart de Sillery;—how he renounced the world that favored him; left his king who honored, and his country which was proud of him, to consecrate himself to God in the wilds of the New World; how, "to testify his gratitude for the wondrous favors received from the Mother of Mercy," he founded the Mission of St. Joseph; and how he hoped, "by the merits and powerful help of the Holy Virgin Mother of God," to "attract, assemble, and settle the wandering savages, as the surest means of their conversion." By that powerful help the foundation succeeded; numbers of Algonquins and Montagnais forsook their nomad life to gather round the "black-robes," to live by tillage of the soil, and to ex-

hibit, by their lives, a simplicity and fervor of intelligent faith which races, self-called superior, would do well to emulate.

Eminent among these, for his many virtues, was the Algonquin, Charles Meiaskwat. Hearing, one day, that a party of his pagan clansmen had taken some Abenaki prisoners and were torturing them, though they were not enemies, he hurried in pursuit and rescued the captives, but not until they had been most savagely treated. But he brought them down to Sillery, or St. Joseph's, and there the Hospital Nuns, from the Quebec foundation, dressed their wounds, and attended them with their usual gentle charity until they were quite recovered. When they went home, well armed and clothed, Meiaskwat accompanied them, visited their towns on the Kennebec, and preached Christ and His blessed faith to them. One sagamo, or chief, returned with him to Quebec, was instructed and baptized. His example was followed. In a little while, no Abenaki, or, as New Yorkers called them, Owenagunga, village was without two or three Christians. Finally, on the feast of the Mother of God's Assumption into heaven, year 1646, they formally asked for black-robes. And then two Jesuits went forth from their central house in Quebec—Isaac Jogues to the New York Iroquois, Gabriel Druillettes to the tribes of Maine.

Father Gabriel was received by a docile and gentle, although heroically brave people. In three months he could catechize and preach in their own tongue; and

he labored, on and off, as the necessities of other mission stations required, until 1657; by which time the good seed was sown and had sprung up, never to be eradicated. Although they were often without a missionary for long years at a time, yet they remained steadfast in the faith. Before the attack on Fort Penquid, in 1689, we find all the braves fortifying themselves by the Holy Sacrament; and during all that expedition they said the Rosary of Our Blessed Lady perpetually, without intermission even at meal-time.[1] Judge, then, if they had not received into fervent souls devotion to the Queen of Angels. And be not surprised at their fidelity through the long residence of Father Rasles and Father Vincent Bigot among them; nor yet that they remain to-day pure and fervent Catholics amid the temptation, vices, and irreligion of effete Puritanism. From about 1680 to 1700 the missionaries, unable to live amongst these tribes, sought to draw them nearer to Quebec, whence spiritual and physical help could be more easily procured.

In a little while the men of the Kennebec outnumbered the vanishing Algonquins in Sillery, and for years the Mission was called the Abenaki. Then Father James Bigot, of the Society of Jesus, founded the Mission of St. François de Sales, on the beautiful Falls of the Chaudière, not far from the spot where your modern maps show you three townships of St. Mary side by side. In 1685, the new reduction absorbed

[1] Shea's Indian Missions, p. 143.

that of Sillery. Two letters[1] of Father Bigot, now before us, are filled with edifying details of these most fervent American Catholics—these faithful American devotees of the Blessed Mother of God. They were poor to extremity, their village seemed a favorite abode for epidemics, yet men, women, and children exhibited a firm, resigned love for the holy will of God, most edifying and most instructive to the civilized white, if, indeed, he would take advantage thereof. Their peculiar religious characteristics, if we may say peculiar where all were so good, were an intense trustful love for JESUS crucified, and a zeal for and practice of perfect purity in honor of His Immaculate Mother. Tenderly they used to call upon her beautiful name in their sickness, and fondly summon her to the couch of death with prayers. To her they sent their choicest wampum necklaces, the work of a whole long winter's leisure. Do you smile at the poor offering of Indian beads? send your own necklaces and bracelets of gold and ruby, in the spirit of the simple Abenaki, and then you may smile with more satisfaction to yourselves and edification to your neighbor.

Among the treasures of the famous cathedral of Our Lady of Chartres,[2] France, you may still see, preserved

[1] The letters, printed from the originals, form part of an exquisite series, contributed, among so many other things, to American Christian history, by the indefatigable zeal and taste of John Gilmary Shea.

[2] As this celebrated cathedral has not been described in the work of the Abbé Orsini, and as it had so close a connection with our poor little American Mission, a note descriptive of it, and explanatory of a reliquary soon to be mentioned, will follow the notice of the Huron reduction.

with reverence, a band of this sea-shell wampum, all that the American had of most precious sent to Our Lady, as a token of their simple love, in 1695. The ground is violet, and in white letters you may read this inscription:

"MATRI VIRGINI ABNAQUICI, D. D."

"To the Virgin Mother, her most devoted Abenakis." The chapter of the great cathedral received the offering as it would have received the jewelled gift of a king, and wrote affectionately to the poor Indians a thousand leagues away. Whatever taste and power of delicate labor the Owenagunga could bestow, were lavished on this belt. The best workers of the village were employed, the choicest and most perfect beads carefully selected. And this they entreat the clergy of the cathedral "to offer as their little present to the most Blessed Virgin." "Though it be only Indian work," they say, "our sacred Mother will see by it our hearts, and all the sentiments of love and tenderness with which we offer it. We have already offered it here, placing it at the foot of her image during two whole novenas, praying for you; and at the end of each day's Mass chanting the *Inviolata benigna Regina Maria*." These novenas commenced, one on the Feast of the Assumption of Our Lady, the other on that of her sinless Nativity. "Ah," cries Father Vincent Bigot, in writing of these Indians, "if you could hear them sing at the Holy Mass; if you beheld their fervor, their innocence, their extreme abhorrence of even

the least fault, their docility for the sacred mysteries, their love for Jesus Christ crucified, and for His Blessed Mother, which attain to a very great tenderness, to an heroic desire for suffering, and all the marks of predestination which accompany their holy death, you would be greatly touched."[1] The chapter of Chartres having made some presents to the little church of Chaudière, the hearts of the forest children overflow with gratitude. "We always loved the blessed Virgin Mother," they write,[2] "we always honored her sincerely; but now it seems that your kind gifts have redoubled our affection and reverence for our good Lady. Some years ago we consecrated to her our village, our persons, all that we have, and all that we are. Each year, on the day when she was assumed, body and soul, into heaven, we renew that consecration. Present our poor little gift to Mary, and, what we especially desire, cause that this very paper touch her shrine. Maybe, from that, fresh ardor will be conveyed to us here, to augment our love for our sacred Princess. We have said. Let this belt of wampum confirm our words."

The present sent from Chartres was, as we find by a letter from Rev. Père Aubery, written sixty years later, a very beautiful statue of the Blessed Virgin in silver, a copy of that known as Notre Dame *sous terre*, or under-ground, so called from the subterranean

[1] Les Vœux des Hurons et des Abnaquis à Notre Dame de Chartres par M. Doublet de Boisthibault. Chartres, 1857, p. 32.

[2] Ibid., pp. 34–38.

chapel, which will be described in a note. This letter is signed by the missionary and six Abenaki chiefs.

The letters of their missionaries are full of simple little traits of devotion to St. Mary the Virgin. Sometimes they would want the Indian names, family names of the women, to distinguish in their registers one from another, and they would find the greatest difficulty in getting them. "My name is Mary," they would say. "But I want your Indian name—your Abenaki name." And the answer would be, "I have no other name; Abenaki name no good; *my* name is Mary!" Almost every woman was a Mary; if they did not get that name in baptism, they took it in confirmation, or they would go and ask permission of their pastor to be called henceforward by the beloved name. Or, after Mass, they would linger in the church, even in the depth of winter, to recommend their resolutions and their good thoughts especially to her. And, after all, what else could they do, since they were consecrated to her individually and as a people?

It was on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception that this solemn dedication, or *donation* as they called it, took place. They adorned, as well as they could, the chapel of Our Lady in the church at Sillery, exposing to veneration their beautiful silver statue; and, for many days after, they practised particular devotions in honor of their elected Queen.[1] Then, every

[1] Relation de ce qui s'est passé de plus remarquable dans la Mission Abnaquaise de Sainct Joseph de Sillery et de Sainct François de Sales l'année 1665: par le Père Jacques Bigot de la Compagnie de Jesus.

year, on the Feast of the Assumption, they bore the image in procession to bless the village at Chaudière, and solemnly renewed their gift. This was their act of donation:

"Great Mary, may the heavens and earth bear witness to our sincerity. May all thy friends gathered now in heaven hear us, and be glad that we thus imitate them. Let them testify that our hearts and our words accord. May JESUS, our Lord and our God, acknowledge our sincerity, who hath willed His infancy to be governed by thee, who so miraculously gave him birth; who hath made the universe confess thee Lady of all, almost as though He had placed His sovereign dominion in thy hands. May He, whom we hail as Lord, behold our hearts, see that we have but one thought, that thou shalt be forever our Lady and our Queen. And thou, O Mary, hear us from heaven, where thou art throned in incomparable splendor; hear us, and accept what we offer.

"O Mary, Virgin Mother of God, we have long waited for this day to choose thee for our Queen, for hitherto we have been but obscurely thine. Take, then, possession of us and ours. We make thee mistress of our village, and therefore have we borne thine image hither. If in any of our lodges thou shouldst see what can displease thee, hasten to remove it. May all anger, and disunion, and evil speaking, all impurity, drunkenness, and every other sin, take flight before the approach of thy sinless steps. May the demon not dare to injure a land which belongs to thee. Do not

disdain to dwell with us, since, having thee, we shall have the virtues that go with thee, and that remain where thou art, gentleness, unitedness, charity, docility. Do not refuse to dwell with us, great and glorious Lady. Though among us, vile and contemptible as we are, thy grandeur will not be obscured, but our lowliness and our wretchedness will give it new splendor by the contrast.

"This, our blessed Princess, is what we have to say. Would to God that our words were engraven upon the rock, never to be effaced. But they will not vanish, for they are written on our hearts. They are imprinted on the tender hearts even of our little children. They will hand them down, and our remote descendants shall know how we loved thee and recognized thee as our Queen. So shall our example teach them to love and serve thee. Woe to him who would destroy our affection, or change the sentiments we have for thee! Rather may the brooks cease to flow, and the sun to shine, yea, all things to exist, than that one of our descendants should prove disloyal to thee. Love us, then, Mary, our great Queen; procure for us the favor of thy Son; and may we one day behold with joy His unutterable glory and thine. We have spoken."[1]

This was the school in which the true Americans of Maine learned the faith which they practise still on the banks of the Penobscot and Kennebec.

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[1] Vœux des Hurons, pp. 39–41.

When, after a time, the Missions were re-established in their own country, by the salmon-filled streams of Maine, we find no diminution in the fervor of these red-skinned children of Saint Mary. Father Thury, at Panawaniske, on the Penobscot; the Recollect Father Simon, at Medoktek, on the St. John's; and Father Vincent Bigot and Father Rale, or Rasle, on the Kennebec, were steadfast laborers by 1688. Bigot[1] has two especial themes of praise in his people, their fervor for the Most Adorable Eucharist, and their love for Mary. The first thing in the morning, the last thing at night, was a visit to our Lord, if only for a few moments: going to or returning from work, they made it a law to go salute, at least, the Most Holy. So frequent were these visits of the children, women, and men, that Father Bigot declares it was like a continual little procession to and from the chapel. So constant a habit had some of them formed of spiritual union with our Lord and his blessed Mother, that none of their occupations could distract them from it. An old chief blesses God for his blindness, since nothing now can attract his sight from the wounds of the Crucified and the beautiful face of Mary. Maidens die in their bloom, blessing her for taking them unfettered by marriage and its distracting cares. A young man, whose right arm was dropping to pieces from necrosis of the bone, would ask her pardon for the irrepressible groans

[1] Relation de ce qui s'est passe dans la Mission des Abnaquis à l'Acadie l'année 1701.

wrung from him by his bitter pain. To the priest asking a young girl dying, if they could do nothing to assuage her sufferings, she answered, "No, father, I can wish for nothing more. The Mother of Jesus, my good mother, knows that I have no more fervent and continual desire than to see her face."[1]

An Indian who desires to reach a point has a way of going straight at it. Not remarkable for syllogistic abilities, he has a shorter method of reaching correct conclusions. The Mohawk, when the Albany Dutchman sneered at her for honoring Mary, asked to whom he prayed. He said, to Christ his God. But she shaking her head gravely, said, "Guess not pray much; no have honor for Mother, no have much for Son." One of the Kennebec chiefs, of Bigot's time, was taunted with the errors of his creed, in his visits to the English settlements, and urged by the people to adopt theirs. "Which of them?" asked the red-man, "for no two of you have the same." Of course they must deny the power of the Blessed Virgin; for they could see the scapular on his swarthy chest, or the beads and medal twisted into his head-dress; but he fought the usual battle with them, and gave himself as an example to prove his doctrines. "You have known me long enough," he said. "You know that I was as big a drunkard as ever lived. Well, God has had pity on me; and I can defy any one to reproach me with having tasted wine or brandy for many years. To

[1] Relation, p. 26.

whom am I obliged for this but to our holy Lady, to the Mother of Jesus. For to her I had recourse in my extreme feebleness, for grace to conquer my inveterate habit of drunkenness; and by her help I conquered it. After that, will you tell me that the saints do not hear us; that it is useless to address ourselves to the Mother of God? I believe none of your words; you are deceivers. My own experience convinces me; and know you this," and the brave, a renowned one, drew himself up, and his dark Indian eye kindled, "know this, that I will love and bless the holy Virgin to the last breath of my life. For I am sure that she is glad now, and that she will recompense me for defending her cause against you."[1]

Father Vincent Bigot is succeeded by Sebastian Rasle, another of that grand "Company of Jesus." On his thirty years' mission we shall touch but lightly. In 1705, one Hilton, at the head of a party of New Englanders, burnt the church and village of Norridgewock, profaned the sanctuary, and withdrew. In 1713, after the peace of Utrecht, some of the chiefs went to Boston to hire workmen to rebuild their church. "I will rebuild it for you," said the governor, "if you will dismiss your missionary and receive one whom I will send you."

"Listen," said the warrior in answer. "You saw and knew me long before the French, but neither your predecessors nor your ministers ever spoke to me of prayer or of the Great Spirit. They saw my furs, my

[1] Relation, pp. 9, 10.

beaver, and my moose-skins; these they sought alone, and so eagerly that I have never been able to bring them enough. When I had plenty, they were my friends, and only then. One day my canoe missed the route, and I wandered a long time, having lost my way. At last I landed near Quebec, in a great village of Algonquins, where the black-robes were teaching. As soon as I had arrived, one of them came to me. I was loaded with furs, but the black-robe of France disdained to look at them. He spoke to me of the Great Spirit, of heaven, of hell, of the prayer which is the only way to reach heaven. I heard his words with pleasure, and remained in the village near him. At last, the prayer pleased me and I asked for instruction. Then I asked for baptism, and received it. * * * Now I hold to the prayer of the French; I agree to it; I shall be faithful to it, until even the earth is burnt and destroyed. Keep your men, your gold, and your minister. I will go to my French father."[1]

For thirty years now, has Father Sebastian Rasle dwelt in the forest, teaching to its wild, red children the love of God and Mary. He is burned by sun and tanned by wind until he is almost as red as his parishioners. The languages of the Abenaki and Huron, the Algonquin and Illinois, are more familiar to him than the tongue in which his mother taught him the Ave Maria. The huts of Norridgewock contain his people; the river Kennebec flows swiftly past his dwell-

[1] Shea's Missions.

ing, to the sea. There he has built a church—handsome, he thinks and says; perhaps it would not much excite our more luxurious imagination. At any rate, the altar is handsome; and he has gathered a store of copes and chasubles, albs and embroidered stoles, for the dignity of the holy service. He has trained, also, as many as forty Indian boys in the ceremonies, and, in their crimson cassocks and white surplices, they aid the sacred pomp. Besides the church, there are two chapels, one on the road which leads to the forest, where the braves are wont to make a short retreat before they start to trap and hunt; the other on the path to the cultivated lands, where prayers are offered when they go to plant or gather in the harvest. The one is dedicated to the Guardian Angel of the tribe; the other to our most holy Mother, Mary Immaculate. To adorn this latter is the especial emulation of the women. Whatever they have of jewels, of silk stuff from the settlements, or delicate broidery of porcupine quill, or richly tinted moose-hair, is found here; and from amidst their offerings, rises, white and fair, the statue of the Virgin; and her sweet face looks down benignantly upon her swarthy children, kneeling before her to recite their rosaries.

One beautiful inanimate ministrant to God's worship they have in abundance—light from wax candles. The wax is not precisely *opus apium*, but it is a nearer approach to it than you find in richer and less excusable places. It is wax from the berry of the laurels which cover the hills of Maine.

And to the chapel every night and morning come all the Indian Christains. At morning they make their prayer in common; and assist at Mass, chanting, in their own dialect, hymns written for that purpose by their pastor. Then they go to their employment for the day: he to his continuous, orderly, and ceaseless labor. The morning is given up to visitors, who come to their good father with their sorrows or disquietudes; to ask his relief against some little injustice of their fellows; his advice on their marriage or other projects. He consoles this one, instructs that; re-establishes peace in disunited families; calms troubled consciences; administers gentle rebuke, or gives encouragement to the timid. The afternoon belongs to the sick, who are visited in their own cabins. If there be a council, the black-robe must come to invoke the Holy Spirit on its deliberations; if a feast, he must be present to bless the viands and to check all approaches to disorder. And always in the afternoon, old and young warrior and gray-haired squaw, Christian and catechumen, assemble for the catechism. When the sun declines westward, and the shadows creep over the village, they seek the chapel for the public prayer, and to sing a hymn to St. Mary. Then each to his home; but before bedtime neighbors gather again, in the house of one of them, and, in antiphonal choirs, they *sing* their beads, and with another hymn they separate for sleep.[1]

[1] Lettre du R. Père Sebastian Rasle, 1722, tirée de la Choix des Lettres edifiantes écrites des Missions étrangères. Paris, 1809, vol. vii., p. 395–413.

When they go to the seaside for their fishing, they bear with them, as wandering Israel bore the tabernacle, a chapel formed of bark, that they may have the consolations of religion, while exposed to danger and temptation. And now compare this picture of the progress of devotion to Our Lady, with any march of Protestantism among the Indians. Read the French Catholic's mission to the Algonquin, Abenaki, Huron, and Iroquois; or, in our own day, to the Kaw, the Osage, and the Flathead; and the work of Protestant England or the United States among the Seminoles, the Pottowattomies, or the Pueblos. One carries the beads, purity, and civilization; the other a whiskey bottle, defilement, and death. One thing, in a religious way, the descendant of the Puritan is pretty apt to do—namely, to attempt the destruction of his neighbor's religion. Boston contributes a minister to effect, if possible, this end, even in the wilds of Maine a hundred years ago. He reaches the mouth of the Kennebec, and building a school-house there, does his best to entice the children to it by presents and caresses. This failing, he attempts their parents, and snuffles out to them nasal denunciations of the Sacraments, purgatory, invocation of Saints, the beads, the cross, the altar lights, and images. Then Father Rasle, from his lodge, leagues away in the forest, writes him a Latin letter, sixty-two pages of it, full of instruction on these topics, and of charitable recommendation to let the Indians alone. And the divine replies, swiftly, that the arguments are childish; and so

wends back to Boston to inform the august community there of how he had been persecuted by the Jesuits.

So, in 1722, Norridgewock was attacked by a force of two hundred and fifty New Englanders, for after the war broke out the Abenaki adhered to the French Catholic, rather than to the English Puritan. A few old men, women, and children only were in the village; but the Puritans were after the priest. He had time to consume the sacred hosts in the tabernacle, and to escape on his snow-shoes. But they pillaged the church and his lodge, and carried off every thing, even to his inkstand. They still show with pride, in Harvard College, his manuscript Abenaki dictionary, made with such long toil and patience, and bravely conquered by two hundred and fifty advancers of civilization from an old ecclesiastic and a handful of squaws and papooses. Father Rasle had broken both legs some time before, and yet he refused to leave the main band of his people, following them about wherever the necessities of warfare chanced to lead them. The New Englanders never relaxed their efforts to catch Father Sebastian, for in him they saw the soul of the Indians. Accustomed themselves to deify their own popular leaders, till they tired of them, they fancied that the strength of the red-man lay not in the Catholic faith, but in the talents of the priest.

Him, at all hazards, they must have; and triumphant success crowned their efforts in 1724. It was on the feast of St. Bartholomew the Apostle, August the twenty-fourth, that a band of Mohawks and New Eng-

lish burst upon the town of the Owenagunga. The women and children fled; a few young braves who were in the village caught up their arms to withstand the enemy. But before they could be slain, the priest, remembering those words of our dear Lord, "*Bonus pastor animam suam dat pro ovibus suis*,[1] the good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep," and knowing himself to be the real object of the attack, advanced to meet his foes. They saw him just as he reached the village cross. A yell of savage exultation, a volley of bullets, and the missionary lay dead at the foot of the symbol of salvation.

Half a century later, the descendants of these men were asking the friendship of the Owenagunga against the arms of Great Britain. The Kennebecs, Passamaquoddies, and Penobscots met the Council of Massachusetts, and expressed their determination to espouse the cause of the colonies, but added: "We must have a French black-robe; we will have no 'Prayer' that comes from you." Orono, the Penobscot chief, bore a commission in the army of the Revolution, and his clansmen fought beside him. "If one of our *priests* would be agreeable to you, we will endeavor to get you one, and take care he be a good man." Such was the offer of the Council; but the answer of the Abenaki was still, "We know our religion, and love it; we know nothing of you or yours." Thus faithful to the teachings which they had received in 1650, these true

[1] St. John's Gospel, x. 14.

American Catholics continued to cherish it, by rosary, and crucifix, and earnest prayer, until they carried the cross which Father Rasle had worn, to Bishop Carroll at Baltimore, and by it, demanded a pastor of the true faith.

We shall see these faithful red-men, briefly, again.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE DEVOTION IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK—THE SAINT OF THE MOHAWKS—SAINT MARY AMONG THE IROQUOIS.

BRAVEST, haughtiest, handsomest, most adventurous of all North American aborigines, were the clans of the warrior Iroquois. The territory which they dwelt in was small, when compared with the vast circle travelled over by the nomad Algonquin, or the limitless prairies of the mounted Dacotah. The State of New York, with the neighboring parts of Pennsylvania and Ohio, held them all. From the wide St. Lawrence, they swept along the southern shores of Erie and Ontario, to the yellow waters of the Beautiful River. Amid the forests, by the clear blue mountain streams of New York, stood the towns of the tall, spare Seneca, the Cayuga and Onondaga, the beautiful Oneida and the merciless Mohawk.

To white man and Indian they were a terror and a fate. The far Natchez had felt their tomahawk, by the winding Mississippi. At the echo of their wild war-cry the heart of the Frenchman stopped beating within the palisades of Quebec. They slew the wandering Algonquin on the edge of the Chesapeake, or caught him as he fled on his sinew-woven snow-shoes; and crimsoned

the white wastes of Canada with his blood. They were a dread to the Winnebago, although Lake Michigan rolled between them; to the Chippewa and Menomonee, although their canoes ruled the waters of Superior. They chased the unfortunate Huron from the fur-lined sepulchre of his fathers, and drove westward the poor remnants of that shattered tribe, as the wind of the autumn drives the leaves of the forest.

For their savage virtues were all nullified by their immeasurable barbarity. We have heard of individuals in other races, whose cruelty won for them a bad distinction, but here was a nation, from the humblest of whom the historic tyrant might learn his art. In stealth they were like serpents; in slakeless bloodthirst they were tigers. The Huron had no other name for them than *Nado-Wessiouex*—the Cruel. These were the enemies of Cartier and Champlain; these were an incarnate and ceaseless terror to the rising colonies of Quebec and Montreal. They were Iroquois arrows which quivered through the palisades of the fort; an Iroquois torch brought the new mission-house to ashes; an Iroquois tomahawk sent the first priests to heaven. Their name is the one terrible word in all the early writings, in the letters of Mary of the Incarnation, of Marguerite of Our Lady, of the Jesuit relations, of the Virgin's knight, Maisonneuve. Priest and laborer, nun and warrior, wound up the tale of their hardship with horror for the Iroquois. Yet into the inner tent of that fierce people a ray from the loving heart of Mary shone at last; they learned to hush the war-whoop and

to sheath the scalping-knife in honor of her name; and in a Mohawk village which reeked with Christian gore, grew as sweet and gentle a flower of holiness as ever bloomed.

Always at vindictive war with the Canadian Indians, they turned their ire upon the French when these made friends with the Algonquin and the Wendat. They attacked the very forts of the settlers; they waylaid their voyagers. Beaten often, punished as well as the small force of the Europeans would allow, they returned with redoubled fury. Champlain and others chased them into their own country, fired their villages, and reduced them for a time. They would make peace with the white man and bury the hatchet; but, dug up again before the blood had well dried upon the blade, it flamed, hungry for murder, in the clutch of the treacherous savage. A favorite method of foray was the waylaying of Huron or French parties as they passed from Montreal or Quebec to the Mission on the distant lakes.

But the cross was to be planted among even the sanguinary Iroquois, and the mode chosen by God's wisdom was as follows. In the year of our Lord 1644, Father Isaac Jogues, who had been laboring for years on the shores of Huron and Superior, descended to Quebec accompanied by a train of Indians. Twenty-three in number they started from the Mission of St. Mary's, in the Huron country, and in thirteen days reached the colony of the Conception of the Blessed Virgin, at Three Rivers. And from this place he was returning to Saint Mary's, the canoes hugging the

shore to avoid the strong current of the stream, when suddenly the warwhoop of the fatal Iroquois rang through the air and a hail of musket-balls rattled about them. The pagan Indians leaped at once from the canoe; but the Jesuit, with the three Frenchmen and the few Christian savages with him, "offered up a prayer to Christ and faced the enemy."[1] But already, at the first whistling of the balls, a catechumen had thrown himself upon his knees in the canoe, and the fearless priest had baptized him. They fought, some dozen of them, but the Iroquois were seventy in number. The missionary did not even try to escape. Renè Goupil, whom we have mentioned, was taken, fighting like a lion. The next brought in was a famous Christian chief, Ahasistari, who cried, "Did I not swear, my father, to live or die with thee!" Finally, a young Frenchman, William Couture, who had escaped, came back and gave himself up, saying, "I cannot abandon my dear father." This heroism won him the honor of instant torture; they stripped him at once; they tore his nails away, crushed his fingers with their teeth, and ran a sword through his right hand.

The same treatment was then given to Father Jogues and Goupil. But we will recite no more of these brutal tortures here. As they treated Brebœuf, so they treated these, not once, but twenty times, stopping short only of death for the present. Whenever they rested, on their long journey of thirteen days,

[1] Lettre du Père Isaac Jogues au P. Provincial de la Province de France; *apud* Relation abrégée de P. Bressani, pp. 188–246.

torture was the amusement of their captors; whenever they met another roving band of savages, and the forests were full of them, the torture of their victims was the feast to which they welcomed them. Twenty-two in number, they filed off from the battle-ground, and tramped sadly through the woods on their way to the towns of the Mohawk. Through the woods to the beautiful lakes Champlain and Horicon, and thence, past Saratoga, across the country to the Mohawk. The last four miles they marched on foot, carrying all the baggage of their masters, covered with putrefying wounds, unfed save by the berries which, with mutilated hands, they caught from the bushes on the roadside. But, "at last," says the servant of Mary, "on the eve of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, we arrived at the first village of the Iroquois. And I thank our Lord Jesus Christ that He thus deigned to grant us a share in His sorrows and His cross, on the day whereon the Christian universe celebrates the triumph of His sacred Mother taken up into heaven."

They entered the town of the barbarians by running the gauntlet,—Jogues comforted as he went "by a vision of the glory of the Queen of Heaven."[1] Then on to another village, and so to a third, tracking the whole land with their blood; the Jesuit offering up his agonies to God, instructing his Huron neophytes whenever he could get beside them, as watchful and as ready for his duties as a priest, as if within the walls of a

[1] Bancroft's History United States, vol. iii., p. 133.

parish church in France. He hears Goupil's confession as they drag their weary limbs through the forest; he baptizes two pleading neophytes as they wade through a woodland stream; he wrings the rain-drops from a stalk of corn and confers upon two others the sacrament of regeneration. Thus, in constant torture and prayer, he lingered until the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin brought him hope. Two Hollanders from Albany arrived to treat for his deliverance, which was effected, however, only in the summer of the next year. But before that, he had seen his friends fall, one by one; the Huron chief praying at the stake for his enemies; Goupil tomahawked at the thirty-ninth "Hail Mary" of the Rosary; blood, death, horror, demon-worship around him.

His Breviary had long since been taken from him, but he had found, from time to time, fragments of his Bible, the Imitation of Christ, and the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin. How often did he sit thus "by the waters of Babylon, and weep as he remembered Zion!"[1] "How often," he exclaims, "did I carve Thy Name, O Jesus! upon the tall trees of the forest! How often, stripping off the bark, have I traced there the most holy cross of my God!" See him kneeling there, half clad with skins, and meditating on the life of his Redeemer; or watch his lips as they move in the recitation of the only office left him; how his voice lowered at the last *Tu autem Domine, miserere nobis*,

[1] Psalm, cxxxvi. 1.

gathers strength again, and breaks forth in the antiphon, "*Felix namque es, sacra Virgo Maria, et omni laude dignissima; quia ex te ortus est Sol Justitia, Christus Deus noster!* Blessed art thou and worthy of all praise, O sacred Virgin Mary, for from thee rose the Sun of Righteousness, even Christ our God!" Thus did he teach the aisles of the New York forests to resound, for the first time, with the sweet and holy name of Mary.

When, after a year's endurance of captivity, he was released by the kind offices of the Hollanders, he had baptized no less than *seventy* persons—some captives and some converts. They get him a passage from New York to England, and a collier carries him thence and lands him, barefooted and in tattered sailor's dress, on the coast of Brittany. He approaches a peasant's house, and they rise to receive the forlorn sailor kindly; then he lifts up his poor mutilated hands and blesses them in the name of the Eternal. What shall he do with these hands? A priest with but one thumb and four or five fingers left him! Courage, Confessor of God; the Holy Father, Urban VIII., will settle that. "*Indignum*," he exclaims, "*indignum esse Christi martyrem, Christi non bibere sanguinem!* It were unjust that the martyr of Christ should not drink the blood of Christ!" So the dispensation is granted. All throng to do him honor; great nobles vie in offering him their services; prelates throw open their palaces; the lips of the stately Anne of Austria, the Queen of fair France, are reverently pressed to those deformed and mangled hands. But his place is not here. Away,

thousands of miles, it lies, where the Hudson and the Mohawk mingle their clear waters beneath the shadow of the immemorial woods.

In the month consecrated to his beloved heavenly Queen, he left his country for the last time, and arrived just soon enough to see a peace concluded with the Iroquois. They asked for "black-robes," and his superiors offered Father Jogues the mission. "Yes," he said, "I shall go, and I shall not return; *Ibo et non redibo;* but I will be happy if our Lord will complete the sacrifice where he has begun it, and make the little blood I have shed in that land the earnest of what I would give from every vein of my body and my heart."[1] The sacrifice was accepted. He and Father Jean de Lalande departed with the treacherous Iroquois. The very day of their arrival the savages began to threaten them. The next day they tomahawked them at the door of a lodge; their heads were stuck upon the palisades of the town; their bodies were thrown into the Mohawk.

But he had not died in vain. Two churches of St. Mary[2] stand upon the shores of that beautiful river; the Arch Confraternity of her Immaculate Heart is established in the principal town bathed by its waters.[3] For the beautiful flower of devotion to Mary had been

[1] Letter to a friend, in Shea's Narrative of Captivity.

[2] At Amsterdam and Little Falls. The place itself is now Tribes Hill, just opposite to the confluence of Schoharie Creek with the Mohawk.

[3] Utica.

surely planted by Father Jogues, and nurtured with his tears and blood in the woodlands of New York, when he kneeled to say her office at the foot of the cross traced by his crushed fingers on the trunk of the maple. "*Beata Dei Genetrix Maria*," he had said again and again in his agony, "*Virgo perpetua, templum Domini, sacrarium Spiritus Sancti, sola sine exemplo placuisti Domino Nostro Jesu Christo; ora pro populo; interveni pro clero; intercede pro devoto fœmineo sexu.* Blessed Mary, Mother of God, ever a Virgin, Temple of the Lord, dwelling-place of the Holy Ghost; thou only, without example, hast been found pleasing to our Lord Jesus Christ; pray for the people; intervene for the clergy; intercede for Holy women."[1] And Mary heard him.

Although the tribes upon whose heads his blood had fallen were fiercer and haughtier than ever, yet the day was to come when the knees of the Iroquois should bend in prayer to a saint of their own race and nation. At present, supplied by the Dutch and English with arms, they spread the flames of war over the land. They destroyed, as we have seen, the Hurons. They drove the northern Algonquins from the shores of the lakes, and slew the French and their allies under the very walls of Quebec. Then, weary of the war-path, they themselves asked for peace. And the heralds of this peace were those whose "footsteps are beautiful upon the mountains; who publish glad tidings of

[1] Antiphon in Little Office of B. V. M.

good."[1] Father Chaumonot assembled the Onondagas in the chief town of their people, on the Oswego; received from the nation a site for a mission-house, and commenced his labors by the baptism of a poor captive woman of the Eries, and an explanation of the leading doctrines of the Gospel. The red-men received his message with songs of joy, and the council gave permission to preach Christianity in all their villages. Soon after, one thousand Onondaga braves were to meet four thousand Eries in fight; and they vowed, like Clovis, the Frank, of old, that if the God of the Christians would give them the victory, they would thenceforth serve him alone. They drove the Eries like deer from before them; and though many were false to their vow, yet a goodly number sought instruction, and became the first-fruits of the warrior Iroquois. In November, 1653, the back walls of St. Mary's church arose, and the dread sacrifice of the Mass consecrated the land to its Maker. By the Octave of the Virgin's Nativity, 1656, the back walls were exchanged for stone, and daily devotions to Mary Immaculate were paid in that first church of New York, Our Lady's of Ganentaa.

The same year saw Father René Menard standing at the altar of a little chapel among the Cayugas, between pictures of our Lord and His Blessed Mother, and explaining their significance by the legend of man's re-

[1] Quam pulchri super montes pedes annuntiantis et prædicantis pacem annuntiantis bonum, prædicantis salutem.—Isaias, lii. 7.

demption. The great allies of the missionaries were the captive Huron women, many married now to Iroquois warriors. They brought their babes for baptism; they instructed their pagan neighbors, whom they edified by their virtues; "and in almost every cabin could be found an Indian mother teaching her wayward child to lisp a prayer to Jesus and Mary."[1]

But the demon grew strong again. The war was renewed; the missionaries were driven away or fled; and, by the end of 1658, not a priest was left in the Iroquois territory. But the converted Indians, notably the grand statesman and noble warrior Garacontié, had been at work; and the missionaries were implored to return to Onondaga. So, with much labor and interruption, the holy toil went forward until, in 1668, they had once more renewed their foothold throughout the cantons; and, in 1670, the first day of the Octave of the Annunciation of Our Lady, the worship of the demon Areskoui and other pagan superstitions were renounced and solemnly condemned. But the English were by this time in New York, with the energetic Dongan as their governor, and the missionaries to the Iroquois were Frenchmen. Intrigues were commenced with the Indians; the servants of Mary were driven from the country; and, by 1687, not one remained. Then the Catholics of the Five Nations went over and joined the French; and though the missions were

[1] Shea's Missions, p. 233.

re-established fourteen years afterwards, it was only to linger out a painful existence; and Father Mareuil, the last Jesuit in New York, left the desolated harvest-field of the Iroquois just sixty-seven years after Jogues had first enriched it with his tears and blood.

But although the field was laid waste, the fruit had been gathered. In thirty-five years from the capture of Father Jogues, two thousand two hundred and twenty-five Iroquois were baptized—many children, but many noble women and the choice of the sachems and orators. Garacontié, "the advancing Sun," the grandest statesman of the Five Nations, the bulwark of Christianity for a quarter of a century; he who cried out, before he died, as he covered with kisses a picture of our Lord, "Jesus born of a Virgin, thou art peerless in beauty; grant that we may sit near thee in heaven." Kryn, the high chief of the Mohawks, who, when his tribe would not listen to his pleadings, raised his wild war-cry for the last time in the streets of his village; gathered forty devoted followers, and, kneeling down amid the graves of their fathers, poured forth a prayer for his nation; then rose, and, with streaming eyes, led his braves away forever from the fires of their people to the Christian settlement at La Prairie. Catherine Gannenktena, the Erie by birth, the Oneida by adoption, the foundress of La Prairie on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Mary Tsawenté, "the Precious," the saint of the Onondagas. Stephen te Gannonakoa, who suffered purely for the faith, and was cut to pieces almost with knives before they threw him into the fire.

Ourehouharé, the war-chief of the Cayugas, who, when listening on his death-bed to the story of the Passion, cried out, like Clovis, "Oh, had I been there, they never would so have treated my God!" Frances Gonnonhatena, who, when a barbarous kinsman tore the crucifix from her neck, as she stood bound to the stake, and gashed a cross upon her bared bosom with his scalping-knife, said: "I thank thee, my brother; thou hast given me a cross which none can take away." These, and many another like them, form the crown of the Iroquois missionary in heaven.

But, brightest and sweetest flower in the Indian coronal of Mary, was Catherine Tegahkouita, the "Saint of the Iroquois."

Her father a Mohawk chief, her mother an Algonquin captive, this holy girl was born in 1656, in the town whence René Goupil and Father Isaac Jogues had ascended, by martyrdom, to their rest. The smallpox, which made her an orphan at the age of four years, had also injured her sight; and, shunning the light of the sun, she passed her infancy and girlhood with an uncle, in a cabin, at the door of which the tomahawked priest had fallen. The child had not received the grace of Holy Baptism, and had only what Christianity she could remember from her mother's instructions, with, perhaps, occasional teaching from some poor Huron captive. Thus, her affliction of the eyes was, in God's will, a means and excuse for that retirement which would otherwise not have been allowed. Thus she grew up, free from the vanities and

vices almost inevitable to an Indian girl in those Mohawk villages.

The temporary peace already spoken of had been made with the French. The missionaries, whom the savages had demanded, arrived from Quebec, but found chief and people engaged in a drunken debauch to celebrate the peace. Behold "how all things work together for good to them that love God."[1] The drunkenness of the tribe was the opportunity of Tegahkouita. The retiring girl, unfit for the revel, was ordered to entertain the missionaries, and won their hearts by her gentleness. But her timidity kept her silent before them, and they went away from the village to their several stations, without learning her desire for baptism. The girl grew up beautiful. It was for the interest of her relations to marry her, for the product of the chase went to the wife and her family. But she earnestly and steadily refused. Entreaties, stratagem, argument were tried in vain. Then they began to treat her as a slave; whatever work was hardest or most unpleasant was laid upon her, mingled with reproaches and even blows; but so invincible was her patience, and so docile her gentleness, that they softened even the hearts of her persecutors.

Then Father James de Lamberville came to the village, and brought the fulfilment of her long-deferred hopes. She had wounded her foot, and could not follow the other women to labor in the corn-harvest. The

[1] St. Paul to the Romans, viii. 28.

missionary chose the opportunity, offered by the absence of the majority, to visit those who remained in the village; and to him the girl opened her heart, and set forth with touching simplicity her love for the "Prayer," and her long and ardent yearning for baptism. This sacrament, however, he dared not lightly confer. He gave the whole winter to her instruction and to close inquiry about her character. She came forth from the trial white and pure as the blossom of the thorn. Of all that knew her, no one could say aught but in her praise. Even when they blamed her for what they considered defects, the Christian priest knew these to be virtues. So at length, upon the Feast of Easter, 1676, she received the seal of regeneration and the name of Catherine. Ah! then how her saintly soul unfolded, petal after petal, virtue after virtue, till she stood before the dear heavenly Mother Mary, whom she tenderly loved, a white rose of purity and all goodness.

But her trials came with her graces. The time she took for her beads, which she said twice a day, for her attendance at the chapel, for her various devotions, was made a reason of blame and rebuke. The girls of her own age, angered by self-reproach, mocked and insulted her; the children were taught to pelt her with earth and stones, and to shout "Christian!" derisively as they passed. One day a fierce young warrior dashed into the cabin and swung his axe above her head; but, without looking up, she crossed her hands upon her breast and awaited the blow. The brave was abashed,

and retired. Then her relatives returned to their attempts at her marriage, and omitted no effort to shake her resolution, but in vain. Even the calumny which is hardest for a woman to bear, failed to destroy the sweet patience with which she bore their persecutions. But she had heard of La Prairie. Yearly a few converted Iroquois would bid adieu to the graves of their fathers and go thither for peace in religion. And as the love of Christ grew daily greater in her heart, she sighed for the free exercise of her worship, the enjoyment of her faith.

At last a half-sister of hers, a Christian, at La Prairie, opened communication with her and urged her flight. Father de Lamberville approved of it, and at length it was concerted. The husband of her sister and a Christian Indian from Loretto, in the absence of her uncle, managed the escape; but the old chief heard it, and, charging his gun with three balls, he pursued them. They hid her in a thicket, and sat down by the road-side as weary men taking repose. When he saw them alone, he was ashamed of having suspected them, and, without telling his uneasiness, went back to his town. Then the flight was renewed, and Catherine, with her friends, arrived in safety at La Prairie. There, then, she saw with rapture a settlement entirely Christian; and what Christians! They were like those of the first century, living in the fervor of fresh faith in the presence of ever-impending death. For the leaves of each forest they entered were likely to conceal the war-paint of the Mohawk; from behind

each rock on the road-side might twang the Cayuga bow-string.

The young girl vowed herself entirely unto God, and from that moment seemed to have no tie on earth except that of labor for others. At the four o'clock Mass she entered the chapel, nor left it again till after the community Mass, two hours and a half later. Often in the day she interrupted her work to visit the Most Holy Sacrament; and in the sacred shadow of the image of Our Lady, she passed whole hours absorbed in prayer. Every week she summed up her daily self-examinations, and approached the tribunal of penance. The least defect in her conduct caused her floods of tears. "Oh, how can I be wicked," she would say, "and offend my God who has so loved me!" So serenely beautiful, so recollected and devout was she at each communion, that the others used to say they could make their preparation better if they knelt where they could see Catherine. Her spirit of mortification was intense; she used scourges and iron chains, and mingled ashes with her simple and scanty food; she would remain on her knees, in midwinter, in chapel, until directed to retire by the pitying priest; she slept upon a hard bed strewed with thorns, until her mortifications, becoming known to her director, were moderated by his command.

She visited the Ursulines at Montreal, and falling in love with their consecrated life, asked and obtained permission from her confessor to render her ever-cherished purpose of living a virgin for Christ's sake

irrevocable by a vow. This was done on the Feast of the Annunciation of Our Blessed Mother. "A moment after Our Lord had been given her in the holy communion, she pronounced, with wondrous fervor, the vow of perpetual virginity. Then she besought the holy Virgin, to whom she always had the tenderest devotion, to present to her divine Son the self-oblation which she made; and then passed several hours at the foot of the altar in perfect union with God."[1]

From this time she belonged to earth no more, but longed perpetually for the presence of her Eternal Spouse in heaven, and to be with her Mother, Mary, Queen of Angels. "She never spoke of Our Lady but with transport," says her biographer. "She had learned the Litany of the Blessed Virgin by heart, and said it every night alone, after the common prayer of the family was ended. She was never without her rosary, which she said many times a day. On Saturdays, and other periods consecrated to the Virgin, she redoubled her austerities, and passed the day in the practice of some one virtue of Our Lady, augmenting her fervor on all St. Mary's feasts."[2] But the slight frame was wearing fast away; the eager soul must soon be unchained, and, like the dove of the royal poet, "fly away and be at rest."[3]

As the spring drew on, she prepared to pass away when the glory of the forest foliage and flowers was

[1] Father Cholenec's Letter.—*Choix des Lettres Edifiantes*, tom. vii. 447.

[2] Ibid., p. 452.

[3] Psalm, liv. 7.

just dawning on the land. The men were all away at the chase; the women absent the entire day, planting the golden corn; and Catherine lay there, in the desolate cabin, alone, with a plate of crushed maize and a cup of water by her pillow, from morn till the stars had risen. Pain, of the acutest and most ceaseless nature, racked her worn, delicate frame; but it never forced a murmur from her—never drove the sweet, tranquil smile from her lips and large, dark Indian eyes. The week of the Lord's drear Passion had come; she was to keep Palm Sunday and Holy Monday on earth, but her glad, eternal Easter with St. Mary in heaven. The holy Viaticum was administered on Tuesday. Father Cholenec would have anointed her then, but she told him she was not yet dying; and she passed that night in fervent communion with our Lord and his dear Mother. "But on Wednesday," says the good father, "she received the last unction with her usual piety; and at three o'clock in the day, having uttered the holy names of Jesus and of Mary, she passed into her agony." In half an hour, without struggle or consciousness, she was asleep in Jesus.

They did not pray for her when she had gone, but *to* her; and many a cure and many a grace were obtained by her intercession. The holy bishop, Montmorency de Laval, as he knelt by her grave, called her the Genevieve of New France; they planted a tall cross above her ashes, where it still stands, and there did American Catholics, natives by a hundred descents, kneel and pray to a native American saint, nearly two

hundred years before Satan invented Native American politics, for the persecution of those who say the prayers and worship the God of Catherine Tegahkouita.

Thus did the devotion to Mary take root in North America; filling human hearts with sanctity, repeopling heaven, and making new intercessors for a sinful world. The State of New York had been taken possession of in the names of Jesus and Mary; its lands had been consecrated to the Immaculate Conception; its children taught to say the *Ave Maria* or chant the *Regina Cœli*. In thirty-seven years the fierce Indians of the Five Nations had learned to come in crowds to the New Loretto, and pray at the feet of Our Lady of Foie. St. Mary's Church was built in Onondaga. Another still, St. Mary's of the Mohawks, soon occupied the very spot where Father Jogues was slain. The picture of her pure, sweet face adorned the chapel altar at Cayuga; the Mission House of the Immaculate Conception stood in the midst of the Senecas; a statue of the Virgin Mother was erected in Oneida, and the Sodality of the Holy Family won scores of that people to its banner. The noble Mohawk women wore their beads with firm devotion, though the burghers of Albany threatened them for displaying their "popish trumpery" in the streets. One, stung past all patience by the taunts of the boors, went into their temple and said her rosary aloud.[1] The brave

[1] Shea's Indian Missions, p. 268.

and wise Garacontié was driven from that temple for kneeling upon its floor to recite his chaplet. "What!" he said, "are you Christians, and will not let men pray?" It was the aged Mohawk, Assendasé, whose beads were torn from his neck, while the raised tomahawk threatened his head, white with eighty years. "Strike!" said the old chieftain, "for this cause I shall be glad to die." One woman drove her husband from the lodge because he had destroyed her chaplet; but, learning that she had done wrong, recalled him, and so won him by her gentleness that he forsook his paganism. And another, mocked by the Dutch for her beads and her medal of St. Mary, said to them with quiet scorn, "You pretend to worship Jesus, yet wish me not to honor his Mother!"

Such, nearly two hundred years ago, was the devotion to the Virgin Mother of God in New York.

## CHAPTER X.

### Our Lady of Loretto of the Hurons.

One fair September day, rather more than two centuries ago, a young man, a novice, sat in the garden of the Jesuits in Rome, reading the narrative of Father John de Brebœuf. Two points, he tells us,[1] especially riveted his attention. First, that in the land described there was no wheaten bread, no wine, nor any of the luxuries that sweeten European life, but there was abundance of suffering. And second, that to instruct and convert the barbarous tribes of America, there was more need of humility, and patience, and charity, and zeal for souls, than of great wit or very great learning. Then it struck the young man that such a home and such a life were precisely what was best for him; for he had a very decided calling to the life of a missionary. His name was Joseph Mary Chaumonot.

For the sinless Mother and pure foster-father of the Redeemer he had always had a vivid devotion, even in the early part of his life, which had furnished him with abundant material for penance. So he turned to them

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[1] "La Vie du R. P. Pierre Joseph Marie Chaumonot, de la Compagnie de Jesus, écrite par luimême par ordre de son Superieur l'an 1668." Another of Shea's unappreciated gifts to American Catholic history.

to get him all the permissions that were needed to quit his studies, to be ordained, to leave Rome in time for the next missionary ship, and above all, to make, on foot and begging his bread, a pilgrimage to the holy shrine of Loretto, there to offer himself to her who in that house had given birth to God the Son. For he had made a vow to seek in all things the greater glory of God, under the especial protection of the Blessed Virgin Mary. So, in October, he started upon his pilgrimage. The very first day something like the white swelling appeared in his knee; but in spite of the extreme pain, growing daily worse by exercise, he for eight days marched on with heroic fortitude; then by the intercession of a holy person at St. Severino, during the Mass of his companion, Father Poucet, he was healed. They arrived in Loretto, and the vow was solemnly pronounced before the shrine, with this additional one: that, if it were possible, he would some day build in Canada a house upon the model of the sacred one wherein he was then praying.

We know that he fulfilled the second part of his vow at the Mission of the Indians of Loretto. During fourteen years he was chaplain there; during forty-nine years he was Huron missionary. And in the duties of this post he sought to accomplish the first obligation. He and the Ursulines and the Hospital Sisters reached Quebec together in 1639. Two days after his arrival he set out in a canoe for Lake Huron. His early instructors were Lallemont, Daniel, and Brebœuf, the latter of whom had first made known to him his vocation, and

whose Indian name, Hechon, he inherited when Brebœuf went to heaven by the bitter path of Iroquois torture. From that moment he was a Huron. He never left them, except for a journey to Montreal or Quebec on their business, except once to aid the Onondaga mission, until his superiors called him away in his last illness. He remained with them throughout their desperate and fatal struggle with the Five Nations, and did not forsake them in their ruin, but led the chief remnant of the tribe first to the Isle of Orleans, under the protection of Quebec, and, afterwards, to the new Loretto.

It was he, we know, who expressed the unuttered wish of Olier's heart, and with Marguerite Bourgeoys, Judith de Bressole, Superior of the hospital, the Sulpician Father Souart, and Madame Barbe de Boulogne d'Aillebout, founded the Devotion of the Holy Family. While his Hurons were still in the city, he was appointed chaplain of De Tracey's newly arrived troops. He and his new charge felt some mutual distrust at first, but when the soldiers saw that he was never idle, that he was in almost constant prayer, that he spoke with them only of what concerned their souls, that he waited on their sick, saved them by his intercession from ill-treatment, and thought nothing of himself, they grew to love him. Soon he had them all at a short night prayer, then saying a chaplet every night in honor of JESUS, Mary, and Joseph, and by and by enrolled among the devotees of the Holy Family. Nay, one of them, a captain, became a priest and

pastor of Port Royal, in Acadia; another became a lay brother in the Company of Jesus.

The next of his works was the founding of Our Lady of Foie, a shrine immediately sought by the devotion not only of the red-men of the parish, but of the French from the neighboring city. The writers of the day record several miracles of mercy wrought through the intercession of St. Mary, and the little chapel was enriched with gifts from Canada, and even from Europe. The Indians, in gratitude for the statue bestowed, had sent to Our Lady of Dinan a wampum belt, the first which reached Europe in this way. This one bore, in black letters on a white field, the legend, *Beata quæ credidisti*—"Blessed art thou who hast believed"—the words of St. Elizabeth to Our Lady when first she was saluted as Mother of the Lord.[1] A second, dispatched to Loretto, bore the inscription, *Ave Maria Gratia*. It was received with all honor, and, richly encased, was hung up in the *Santa Casa* at Loretto. "The canons received it with all honor," writes the pious Chaumonot, "and I doubt not that the Blessed Virgin gave it a still kinder reception, since, a few years ago, she procured me both the opportunity and the means of building a new Loretto in the forests of New France.[2] Ah! Mother of Grace," he continues, "why can I not daily render thee a million acts of thanksgiving? above all, when I have the happiness to celebrate the holy Mass. Were it permitted me here to set forth all the

[1] St. Luke, i. 45.

[2] Vie de Père Chaumonot, p. 91.

wretchedness, even spiritual, from which thy pity has rescued me, others would be excited to thank thee for me, and to have recourse to thee with confidence."

When his purpose was known, the means soon followed—land and labor, money from Canada, and silver lamps and rich vestments from France. It was commenced in January, 1674, and finished and blessed the same year in November. The ceremony drew vast crowds of French and Indians together. The Hurons and the Christian Iroquois, of whom, by this time, there were many in the Reduction, bore the image of Our Lady, a copy of that in the Italian Loretto, in solemn procession; the Superior of the Jesuits chanted the solemn High Mass and preached; and all hearts saluted with fervent devotion St. Mary of the Hurons. The shrine may still be seen, with some modern additions, but substantially the same. It stands upon an elevated point between two gorges. One of these is thickly covered with vegetation; but down the other, over rock and gnarled roots, rushes the foaming river. On all the heights, and on the sides of the first deep glen, stand the houses of the *habitans;* beyond these rises the remnant of the aboriginal forests, and the blue, wavy outline of the distant mountains forms the background of the picture. It is now called the "*Ancienne Lorette;* Church of the Annunciation of Our Lady."[1]

Many a favor, obtained by Mary's intercession,

[1] See Illustration with this title.

made grateful hearts in this Reduction; many a miracle aided the celebrity of the shrine, which was now the only shelter of a once flourishing tribe. Let us give one story here of Mary's pity, on the authority of Father Chaumonot. He says it would require a large volume to record them all; of this one he was an eyewitness; his legend runs thus:

Mary Ouendraca was a Huron woman and a fervent Christian. Her husband, Itaenhohi, and two of her children—one five and one fifteen years old—had died in the bosom of the Church, and slept in the graveyard of Our Lady of Foie. Some years after the removal to Loretto, this good Mary was smitten by one of the terrible typhoid fevers which used to desolate the Indian villages in those days; something analogous to the camp-fevers which we hear of now. So completely reduced was she that her whole body was powerless, as if paralyzed; the last sacraments had been given her, and her decease was momently expected. Should she die, she must leave behind her her remaining children, John and Teresa. So, when human help had ceased to be of use, Father Chaumonot called the children—Teresa, a married woman, and John, a boy of fourteen—to him, and the three united in a vow to the Blessed Virgin, that if she would be pleased to obtain from the Master of Life the recovery of the mother, they would say in her church nine chaplets of the Holy Family in thanksgiving for the favor. When they made this promise, the priest went away to the chapel to pray for the dying woman.

In a few moments Teresa came to say that her mother asked for *Hechon*. He arose and hurried to the cabin, recalling as he went the prayers for a departing soul. As he entered the lodge, its mistress rose and received him with profound reverence, *à la Française*, he tells us. He thought this effort the last that nature would make—the flickering of the light before it should expire forever. He urged her to lie down at once upon the poor mat which served her for a bed; but she said she would be as well seated. He again urged her, but she answered gravely, she was perfectly well. Still the good Father fancied this a dream of mere delirium, which, when she had observed, she sent her children from the lodge and told the priest as follows: That, soon after he had gone out, two persons entered the lodge and took their places by her mat, one at the side, the other, a little boy, at the foot. The one at the side seemed a young woman or full-grown girl, and said, "My mother, if you will touch the edge of my robe, you will be healed." But Mary Ouendraca could not believe that any one from heaven would condescend to visit one so lowly as herself; and as mortals would not have appeared like these, she fancied them demons come to trouble her last hour, and she prayed to be rescued from them.

But the young girl, with a sweet, heavenly smile, brushed the edge of her robe across the sick woman's face, and said, "There, mother, you are cured." And then they disappeared. Then Mary tried to move, and confidence began to steal into her heart as she

found herself mistress of her strength. She rose and walked to the door, tried all her limbs, and sent her trembling daughter for Chaumonot; for the boy had fled from her as from a spectre. Then the good priest understood that the gracious Queen of Heaven had heard their prayers, and had sent to her lowly Huron namesake her own children, with the boon of health. There were no degrees in the recovery, Mary Ouendraca walked at once to the church, there to offer her thanksgiving, perfectly restored.

So many and so marked indeed were the favors obtained through the intercession of the Mother of God, that the poor Indians were always regretting their lowliness and poverty, because they had no means of honoring her as they desired. Nevertheless, they determined to do what they could. They had sent a wampum-belt to Foie and to Loretto; they must send another, *ad Virginem parituram*, to Our Lady of Chartres; for the Mission of Loretto, as well as that of the Abnakis, had been united, by a "union of intention in prayer," to the grand cathedral in France. So they made as fine a belt as they could of black and white wampum, and they wrought the edges in the finest quill-work, of the richest dyes, and the legend was, "VIRGINI PARITURÆ VOTUM HURONUM," and they sent it with this letter:[1]

"It fills our hearts with joy, O Holy Virgin, that

[1] Those who are curious in these matters may see the original Huron letters in John Gilmary Shea's exquisite edition of Father Chaumonot's Autobiography.

even before your birth, the city of Chartres built to your honor a shrine with this dedication, 'To the Virgin who shall bear a child.' Happy are they who have won the glory of being your earliest servants. Alas! incomparable Mother of God, it is quite otherwise with us poor Hurons; we have the sorrow to have been the last to know you and to honor you. But we would do what lies in our power to make up for all past neglect of your service by fervent devotion now. This we desire to do, joining ourselves to your children at Chartres, so that we may have but one mind, one mouth, one heart with them, to render you praise and service and love. We beseech them to offer for us, and in our name, all the honors which they have ever paid to you. It shall be they, for we hope they will not refuse us, who shall win your bounty for us; their fervor compensating for our sluggishness, their knowledge for our ignorance, their riches for our penury.

"And, Holy Virgin, although your holy child has been born into the world, we will still honor you under that title of *Virgo Paritura*, so that you may deign to accept us also as your children. As we honor you here in a house modelled upon that wherein you gave a human life to God, we hope that you will obtain a spiritual life for us; so shall you be, O ever Virgin, our regeneratrix until Jesus be born anew in our hearts. This is what we ask of you, sending this wampum in testimony that we are bound to your service."[1]

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[1] Vœux des Hurons et des Abnaquis, p. 1.

The chapter of Chartres placed the Huron belt among the treasures of their glorious cathedral, and were very kind to their poor Indian brethren on the banks of the St. Lawrence. They sent them, among other things, a very handsome, well-filled reliquary. It was of massive silver, richly chased; upon one side bearing in high relief the kneeling figure of Our Blessed Lady, and of the Angel who brings the Annunciation, who with one hand extends the lily of purity, and with the other points to the eternal Dove, hovering, white-winged, in the upper glory. On the other side you see the hollow oak wherein, on a low altar, sits the Virgin with the Holy Child in her arms. On the base of the altar is a legend, *Virgini Parituræ.*[1] This was received with great gratitude, and on the feast of All Saints, 1680, it was exhibited for the veneration of the faithful. Sermons were preached in French and Huron; the reliquary was incensed and placed within the niche prepared for it; and Our Lady was thanked for this, as for other favors, by the mingled voices of French and Indians chanting the *Ave Maris Stella.*

The daily life at Loretto was more like that of a religious community than of a village of poor Indians who depended upon the chase for their support. Morning prayer, Mass, and general examination in

[1] Notice sur un Reliquaire donné en 1680 aux Hurons de Lorette en la Nouvelle France par le Chapitre de l'église de Chartres, par M. Doublet de Boisthibault. Extrait de la Revue Archeologique, XV^e. année. Paris, A. Leleux, 1858.

the chapel occupied the leisure of the forenoon; catechism and instruction of those who could attend, with visit to the Blessed Sacrament, sanctified the afternoon; and when the sun was setting, the sound of the bell called the canoe to the shore, and bade the loitering hunter hasten from the forest to end the day with prayer. Then, when all were gathered, they sang vespers on feast-days, and other prayers on feriæ. They sang in alternate choirs, in Indian and in Latin, their evening devotions. There was a short examination of conscience, the beads of the Blessed Virgin or of the Holy Family, the *Pater*, *Ave*, *Credo*, *Confiteor*, the Commandments, and other prayers for the living and the dead, an anthem to the most pure Mother, and the *Angelus*. Thus closed the day, and then the stars reigned in heaven; or, if the clouds made the midnight more profound, the Indian children of Mary slept in secure humility beneath the shadow of her shrine in the Loretto of the forest.

Missionary to the Hurons for more than fifty years, the hour for Father Chaumonot's rest must be at hand. There are successors, capable men, for the mission. Part of his daily duty was to teach the Huron language for at least half an hour,[1] but at length the superior thought him too much worn for further labor, and recalled him to the tranquillity of the college, in 1692. What else we know of him is not from his

[1] His Huron grammar was the basis of all other Northern Indian grammars, and the text-book of the missionary.

autobiography, written in obedience and for humility, but is from the work of a contemporary Father who knew him and watched his declining years, as he passed from holy life to holier, in the college of Our Lady of Angels. He had passed the limit usually allotted to man, the threescore years and ten. In 1689, on the Feast of St. Joachim, the second day of the Octave of Our Lady's Assumption (Aug. 15), he chanted, in the cathedral of Quebec, his "Mass of fifty years." Half a century had he been priest, and had broken the Bread of Life to "the souls that hungered in the wilderness." Falling sick at last, the old man was summoned from his mission, but as soon as he had somewhat recovered, he craved permission to return. They put him off until the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, and from that until Epiphany, and then they needed no more excuses. His rapidly breaking system told him that Loretto and he were parted forever. So he prepared himself by ceaseless prayer and meditation, and offering up of his sufferings, from acute gravel, to his crucified Lord; and on the morning of the nineteenth of January, he took leave of the world without a moan, entering the new life with the words, "JESUS, Mary, Joseph!" on his lips.

We conclude this chapter with the promised Note, on the especial patroness of our early Indian missions, Our Lady of Chartres.

NOTE.—"L'ancienneté, la devotion et la service de l'église cathédrale de Nostre Dame de Chartres l'ont rendue sainte et vénérable à

tous les Chrestiens . . . C'est ce qui a mou la piété des roys nos prédécesseurs, la dotter de plusieurs fonds et domaines, faveurs et priveléges, et par leur charités, libéralités, magnificence royalle, la restablir et la récdifier des le temps de S. Fulbert qui en estoit evesque en l'estat qu'elle se void à présent."

So speaks the Most Christian King Louis the Thirteenth when founding in this famous cathedral, in 1638, a perpetual requiem Mass for the soul of his father Henri Quatre. "The antiquity, devotion, and service of the cathedral church of Our Lady of Chartres have rendered it holy and venerable to all Christians. This it is which has moved the kings our predecessors to endow it with many foundations, domaines, favors, and privileges, and by their charities, liberalities, and royal magnificence to re-establish and re-edify it from the days of St. Fulbert, who was its bishop, in the condition that we see it in to-day."[1] For Chartres yields to no quarter of the earth in devotion to the Mother of God. In the diocese whereof this venerable shrine is cathedral, nine stately abbeys and forty-five parish churches are dedicated by name to the Blessed Virgin, and her veneration traces back, by reverent tradition, beyond the date of Christianity itself. There is nothing requiring a very unusual stretch of faith or credulity in the tradition. The argument is briefly this: That all peoples[2] had a tradition of a virgin who should bear a child, the Saviour of the world; that the Druids in Gaul were the learned of the day, the holders of all religious tradition as well as its ministers, and that Chartres was the headquarters of Druidism.[3] Such is the argument for its probability, and the legend is as follows:

The cathedral of Our Lady of Chartres stands upon a hill once covered with the sacred oak-grove wherein the Druids worshipped their god Teutates.[4] In the centre of the wood was a cavern or vast grotto, where the sunlight scarcely penetrated, and where the sombre mysteries of the Druidic idolatry were celebrated. There, says the

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[1] *Lettres patentes de Louis XIII.*, apud Boisthibault, p. 59.

[2] For a remarkable instance among the American Indians, see this work, p. 44, Orsini's Life B. V. M., chap. 1, and l'Abbé Henrion's *Notre Dame de France*, pp. 184–192.

[3] Hi (Druides) certo anni tempore in finibus *Carnutum*, quæ regio, totius Galliæ media habitur, considunt in loco consecrato.—CÆSAR *de Bel. Gal.*, iv. 13, 14.

[4] TACITUS, *Germania.*

legend, one hundred years before the Saviour's birth, did Priscus, king of Chartres, gather his warriors, bards, orators, and priests, to see erected, by command of the Druidic college, an altar, bearing the Image of a Woman with a Child in her arms, and the inscription, "TO THE VIRGIN WHO SHALL BRING FORTH A CHILD." VIRGINI PARITURÆ. The altar was set up, and Priscus the king solemnly consecrated himself, his land, and his people forever to her who should bear the "Desire of all Nations." When, then, the first heralds of the truth, SS. Potentianus, Altinus, and Sabinianus arrived in this country and announced that She, so honored there, had come, and had born "Emanuel, God with us," the hearts of the Carnutes, long prepared, received the message gladly. A rude church was built within the grotto, the very image sculptured by pagan fingers was blessed, and the land became Mary's, to the greater glory of her eternal Son.

When Constantine gave peace to the Church, and the empire of the Cæsars became Christendom, the grove was cut down, and a church, still modest and poor, was erected upon the summit of the hill. Hither the early Gallic Christians flocked, and here Our Blessed Lady was pleased to manifest her maternal love for the unfortunate human brethren of her Son. The crowds of worshippers gradually augmented, and various structures succeeded to the primitive buildings as the necessity of the times required. At length, in 1020, the Bishop, Fulbert, aided by the devout largesse of Robert of France, Knut the Great, of Denmark and England, Richard of Normandy, William of Aquitaine, Eudes of Chartres, and other sovereign princes, laid the magnificent foundations of the actual cathedral, and finished vaulting the grotto which thus became the crypt of the church.

In the crypt-church, which is known as Our Lady's Under Ground, is preserved the antique statue, in a niche over the altar. The image was of wood, the original color long since destroyed by the smoke of wax-lights and its great age. The Virgin was represented as seated in a chair and holding upon her knees her Divine Son, who holds the globe of the earth in His left hand, and with His right bestows the benediction. The Blessed Virgin is crowned. And there rested the statue where the hands of the Druids had placed it, until the progressive republicanism of 1794 overthrew the shrine, tore the image from its niche, heaped outrage and insult upon it, and then burned it publicly at the door of the noble temple which piety had raised in its honor. That which is now seen in the cathedral is only a copy of the antique image, so consistently destroyed by our modern political and

social reformers. Besides this, however, the church was enriched with other treasures, which happily escaped the rage of the Revolution. There was a statue called Our Lady of the Pillar; long a vehicle of Mary's graces to her children. The stone pedestal on which it stands has been worn hollow by the kisses of the devout, and the legend on the base is, *Tota pulchra es amica mea et macula non est in te*—"Thou art all fair, my beloved, there is no spot in thee."

There is also, since the year 870, an Oriental veil, such as is still worn in the East, and which is said to have been Our Lady's. It was given to the church by Charles the Bald; it has received the veneration of all centuries since then, even of our own; and in 1855, the eloquence of the great Bishop of Poitiers chose it for one theme of his discourse, when the statue of Notre Dame was solemnly crowned in that year. Many another sacred treasure does this grand old temple possess, and simple and poor, yet honored among them, you may still see the wampum belts of the Abenaki of La Prairie and the Huron of Loretto.[1]

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[1] Vide "Notre Dame de France ou l'histoire du culte de la Sainte Vierge en France depuis l'origine du Christianisme jusqu' à nos jours. Province ecclesiastique de Paris, par M. le Curé de Saint-Sulpice."—*Vœux des Hurons*, etc., etc.

## CHAPTER XI.

OUR LADY'S ASSUMPTION OF A. D. 1790, AND WHAT CAME OF IT—A MISSIONARY PRINCE.

DESTINED to temper, if possible, the absolute freedom of the one, and to serve as a refuge from the horrors of the other, the Church in the United States appears serenely between the American and the French revolutions. The first name in the hierarchy of this republic is a name from the Declaration of Independence: the first clergy under the jurisdiction of Carroll are those whom fetterless tiger passions drive from old Catholic France. Dubois, Flaget, David, Badin, Dubourg, Marechal Cheverus, Richard, Salmon, and their companions, lay the foundations of this country's true indebtedness to the land of St. Louis. Of these, Stephen Badin[1] is to be the first priest ordained in America; six others are to be bishops, one afterwards a cardinal;[2] Abbé Salmon is to die of cold and wounds, in the snow; Garnier shall see his *plaisant pays de France* again, and end his labors as superior-general of St. Sulpice; Cheverus, a Prince of the Church, and Dubourg die members of the restored hierarchy in their native land; and the others are to find the place of

[1] Stephen Badin, ordained at Baltimore, 1793.

[2] John Lefevre Cheverus, Bishop of Boston, 1810; of Montauban, 1818; Archbishop of Bordeaux, 1826; Cardinal, 1836.

their rest in the land which their toils have consecrated.

So that France, the pioneer of Christianity, heir of the Spaniard in Louisiana, and sacred conqueror of Canada, sends the first company of soldiers of Mary to reduce to the submission of God the centre of this vast northern continent.

Nevertheless, it is in England that this act of the sacred drama opens. In the centre of a well-watered valley, running downward through Dorsetshire to the Channel, stands the antique castle of Lulworth, a gothic pile of four round towers united by massive battlemented curtains. This was the home, first of the Norman de Lolleworths; in King John's days, of the princely Newburghs; then of the Bindon Howards; lastly of the Welds, sprung from Edric the Wild. For these a home, for others a temporary refuge. For here the austere monks of Our Lady of La Trappe found a shelter when driven from their mountain forests by the merciless *sans culottes;* and later, by another effort after universal equality, the old walls became the abode of the royal house of France, before they moved to that castle of sadder and darker history, the Scottish Holyrood.[1]

It was the scene of many a hard fight in olden days, as when de Clare stormed it for the Empress Matilda; but none of its memories can interest us so much as that of the midsummer morning which gave their first

[1] Sir Bernard Burke's "Landed Gentry," Article, Weld.

bishop to the United States. The day was not unhappily chosen. For the discovery and consecration of the land from Maine to Florida, from the Chesapeake to California, by the servants of Mary, and the solemn dedication of it to her name, may be likened to her Nativity. The growth of the French and Spanish churches is her beautiful youth. Then come the dark times of Puritanic conquest, the destruction of the Catholic missions, and the disappearance of the Catholic Indians, as the dark time of her sorrows from the Flight into Egypt until the Crucifixion. And now the new rising of the Church is visible meetly on the Feast of her Assumption, when she went up into the presence of the King her Son, and "the King rose up to do her reverence, and they set a throne for the King's Mother, and she sate at his right hand."[1]

So that from that Feast of Our Blessed Lady's Assumption in the castle chapel of old Lulworth, unto that which has been celebrated this year throughout the length and breadth of North America, the devotion to Mary has grown steadily; and now there is scarcely a county without a church to her name; scarcely a square mile from the Gulf to the Arctic Ocean wherein that name has not at least been proclaimed. In that short space of a single human life, seventy-two years,

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[1] Lib. iii., *Regum:* Venit ergo Bethsabee ad Regem Salomonem; et surrexit rex in occursum ejus: adoravitque eam, et sedit super thronum suum; positusque est thronus matri regis quæ sedit ad dexteram regis.

"the least has become a thousand, and the little one a most strong nation."[1]

The holy de Montfort,[2] if we remember rightly, applies to Our Lady those words of the Song of Songs: "As the apple-trees among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the children of men;"[3] and says that she shall come to unite in herself almost all the veneration paid by man to saints; or at least shall be acknowledged as supereminently worthy of it in every part of Christendom. And we seem to see the fulfilment of this declaration in North America. In Europe, every town and village has its own patron, who absorbs most of the devotion of the people; but in this country, placed under her especial protection by Spaniard and Frenchman, by emigrant Englishman, and American in the fresh flush of new independence, nearly the whole devotion of the people concentrates in her; or turns, for her sake, to Saint Anne among the Canadians,[4] or to Saint Joseph among the faithful in the United States.

What antique Catholic land, even Spain or Ireland, can show what this country shows, even by the ex-

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[1] Isaias, lx. 22.

[2] See Dr. Neligan's "Saintly Characters."—Kirker: New York.

[3] Sicut malus inter ligna silvarum, sic dilectus meus inter filios.—Cant. ii. 3.

[4] The voyager gives as reverential reason for his great devotion to St. Anne, that Our Lady is too lofty and great for his unworthiness to address directly; and so as other Catholics plead through the maternity of Mary to the Heart of Jesus, the Canadian implores the maternity of St. Anne to intercede with the Heart of Mary.

tremely imperfect record of the almanac, *one church in every five* bearing the beautiful and enduring name of the Mother of Our Lord and of us? What territory, of one-tenth the vastness, has ever been placed by four independent and unintercommunicating powers under her peculiar patronage and protection? Then, with this for the divinely ordered starting-point, let us look to see whether the other means, the zeal of the ministry, has been commensurate, in its degree of course, with the clear grace bestowed by our eternal Father. We adopted as principles,[1] at the outset of this work, that a devotion advances in proportion to its own merits and to the ardor of the ministry who propagate it. The whole of this great book, Orsini's noble "Life," and our own humble continuation, is an exhibition of the merits of Mary, and we have seen the latest illustrious historian of America, puritan though he be, supporting us in our claims for the early pioneer servants of Mary in the land. Let us begin by stating what they have done in a single evident way for this beautiful devotion—as Kenelm Digby would say, the way of churches.

There are many churches of Our Blessed Lady unknown to this writer. Of *seven* dioceses in the British Possessions he has no account; but with all this, and with the great imperfection of such records as he has, he still can give the following list of Mary's shrines in North America.

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[1] See pages 9, 10.

There are (1862) nine dedications to Mary Help of Christians, nine to Mary Star of the Sea, two to Mary Refuge of Sinners, seven to the Sacred Heart of Mary. There are sometimes only one, sometimes as many as four, to Our Lady of the Port, of the Isle, of the Cataract, of the Gulf, of the River, of the Rocks, *columba in foraminibus petræ*,[1] Our Lady of the Portage, of the Snows, of the Woods, of the Lake, of the Desert. There is Our Lady of La Salette, of Belen, of Levis, and nine of Guadalupe. Again, we have Our Lady of Light, of Grace, of Good Help, of Refuge, of Good Hope, of Prompt Succor. There are four to Our Lady of Victories, three to Our Lady of Consolation, five to Our Lady of Loretto, seven to Our Lady of Angels, nine of the Rosary, seven of the Good Shepherd, sixteen of Our Lady of Mercy, twenty-one of Sorrows, twenty-two of Carmel, thirty-one to "Our Lady," simply.

There are three churches of the Mother of God, five of the Purification, eleven of the Nativity fourteen of the Annunciation, sixteen of the Visitation, fifty of the Assumption, one hundred and forty-five of the Immaculate Conception, and three hundred and sixty-seven which are simply called Saint Mary's.

In all, there stand in North America, in honor of its Patroness, more than eight hundred churches.

How this swift growth has come about in so short a time we are about to look at more in detail. We are

[1] "My dove in the clefts of the rock."—Song of Solomon, ii. 14.

to see the priest and the religious, the energy of man and the patient labor of woman, under new difficulties and trials peculiar to their position, extending to the people who surround them their own earnest devotion to God and Mary. Coeval with the consecration of Bishop Carroll, the Daughters of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel were in Maryland suffering from poverty almost extreme, fasting eight months in the year, sleeping on straw, obtaining a modification of their cloistered austerity to enable them to become teachers,[1] and offering perpetual prayer for the country wherein they came to dwell.

The Poor Clares followed, but did not continue long; when they declined, the Visitation of Our Lady took their place. Long, long ago among the mountains of Chamblais, there stood an ancient shrine of the Blessed Virgin, resorted to by pious pilgrims. Here, gradually, certain hermits gathered, as in Switzerland they clustered about the famous Abbey of Einsiedeln, and the saintly Bishop of Geneva had given them for title, Hermits of the Visitation. Afterwards, when Saint Jane Frances de Chantal formed her congregation at Annecy, in Savoy, St. Francis de Sales called them the Order of the Visitation of Our Lady.[2] It was their rule and title which Miss Alice Lalor, by direction of Bishop Neale, adopted for her new American sisterhood in Georgetown, A. D. 1814; and now between

[1] De Courcy's History of the Catholic Church in the United States, p. 83.

[2] Approved by Pope Urban VIII., 1626.

three and four hundred of these daughters of Mary teach reverence to her name in these States.

Already the Sisters of Charity were at Emmittsburg with their venerable foundress, Mother Seton, 1809. To-day where are they not? Their orphan-asylums and schools, their hospitals, their barrack near the battle-field mark their presence. And there are no longer in this whole vast country, we believe, unless perhaps in New England, many who do not know and reverence the dark-robed form as it moves on its errand of mercy through the streets. Add to all these, the fervent priests, so few at first in number; the early bishops, penniless, sometimes barely clothed, and often without light or fire in winter; traversing distances on horseback that we grumble at passing over in the railway-train now; enduring all this cheerfully and heroically as we shall soon see. Sum up all these and we begin already to observe that Devotion to Mary in Central North America is to rival the Devotion of the Canadas.

Bishop Carroll found himself spiritual governor of all the territory then owned by the United States, and his missionaries started from Baltimore for the West as one would strike out to sea alone in a bark canoe. For the uncut forest surged around them with its vast green waves of verdure; the Indian, rarely friendly, lurked in its dim recesses; the road was oftenest no clearer than a hunter's trail or a forsaken deer-path. They themselves were scholarly men, nurtured in European habits, necessities, ideas of distance. But

in the precise spirit of Marquette, Jogues, Brebœuf, they put their trust in God and went wheresoever He directed. Borne by them, the Devotion to Our Lady followed the course of the great natural boundaries of this mighty land. Flowing westward from the bay which the first missionaries called St. Mary's; from the town which its first settlers called St. Mary's; this river of devotion, checked, as might be supposed, by the chain of mountains, by Alleghany, and Cumberland, and Blue Ridge, divided into three streams. One of these streams ran northward, as if to seek the old wells of devotion among the red-men and the French; and this soon carried on its bosom a saintly Cheverus to hear through the gloom of the wood the song *Magnificat* and the *Salva Regina* from the lips of our old friends the ever-faithful Abenaki. A second ran southward, to visit again, after an interval of two centuries, the spots where the blood of Jesuit and Carmelite, of Augustinian and Franciscan, had mingled to baptize the Carolinas. And the third followed the course of *la belle Rivière*, and flowed with its yellow waters through the fertile heart of the land, to the river wherein De Soto had been buried, and to which Marquette had given its name of Immaculate Conception.

In eighteen years, sixty-eight priests and eighty churches formed too heavy a burden for the venerable Bishop of Baltimore, and the sees of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Bardstown in Kentucky, were established. Let us look at a type or two of the men

who led these missions. As early as 1795 there was one Father Smith who was missionary for an enormous district in Western Maryland, Virginia, and Pennsylvania. There, for forty-one years, he toiled in humble faithfulness; from thence his soul ascended to the judgment which his life had merited. It will not be uninteresting to consider some points in the life of this servant of Mary, this glorious, although unrenowned pioneer of her honor in this country.

This Father Smith, missionary of Hagerstown and Cumberland in Maryland, of Martinsburg and Winchester in Virginia, of Chambersburg and the Alleghany mountain sweep in Pennsylvania, and thence southward; of far more, in a word, than what now constitutes the entire diocese of Pittsburg; this rival of Gomez in the south, and of Father Chaumonot in the north; this founder of Our Lady of Loretto in the *centre* of the continent, was not always known as Father Smith. In his own country, the vast Muscovite empire, then ruled by the Czar Alexander I., he was known as the Prince Augustine de Gallitzin. His father, Prince Demetrius Gallitzin, was ambassador of Catherine the Great to Holland, at the time of the missionary's birth. His mother, the Princess Amelia, was daughter of that famous Field-marshal Count von Schmettau who illustrates the military annals of Frederick the Great.

The young Gallitzin was decorated in his very cradle with military titles, which destined him from his birth to the highest posts in the Russian army.

High in the favor of the Empress Catherine, his father, a haughty and ambitious nobleman, dreaming only of the advancement of his son in the road of preferment and worldly honor, was resolved to give him an education worthy of his exalted birth and brilliant prospects. Religion formed no part of the plan of the father, who was a proficient in the school of Gallic infidelity, and the friend of Diderot. It was carefully excluded. Special care was taken not to suffer any minister of religion to approach the study-room of the young prince. He was surrounded by infidel teachers. His mother, a Catholic by birth and early education, was seduced into seeming Voltairianism by the court fashion of her native country, and her marriage with Prince Demetrius confirmed her habits of apparent infidelity; we say apparent, for she retained, even in the salons of Paris and in the society of Madame du Châtelet, a fervent devotion to Saint Augustine, that grand doctor of the Church who had been a great worldling and heretic. After the marriage of the elder Gallitzin with the Princess Amelia, he brought her to Paris and introduced her to his literary infidel friends, especially to Diderot, in whose company he delighted. This philosopher endeavored to win the princess over to his atheistical system; but though she was more than indifferent on the subject of religion, her naturally strong mind discovered the hollowness of his reasoning. It was remarked that she would frequently puzzle the philosopher by the little interrogative—why? And as he could not satisfy her objections, she was determined

to examine thoroughly the grounds of revelation. Though having no religion herself, she was determined to instruct her children in one. She opened the Bible merely for the purpose of teaching her children the historical part of it. The beauty of revealed truth, notwithstanding the impediment of indifference and unbelief, would sometimes strike her—her mind being of that mould which, according to Tertullian, is naturally Christian.

A terrible illness called her mind back to God; she saw the truth and beauty of the Catholic faith, and she returned to the protection of Mary on the Feast of St. Augustine, in the week following the Octave of Our Lady's Assumption.

It is to the happy influence and bright example of his mother, to whom, under God, we must mainly ascribe the conversion of the young Demetrius. As the illustrious Bishop of Milan, St. Ambrose, consoled the mother of Augustine, when he used to say "*that it was impossible for a son to be lost for whom so many tears were shed;*" so we may believe that the pious Furstenberg, her son's tutor, cheered, in a similar manner, this good lady, in her intense solicitude for a son whom she so tenderly loved.

At the age of seventeen the young prince was received into the Church. He was, in the year 1792, appointed aid-de-camp to the Austrian General Von Lilien, who commanded an army in Brabant at the opening of the first campaign against the French Jacobins. The sudden death of the Emperor Leopold, and the

murder of the king of Sweden by Ankerstrom, both suspected to be the work of the French Jacobins who had declared war against all kings and all religions, caused the governments of Austria and Prussia to issue a very strict order disqualifying all foreigners from military offices. In consequence of this order the young Prince de Gallitzin was excluded. Russia not taking any part in the war against France, there was no occasion offered to him for pursuing the profession of arms for which he had been destined by his military education. It was therefore determined by his parents that he should travel abroad and make the grand tour. He was allowed two years to travel; and lest, in the mean time, his acquirements, the fruits of a very finished education, might suffer, he was placed under the guidance of the Rev. Mr. Brosius, a young missionary then about to embark for America, with whom his studies were to be still continued. In the company of this excellent clergyman he reached the United States in 1792.

The next we need see of him is as a seminarian with the Sulpicians in Baltimore, November 5, 1792. In this moment of his irrevocable sacrifice of himself to God, the feelings of his inmost soul may be gathered from a letter which he wrote at the time to a clergyman of Munster, in Germany. In it he begs him to prepare his mother for the step he had finally taken, and informs him that he had sacrificed himself, with all that he possessed, to the service of God and the salvation of his neighbor in America, where the har-

vest was so great and the laborers so few, and where the missionary had to ride frequently forty and fifty miles a day, undergoing difficulties and dangers of every description. He adds, that he doubted not his call, as he was willing to subject himself to such arduous labor.

Father Etienne Badin was the first priest ordained in the United States; Prince Gallitzin was the second, and he, as early as 1799, was settled for life in the then bleak and savage region of the Alleghanies. From his post to Lake Erie, from the Susquehanna to the Potomac, there was no priest, no church, no religious station of any kind. Think, then, of the inevitable labors and privations of this missionary; and again understand how the devotion to Mary has spread over North America.

During long missionary excursions, frequently his bed was the bare floor, his pillow the saddle, and the coarsest and most forbidding fare constituted his repast. Add to this, that he was always in feeble health, always infirm and delicate in the extreme, and it was ever a matter of wonder to others how the little he ate could support nature and hold together so fragile a frame as his. A veritable imitator of Paul, "he was in labor and painfulness, in watching often, in hunger and thirst, in fasting often, in cold and nakedness."[1]

When he first began to reside permanently on this mountain, in 1779, he found not more than a dozen

[1] 2 Cor., xi.

Catholics, scattered here and there through a trackless forest. He first settled on a farm generously left by the Maguire family for the maintenance of a priest. A rude log-church, of some twenty-five or thirty feet, was sufficient for a considerable time for the first little flock that worshipped according to the faith of their fathers on the Alleghany. He commenced his colony with twelve heads of families; he left behind him when he died six thousand devotees of Mary.

But the population grew rapidly, allured by the saintly reputation of Father Smith. It was he who purchased enormous tracts of land, who built the grist and saw mill, he who found himself oppressed by debt in his old age. Of course he expected his father's inheritance, and when that prince died in 1803, he was pressed to quit his beloved Loretto and go to claim his rights in Russia. His mother and friends urged him to come; his prelate was on the point of commanding him; but when he met Bishop Carroll, he gave reasons for remaining among his flock which that prelate could not in the end refute. He stated that he had caused a great number of Catholic families to settle in a wild and uncultivated region, where they formed a parish of a considerable size; that the Legislature had proposed to establish there a county-seat; and that numbers still continued to flock thither. The bishop at length fully acquiesced in his remaining, as he could not send another in his place. The apostolic missionary then wrote to his mother, that whatever he might gain by the voyage, in *a temporal point of view*,

could not, in his estimation, be compared with *the loss of a single soul* that might be occasioned by his absence.

Had he gone, it would have been in vain, for the Emperor and Senate of St. Petersburg settled the question by disinheriting him for "having embraced the Catholic faith and clerical profession." Nevertheless, he hoped to share with his sister, who had inherited all. And she did supply him, until the ruined German Prince de Solm, whom she had married, made away with her fortune as he had done with his own. Then came his days of debt, dreariest of all days to men. But he lived so that none should suffer but himself. He neither ate nor drank nor was clothed at the expense or loss of any creditor or others. His fare was often but some black bread and a few vegetables; coffee and tea were unknown luxuries in those times. His clothing was home-made and of the most homely description; his mansion was a miserable log-hut, not denied even to the poorest of the poor. With the prodigal son of the Gospel, but in a most meritorious and heroic sense, he could say: "How many hired servants in my father's house have plenty of bread, and I here perish with hunger!"[1]

"Being now," he says, "in my sixty-seventh year, burdened, moreover, with the remnant of my debts, reduced from $18,000 to about $2,500, I had better spend my few remaining years, if any, in trying to

[1] St. Luke's Gospel, xv.

pay off that balance, and in preparing for a longer journey."

On that Loretto of his love he expended, from the wreck of his fortune, $150,000. So is it with the servitors of Mary. Three centuries ago, they gave their bodies to be burned, their heads to the scalping-knife, their finger-joints to the teeth of the Iroquois; later, they gave their lives and fortunes, counting them as nothing if so they might win souls to Christ.[1]

Let his friend and biographer tell the secret of all this, and thus show what a Muscovite prince can have in common with this book:

"As he had taken for his models the Lives of the Saints, the Francis of Sales, the Charles Borromeos, the Vincents of Paul, so like them he was distinguished for his tender and lively devotion to the Blessed Virgin; and he lost no opportunity of extolling the virtues of Mary. He endeavored to be an imitator of her *as she was of Christ.* He recited *her rosary every evening among his household*, and inculcated constantly on his people this admirable devotion, and all the other pious exercises in honor of Mary. The church in which he said daily Mass, he had dedicated under the invocation of this ever-glorious Virgin, whom all nations were to call blessed. It was in honor of Mary, and to place his people under her peculiar patronage, that he gave the name of Loretto to the town he founded here,

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[1] Omnia detrimentum feci et arbitror ut stercora ut Christum lucrifaciam.—Phil. iii. 8.

after the far-famed Loretto, which, towering above the blue wave of the Adriatic, on the Italian coast, exhibits to the Christian pilgrim the hallowed and magnificent temple which contains the sainted shrine of Mary's *humble house in which she at Nazareth heard announced the mystery of the Incarnation*, and which the mariners, as they pass to encounter the perils of the deep, or return in safety from them, salute, chanting the joyous hymn, *Ave Maris Stella!* For, like St. John, he recognized in her a mother recommended to him by the words of the dying Jesus: "He saith to the disciple, Behold thy mother!" And so, when the frame was worn out in her service and her Son's, he went up to see her face on high.[1]

Proceeding in the order proposed to ourselves, we give the first place to that which bears the name of Our Lady.

[1] Discourse on the Life and Virtues of Rev. Demetrius Augustine Gallitzin, by the Very Rev. Thomas Heyden. Printed for the Monumental (to Prince Gallitzin) Committee of Loretto, Penn. From this eloquent discourse nearly the whole of the above account is taken.

## CHAPTER XII.

### OUR LADY OF THE LAKE.

NOT long ago, in 1834, in the old town of Mans, in Catholic France, a holy and devoted priest, Moreau, was professor of dogma in the seminary and canon of the cathedral in the town. He was eloquent, zealous, and one of the grandest preachers in France. He gave up much of his time to preaching retreats; that is, to the leading of his flock away from the world, to the "quiet pastures and still waters," where is the presence of the Good Shepherd, whose crook and staff rule, guide, guard, lead; who "restoreth the souls" of the erring, the weary, and the so-called lost, and giveth them to eat and to drink of His own table, whereat is "fulness for evermore."[1] After many years thus passed, his bishop authorized him to form an auxiliary society of priests to aid him in this pastoral labor. He accordingly associated with himself four pious and devoted clergymen, with whom he lived a regular community life in the seminary for over a year.

About this time, or a few years previously, a community of a different kind had been founded in the same diocese, by the Very Rev. Mr. Dujarier, one of

[1] Psalm, xxii.

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the venerable survivors of the Revolution. It consisted of a band of devoted men, mostly young, who, without aspiring to the ecclesiastical state, yet, animated by a true zeal to labor for God's glory and the salvation of souls, had formed themselves into a religious community under the title of the Brothers of St. Joseph, consecrating themselves to the Christian education of youth, and having no higher aim than to imitate the humble and hidden life of their holy patron.

Then, two years later, moved by the self-sacrifice of these good men, some pious and devoted women of the humbler class of society offered themselves, from a motive of holy charity and zeal, to conduct the work of the establishment, and to serve those good Priests and Brothers as the holy women of the Gospel did our Saviour and his disciples. God willed it that this event should inspire our worthy founder with the idea of establishing, as a third branch of the association, a sisterhood to co-operate with the two former branches in all their pious labors, and to labor themselves in a particular manner for the benefit of the youth of their own sex; the whole association thus forming a united and most efficient body, able to act in concert upon all classes of society. Under the training of the saintly Superioress, Mother Mary of St. Dorithei, Juet, they made a fervent and regular novitiate, and were, one year afterwards, admitted to the religious profession under the name of "Sisters of the Holy Cross," and patronage of *Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows*.

They were, said their founder, to seek God in all

things, to aim only at heaven, to aspire to the happiness of possessing Jesus, of belonging only to Him and to His Blessed Mother, making use of all interests, rights, or goods for the sole honor of their Divine Master and the salvation of souls. They were to lead a life of abnegation in all employments and exercises, never acting save by the will of a Superior; a life regular and exact, by constant and universal fidelity to the rules and constitutions of the Society, observing them in the spirit of love and not of fear, by the light of faith and not through human motives; a life social by humility, in meekly bearing or charitably supporting others, accomplishing to the letter the maxim of the pious author of the Imitation, of mutually supporting, consoling, aiding, instructing, and admonishing one another; a life edifying by modesty, the forgetfulness of self, religious gravity, avoiding in conversation all criticisms, raillery, and above all, levity; a life of labor—a life interior and elevated to God by the habitual practice of the acts of Faith, Hope, and Charity, by the example of Jesus Christ, whom we are particularly bound to imitate in our conduct, for we must above all lead a life hidden in our Lord, if we would not ruin the work of the Holy Cross.

"Here," he says, "are three orders subordinate one to the other, an imitation of the Holy Family, where Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, although of conditions so different, are made one by the union of thoughts and the uniformity of conduct.

"In order to cement this union, and this imitation

of the Holy Family, I have consecrated, and consecrate again as much as in me, the Priests, to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Pastor of souls—the Brothers, to the Heart of St. Joseph, their patron; and the Sisters, to the Heart of Mary, pierced with the sword of grief.

"Behold, my dear children in Jesus Christ, the plan of government which it is the will of God should be followed in the administration of Our Lady of Holy Cross."

The Bishop of Vincennes, Monseigneur de St. Palais, desires to have these children of St. Mary to help him in extending her renown through the west of Northern America. So Father Sorin, still Superior, comes with six brothers. They "bless God and his Holy Mother" for their safe arrival, and they claim possession of the soil "in the name of the Cross, of the Blessed Virgin, and of St. Joseph."[1]

Monseigneur sends his new colony, *Matris cultores Dei*, to the northern part of Indiana, about thirty miles south of Lake Michigan. This section had been secured, years before, by the proto-priest of the United States, Rev. Father Badin; his efforts, however, had only been crowned by the erection of a little log-church, and a poorer log-house. But the situation is one of extreme beauty—not grandeur; for northern Indiana can claim nothing of the sublime or grand in her scenery. Yet the monotony of her low land and

[1] *Vide* Life of Rev. F. Cointet, Priest and Missionary of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. Cincinnati, 1855.

prairies is frequently diversified, and the character of the beautiful given it by clear, placid, little lakes, surrounded by gently undulating plains. The farm in question contained two of these pleasant lakes, to which Indian tradition had attached many a tale of enchantment.

Dedicating this spot to "Nôtre Dame du Lac," Father Sorin selected a charming little island, in the largest lake, as the site for two new novitiates—one for the Priests he hoped to train for his new mission, and the other for the Brothers. A beautiful situation was also chosen on the banks of the lake for the future college; then, with firm confidence in Divine Providence, he spent the winter in collecting the scattered Catholics of the neighborhood into a regular congregation, in forming his Novitiate of the Brothers, and attending to the temporal wants of his little colony.

At this period, the aid so long and earnestly desired by this devoted missionary was furnished in the person of his former beloved friend, the young Abbé Cointet, he who in youth had made this resolution—"To give up some time every day to reading holy books." Then, in his journal, after that, he adds:

"For the same intention, I shall say the Rosary. Since an early age I have been consecrated to the Blessed Virgin, and to her care have I confided my chastity. I will study attentively the virtues of this Holy Mother, to whom I am strictly bound to have many traits of resemblance, and towards whom I ardently desire to feel all the tenderness of a true child."

So, then, there are two priests; how apostolic, in one point, these words of Father Sorin himself shall hint:

"For some years the wardrobe of Father Cointet and his Superior was considered very full when they possessed a *pair of boots* and *a hat* as property in common. The boots he adroitly managed not to wear until they had passed through the stages of *good* and *indifferent*, but the hat could not be so easily managed, there being no alternative except to replace the ecclesiastical square cap by the beaver, when on the Mission. Accordingly, if Father Cointet was recognized riding or walking off with a hat on his head, it was known to the members of the little community that the Superior was at home."

And now, what else is to be said of these devoted souls shall not be in the words of him whose name is on the title-page of this book, but in those of a sister of the order, of a servant of Mary at the foot of the Cross. As "Nôtre Dame du Lac" now stands, it holds, in various establishments circling the pleasant waters of the lake, a college, a manual-labor school, a convent in its popular sense, the initiatory schools of the Brothers, and the seminary—all and each of these solemnly dedicated in 1845 to devotion to, and placed under the special protection of, the Blessed Mother of God. St. Mary's Lake is thus encircled, and over all, one hundred and ten feet from the ground, stands the statue of "Blessed among women." She looks with love upon the apprentices of the manual-labor school

in their different workshops and fields; the Brothers in their quiet novitiate; the seminarians in their holy solitude. And off a mile to the west, her eye rests distinctly upon the institutions of the Sisters of the same order, dwelling under the title of St. Mary's of the Immaculate Conception.

The Catholic pupils of both places are enrolled in the sodalities of the Children of Mary and the Living Rosary.

Every Saturday evening the Litany of Loretto is solemnly chanted in the conventual churches.

The Month of Mary is here made a glorious festival of thirty-one days. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is given every evening, and a discourse pronounced by one of the Rev. Fathers in honor of their Heavenly Queen.

The Assumption is annually celebrated by a solemn procession after High Mass. On that day every picturesque spot is adorned with some memento of the Queen of Heaven. Arches ornamented with her image point the route to the pious pilgrims, and the murmuring waters of the lake, the songs of the birds, and all the pleasant sounds of midsummer in the green woods, together with the joyous chime of twenty-one bells in the church-tower, unite to form a triumphal chorus to the happy voices of the children of Nôtre Dame as they intone the Litany of Loretto, the *Magnificat* and the *Salve Regina*.

Devotion to the Blessed Virgin may truly be said to be the presiding spirit of the place. Private chapels

in her honor are in every house. The grounds are adorned with statues of the Madonna and Child and of the Immaculate Conception. At Nôtre Dame a luxuriant arbor, at least an eighth of a mile in length, dedicated to *Nôtre Dame aux Raisins*, bears conspicuously on every arch the different titles of the Litany of Loretto.

In the conventual church is the altar of the Seven Dolors, above which is a fine group of statuary representing the body of Our Blessed Lord taken from the Cross, and laid in the arms of his Mother. A magnificent stained window above the main altar represents the Assumption.

In every direction the spirit of Mary seems to breathe and influence. The full ecclesiastical year should be passed at Nôtre Dame, in order to understand how every festival of the Blessed Virgin brings some new or touching evidence of the love which the Society of Holy Cross bears to Nôtre Dame, and which it seeks to instil into the hearts of its pupils.

On a beautiful little promontory opposite the college, the zeal of the Superior has caused to be erected a chapel dedicated to Our Lady of the Angels. Here the Catholic pupils spend one night of every month in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament. This chapel is built on the exact plan of the celebrated chapel of "Our Lady of the Angels, or the Portiuncula," and has been enriched by the Holy See with all the privileges of that world-renowned pilgrimage established by St. Francis of Assisium.

These privileges, which have made "St. Mary's of the Angels" one of the richest treasures in Italy, consist of plenary indulgences gained by all the faithful who, being heartily sorry for their sins, go to confession, receive Communion, and visit the chapel between the first and second Vespers of the 22d of August—not one indulgence alone, but as many times during the day as the faithful enter the chapel with the proper dispositions will they gain a plenary indulgence.

These immense spiritual blessings were granted to the prayer of St. Francis by the visible intercession of Mary, and by Jesus Christ himself. During six hundred and twenty-five years the devout among the people of Italy, and many pilgrims from foreign climes, have assembled at Assisium on this feast of grace and mercy. So numerous were these devotees, that it is related of St. Bernardine, when he preached at St. Mary's of the Angels, that two hundred thousand persons were assembled around the chapel.

And to give the faithful of North America an opportunity of gaining the same treasures, and in the same manner, the Society of Holy Cross has transported, as it were, this chapel with all its spiritual wealth into our midst.

At St. Mary's of the Immaculate Conception, the residence of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, one mile west of Our Lady of the Lake, the duplicate of the Santa Casa, or Holy House of Loretto, has been erected as the special chapel of the children of Mary. This chapel has also been enriched by the Holy See

with all the indulgences belonging the famous pilgrimage of Loretto.

These two chapels bring to our own land the two most famous shrines of Italy, and are most powerful means, in the hands of the religious, of promoting in the hearts of the youth intrusted to their care a deep and abiding love for the Blessed Mother of God; and may we not hope that at no distant day love for Our Blessed Lady will bring many a pilgrim to these two chapels, in crowds, if not as great, at least as fervent, as those which visit the original chapels in Italy?

The Society of Holy Cross has several houses of education established in different parts of the United States and Canada; and, as at Nôtre Dame and St. Mary's, so do they all aim at spreading the love and devotion for their Holy Mother by every means which their zeal and resources will present.

The consecration of this order was made on the Feast of Our Lady of Snows, and in the snows of November they first took possession of the old log-church and the adjacent lands. This church had been dedicated to the Blessed Virgin by the early French missionaries, de Seille and Petit, and here these holy men had taught the Indian to love and venerate their Heavenly Queen. When Father Sorin came and heard of the pioneer devotion of the American proto-priest, he rejoiced at the thought of laboring in this domain, already consecrated to his Blessed Mother. Not as owners of the soil, but as faithful and devoted servants of Mary did the first members of Holy Cross com-

mence their work. Every thing was to be improved, every thing made useful or beautiful. For Mary's sake, their Queen, the lake was called St. Mary's Lake. Plans for novitiate, church, manual-labor school, and college, were sketched, and all consecrated to Nôtre Dame, and all the land was Mary's land. Notwithstanding the rigors of an unusually severe winter, zeal for the glory of the august Mother of God warmed the hearts of her children with its ardent and generous rays. Often during the first years they actually suffered for lack of food and raiment. Their favorite devotion on such occasions was the thousand Hail Maries said in common—a devotion still customary among the members of the congregation.

Let us learn, among the items of this wondrous North American Devotion to Mary, how these sisters of hers are consecrated to her Seven Sorrows. Let one of them still speak, and tell how pleasing, how dear to the Queen of Martyrs must be the devotion to her Sorrows; how, more than all other devotions, it tends to supernaturalize the mind, since in it the most wonderful divine operations mingle with the common woes and sorrows of a suffering world; and it expresses that union of self-abasement and self-oblivion in which all the greater graces of the spiritual life take root. Devotion to the Sorrows of Mary unites us to an abiding sorrow for sin. It is all stained with the precious blood of our dear Lord, and thus it puts us into the very depths of His Sacred Heart.

The lessons which Our Mother's Sorrows teach us are wanted at almost every turn in life; they are imparted with such loving tenderness, with such pathetic simplicity, and in the midst of such countless similitudes between our sinless Mother and our sinful selves, that no school can be found in which so much heavenly wisdom is taught so winningly as in the Sorrows of Mary.

Before we quit this pleasant subject, let us see that this land of Mary does not belong solely to the living, but also to the memory of the dead. In the parish graveyard chapel stands the statuary group of the Mother with her dead Son. Over the earth wherein the Sisters are buried, smiles serenely "Our Lady of Peace;" where the priests and seminarians repose, is the statue of the Immaculate Conception. Everywhere Madonna, she is the Lady of Lake and Land.

When recreation calls the children of the Sisters' schools together, among other pleasures they have the reading of their journal, the "Mystical Rose." It was in this that a Sister, whose heart is full of music as of devotion, sang in sweet rhythm her prayer for North America. Later, we will see that Litany chanted by the Ursuline nuns before Our Lady of Swift Help, *Nôtre Dame de Prompt Secours*, during the battle of New Orleans, in 1812; now let us read the hymn of a religious of Mary's Sorrows, sung in this time of great national pain and small individual charity:

## STELLA MATUTINA.

O Star of Morning! dense the clouds
That hover round our nation's bark,
And howling winds shriek through her shrouds
As on she ploughs the billows dark.
Oh, show thy light! thou art our guide,
Thy Virgin beams our path shall lead,
As fearful o'er the stormy tide,
Before the conquering blast we speed.

O Star of Morning! pierce the gloom,
And gild our path along the sea,
Ere anarchy shall seal our doom,
And chant the death-dirge of the free.
From St. Augustine, far away,
To bold St. Lawrence' northern strand,
From San Francisco to the bay
That waters honored Maryland,

Deep love for thee with mystic power
Hath mingled with our nation's life,
And aided us, in danger's hour,
'Gainst wars and elemental strife.
O Star of Morning! 'twas thy ray
That led the mariner of old
Along the ocean's trackless way,
Earth's western wonders to unfold.

'Twas love for thee that fired his breast,
And made him count all perils light,
That opened to the cloud-girt West,
Thy morning beams to heathen sight.
O Star of Daybreak! when the hand
Of bold oppression crossed the wave,
Thy shelter sweet in Maryland
Made conscience there no more a slave.

Thy chosen child, Lord Baltimore,
Struck off the manacles that bound,
By tyrant power, the infant shore,
And stamped her soil true freedom's ground.

'Twas there that Faith—celestial bird—
First flung abroad her carol loud:
And thou, fair Star, her matins heard,
Which, soaring heavenward, pierced the cloud.

Sweet Orb of Dawn! it was thy ray
That, creeping through the western wilds,
Kissed the broad streams, and kindled day
Along the woodland's dark defiles,
And woke a song of praise that wound
Where mighty lakes majestic flow;
Memnon's famed lyre were harshest sound
To anthem blest that hailed thy glow;

The touching strain so old—so new,
The words we ne'er shall cease to frame,
Those mystic syllables that drew
A God from heaven at thy sweet name,—
"Hail, full of grace! the Lord, with thee,
On earth is blessèd evermore;"
And Gabriel's salutation free,
Echoed in joy from shore to shore;

And savage men submissive bowed,
To own a Saviour crucified,
While Error, in her dusky shroud,
Sought in her darkest haunts to hide.
The waters of the sylvan lake,
And wildwood stream were hallowed then,
By sacred touch for Jesus' sake,
And Mass was sung in glade and glen;

And crosses in the wilderness
Sprang up to bless primeval shade,
Where lilies wild, and water-cress,
Alone before thanksgiving made.
O peerless Orb! along thy wake,
How clear thy constellated train
Of virgin stars, fair saints that take
Their rank along the ethereal main!

A constant harbinger thou art
Of Him, the Son of Light Divine,
Who drank sweet warmth from thy pure heart,
Whose wondrous grace through thee doth shine!
When climbing soft the evening gray,
Thy radiant form doth gem the sky
We know ere long will come the day,
We know the rising Sun is nigh.

Oh, yes, when o'er our sinful souls
Thy genial rays benignant fall,
Our Blessed Lord His love unfolds,
And Mercy's daylight spreads o'er all.
Yes, thou wilt bring to us, sweet Star
(A nation of young restless life),
The light of peace, and near and far
Will cease the bitter sound of strife.

We ask thy aid; we beg thy care;
We know we cannot plead in vain;
So, trustful, through the murky air
We hail thee with thy heavenly train.
O blissful Star! words cannot frame
The gratitude we owe to thee,
As reverent now we name thy Name,
And meekly suppliant bow the knee.

Then show thy light—thou art our guide;
Thy Virgin beams our path shall lead,
As hopeful o'er the stormy tide
Before the conquering blast we speed.

They educate in the love of Mary five thousand five hundred children. Mary Angela is the Mother Provincial, and Mary of the Ascension, Superior.[1]

[1] Letter of Very Rev. E. Sorin, October, 1862.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### OUR LADY'S SISTERS—LES SŒURS DE NOTRE DAME.

LET us look at other orders of holy women who bear the name or advance the devotion to Our Blessed Lady in these States. In fifteen dioceses—perhaps in more—you find *les Sœurs de Nôtre Dame*, Our Lady's Sisters; and they are engaged teaching thousands to venerate the sacred Mother of God. Four of their houses are (1862) in the diocese of New York, eight are in Cincinnati, three in New Orleans, three in far Monterey. They are in Baltimore and Oregon, in Newark and Detroit, in Philadelphia and Boston—spreading and growing like the mustard seed of the Gospel; covering this vast continent with a lace-work of prayer, and education, self-denial, devotion, and love for God and man, yet are scarcely sixty years in existence.

It is amazing how much of fruit for North America, how many unrecked-of blessings to its headlong people, sprang from the horror and anguish of the French Revolution. These Sisters of Our Lady issued, by God's will, from that triumph of Satan and Moloch, as lilies from the putrid fertilizers of the soil. Marie Louise, Viscountess de Blin-Bourdon, and

Mademoiselle Julie Billiart, sought refuge in Belgium from the merciless iniquity of the land once ruled by St. Louis. And here, in 1804, they pronounced their first vows. This was their vow: to give themselves, and, by the efforts of their lives, to extend devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, protected by the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Next year they venture sixty miles into the north of France, to Amiens, and there commence their work.[1]

They have a lodging, it is evident, and some room for scholars—of what excellence and how large we cannot say; but we can discern one pleasant figure at the very beginning. It is the figure of Sister Bernardine, wandering about the streets with a big bell in her hands. Gravely along the wealthier streets, courageously down fetid alley-ways, and into quarters of the very poor, her bell chanting *Vivos voco*,[2] her own voice translating that to those who came about her; and at length her heart thrilling with gratitude and love to gentle Mother Mary, as she leads some seventy children to the schools—sweet first-fruits of Our Lady's new harvest in half-ruined France. By 1807 the Mother House is well established at Namur, and begins to send forth its colonies. So far as we can ascertain, the first flight of doves from this cote was a long one, over the Atlantic Ocean, and across half a continent to the very heart of this country—to

[1] Notice sur l'ordre des Sœurs de Nôtre Dame de Namur.

[2] "I call the living." Part of the old inscription upon church bells "Vivos voco; mortuos plango; sabbata pango."

Cincinnati. There they still remain, teaching thirty-six hundred pupils in the cathedral city alone.

But Ohio does not satisfy their ambition. Their next flight from Namur is all the way to Oregon; to that river no longer to be known as one that

> ——— "rolls and hears no sound
> Save its own dashing,"[1]

but a stream henceforth to show the shadow of the Cross, and to mingle the song of its waves with the music of Mass, and vespers, and convent litany, or with the sweet, wild notes of the Indian children, as they chant, from their canoes, their hymn to Blessed Mary:

> Ayas skokoum maïka,
> Kwanissom tlosh Marie
> Kopa sahalé tayé.
> Wawa pous naïka
> Pous ka kwa yaka temtom
> Naïka memmeloucht,
> Ayak yaka eskam naïka sahalé.
>
> In thee I place my confidence,
> Oh, Virgin, strong and fair;[2]
> Be thy protection my defence,
> Be all my life thy care!
> And when I draw my latest breath,
> And seek my endless lot,
> Obtain for me a holy death,
> And then forsake me not.

It was under the charge of the apostolic de Smet that these devoted Sisters of Nôre Dame made their

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[1] Bryant's Thanatopsis.

[2] "Pulchra ut luna, terribilis ut castrorum acies ordinata."—Cant Canticorum, vi. 9.

long journey: a journey vexed with many storms, and almost finished by one off the coast. Decks were swept clear by the irresistible waves; sails shivered; top-masts went by the board; water-casks completely emptied; no soundings; nothing but guesses as to their whereabouts, and those guesses proved afterwards to be wrong. But the Sisters were calm, and full of that most beautiful courage which is called resignation: full of resignation, but not at the expense of hope. They gather in their cabin, holding there to whatever can be seized to steady themselves, and intone their litany; they make a new vow to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, and then they trust. By and by the storm subsides, the winds abate, the waves go down, and as the crimson lustre of the sunset is flung athwart the sea, they notice, floating towards them, masses of long, green, salt-meadow grass, and they know by it that the shore is on their lee.[1]

And so they landed, and on the eve of the Assumption of Our Lady they lodged in a tent on the banks of the Wallamette. In the morning, they raised and adorned, as they might, a little altar, and Mr. Blanchet, afterwards Archbishop, offered the Holy Sacrifice. On the second day of the Octave they reached the mission. It was a house, but without doors, without windows; only with open spaces ready for such luxuries. Carpenters were the rarest and most costly articles in Oregon in those days. "Every man is his own builder

[1] Annales de la Propagation de la Foi, tom. xvii. 483. Lettre du Père de Smet.

here," was the consolation which Our Lady's Sisters got when they looked at the yawning window-frames and portals. No matter; they took the Highlandman's proverb for their law: "Set a stout heart to a steep hill-side;" and one undertook to learn the management of the plane, another voted herself a sashmaker, a third claimed to be a house-painter, and if any found absolutely no mechanical vocation within her, she went straightway to Our Lady and asked *her* help for the others.

Then the voyagers, and the Indians, and the half-breeds brought melons, and potatoes, and some eggs; and, that nothing might be wanting to make the good religious feel at home, they added thirty-five or forty little girls to go to school, and about twoscore orphans whom they generously handed over to the sisters as a κτημα ες ἀει, a possession forever. So they got themselves and their pupils and their orphans housed in some sort, and from that time till now, about the hour of twilight, they have never failed to chant the Litany of Our Lady of Loretto. Its sounds of benediction float over the Wallamette, and further, over the scarce-inhabited wild tracts of Oregon, and over the stray hunter-band of savages, or knot of trappers; and bear better promises to Northern America than that land is at all disposed to believe in.

The prospects of this mission were so brilliant, that they lured "Sister Rénilde and her companions" to try their fortune in the same direction. That is the style and title of this new expedition: "*Sœur Rénilde et ses*

*compagnes, Sœurs de Nôtre Dame.*" What Sister Renilda's name was in the world we have no idea of; still less can we suggest any clue to those anonymous companions, except in two instances, which we shall see in a moment. All that we know is contained in a few very dusty leaves, hardly aspiring to the dignity of a pamphlet, found on a top shelf of the library of his Grace the Archbishop of Cincinnati. It is a letter addressed to a "very dear Mother Constantine," whom we suspect to have her abode either at Namur or Amiens. It is dated "July 5, 1847, on board the Morning Star;" and contains the journal of the voyage to Oregon, signed as above stated, "*Sister Renilda and her companions, Sisters of Our Lady.*"

It was on the 22d of February, Washington's birthday, if Americans choose to accept that omen, and on the "eighth day of our Novena in honor of the Holy Virgin," says Sister Renilda, "that we embarked at Brest. Monseigneur the Archbishop gave us his benediction, and at nine o'clock of the cool morning, a gun gave the signal for departure. And while the Morning Star wound her way slowly among the buoys, small craft, and other obstacles that somewhat clogged our course out of the harbor, we all gathered on the quarter-deck, chanted the Litany of the Blessed Virgin and sang the *Ave Maris Stella*, so to place again our voyage under Her protection, whom none ever invoked in vain."

The Morning Star is not a very unpleasant ship for religious to sail in, for the captain hears Mass every

day, and at eight bells he calls the crew to prayers. "It is very beautiful, dear Mother," says Renilda, "to hear those hardy sailors, their captain at their head, recite Our Father, Hail Mary, and the Creed, and end with the *Angelus*, which done, the lieutenant wishes them 'good voyage, stout courage, and fair wind;' and then, at night again, they come together and sing 'Hail, Ocean's Sacred Star,'[1] and say the same prayers as at morning." The gentle Sister might easily find that to be very beautiful; that solemn recommendation of themselves to God's help through Mary's Mother-love of the tough seamen—those men who are professionally nearest to death and God. And they who cannot share her admiration must be inland bred. "For," says the Holy Ghost, "they that go down to sea in ships,[2] who are employed upon the great waters; *these* men see the wonders of the Lord and His works upon the deep. For He saith the word, and the stormy winds arise; He speaketh, and the waves are lifted up. They mount up towards the heavens; they sink down into the deeps; their souls faint for fear. They are troubled; they reel like a drunken man; all their wisdom is swallowed up. And then they cry unto the Lord in their affliction, and He bringeth them out of their distresses; He turneth the storm into a calm and all the waves are still."

It is necessary to know that Sister Renilda is near enough God to retain some feeling of poetry. She

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[1] Ave Maris Stella. [2] Psalm, cvi. 25.

thinks that the sea offers a panorama of beauty, and speaks of it to her "dear Mother Constantine" in terms which probably contain all her possible eloquence, but which fall infinitely short of the exhaustless reality of beauty which the main presents. "Ah!" she says, "what gracious varieties does the sea exhibit! Now it is calm as peace, now troubled; then surging furiously; it is green, it is blue of heaven, it flashes with phosphorescent gleams. The sun, when setting, clothes all the deep in raiment of living light; and the horizon in clouds of every tint, gold and purple, violet, and green, and orange. These take the most fantastic forms: volcanoes in eruption; vast crimson seas of fire; mountains snow-capped, and forests, towns, and battlemented castles. Our recreation is to look on this; and before going to our rest, after this spectacle, we chant the Litany of the Blessed Virgin and say her Rosary together."

"I cannot tell you, my dear Mother, what happiness one feels in singing Mary's praise, our dear, good Mother's, in the midst of the ocean; under a heaven sown with stars new to us, to the solemn sound of seas which break upon the frail sides of our ship; and then, full of confidence and of thoroughest trust, we sleep in the hand of God, tranquilly as in our European convent."

Still at sea, they keep the Feast of the Annunciation on board the Morning Star, with high Mass, vespers, and a sermon. "It is very consoling to us," says Sister Renilda, "to see Mary so loved and honored by

all who surround us; almost all the sailors wear the medal of the Immaculate Conception, and many add the chaplet. Easter, too, they keep at sea; and the altar on deck is covered with the missionary banner of Oceanica, where the Oblates of Mary are at work—a white banner bearing a crimson cross; and then, upon a background of pale-blue drapery, there hangs, for altar-piece, a painting of St. Mary, blessed by the Holy Father."

And so after many experiences—after the length of the Atlantic, Cape Horn, the length of the Pacific, they reach the mouth of the Columbia. Then the Indians come off in their canoes, and scramble aboard, Chinooks, and Oregons, and Wallawallas, with a haughty Dacotah here and there; and they all make the sign of the cross, many wearing the chaplet, and many others the medal of Our Lady. The missionaries go ashore and bring back wood-blooms, lupins probably, and the three violets and other forest flowers, and the Sisters "make bouquets of them to adorn the Virgin's Altar."[1] With all the length of the voyage, however, and with all those sentiments and absolute stormy realities, with all those prayers, and hymns, and intoned litanies, do not let it be supposed that the gentle Sisters grew puritanic, or their faces long and sour. No, no; if anybody may wear a gay face, it is a child of Mary, devoting all to her and her Eternal Son. "We never passed our recreations more

[1] Lettre de Sœur Rénilde, p. 17.

gayly," Sister Renilda says. "Even the bad weather helps to make us fun. We call one end of our particular cabin Wallamette, such being the name of our mission not yet reached, and the other end we name The Falls." The latter place being probably on the lee-side, with a very decided slope. "All of us," says the Sister, "visit The Falls several times a day. Sister Francisca goes oftener than any of the rest of us. And only the other day Sister Mary Alphonsus, after rapidly sliding thither, her soup-plate in her hand, was turned about by the roll of the vessel, and sliding back as rapidly, emptied the contents of that soup-plate on the head of Sister Mary Bernard."

And this is the additional information promised by the present writer some page or so above. This is what he knows about the other two sisters; that Mary Alphonsus, compelled thereto by an affluent wave, emptied her soup upon the person of Mary Bernard.

Among the Indians who come or are brought on board is a young female barbarian, *une petite sauvagesse*, a candidate for baptism. And the Sisters, before they quit the ship, assist at that sacrament. The captain is godfather, and endows his *filleule* with half the trinkets and gay old clothing in the ship; and, of course, the little red-girl is called Mary. Then there is a venerable Chinook who sings for them in his own tongue, "in a voice by no means disagreeable," the hymn just given above; and pointing with simple

exultation to the medal of the Immaculate Conception which hangs upon his swarthy chest. Then, when the Morning Star is lodged by her pilot upon a sand-bar, at the mouth of the Wallamette, "Sister Renilda and her companions" quit her deck for canoes, and proceeding in them to their mission-house, are lost to sight of ours.

It is proper to say here, that other orders than that of Sister Renilda call themselves of Nôtre Dame. Some in North America trace their origin to Lorraine, so far back as 1565, Blessed Paul Fourrier being their founder, and are to be met with at Milwaukee.[1] Then Marguerite Bourgeoys and her sisters are a kind of colony from these. This is the extent of our information regarding the Sœurs de Nôtre Dame; and it is possible that some of our statistics may not be always attributed to the proper society of these three. Should any one discover this, we can only declare that such error is not wilful. They are all, at least, Sisters of Our Lady, all children of one Mother, and we do not intend, by this present writing, to assign them any immediate credit at all. We wish to follow their example, and to assign all credit, all the honor, all the glory, to Jesus, their eternal Spouse, who loved them, and who bought them with His blood—to Him, and His Immaculate sweet Mother. What we do know is

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[1] "Les Servantes de Dieu en Canada, 1853. Essai sur l'histoire des communautés religieuses de femmes de la Province:" par C. de Laroche-Heron.

this, that certain devout women, known as Sisters of Nôtre Dame, are daily teaching *more than thirty thousand* American children devotion to the Blessed Saint Mary the Virgin.

## CHAPTER XIV.

OUR LADY OF MERCY AND OF CHARITY—OUR LADY'S LOVING FRIENDS AT THE CROSS—OUR LADY OF CHRIST'S PRECIOUS BLOOD.

THE History of Devotion to Blessed Mary in the Old World, and even of that in elder Canada, seems rather an exhibition of effects, the sources of which are easily enough divined; but, in our careless, anti-antiquarian, and recordless state, we must be contented with getting at such causes as are visible to us, and from those deduce the inevitable effects. If certain religious have thirty thousand pupils, and are guided in their lives and their instruction by certain visible principles, it will require no wizard to guess at the result of the education which they give.

Kenelm Digby writes a book called "Compitum, the Meeting of the Ways," to show that all roads duly followed lead to the Church. It is true; and so is the reverse true. All ways lead out of the Church again over the suffering world. When the convent doors open in the morning, it is that one Sister may go to the school-room, another to the hospital-ward, another through the streets to the houses of the charitable, another to the garrets and dismal cellars, to the shrines of utterest poverty, to inodorous alleys, where

poverty and filth and sin have supremacy. Here, a black-robe; there, a brown one, with a crimson cross upon the bosom, threads the city paths. On one square you hear young voices carolling hymns to Mary from the windows of an academy; on the next, you see the white, broad-leafed, quaint bonnet of the daughter of St. Vincent de Paul. And all these are travelling in a circle; they come from the hearts of Jesus and of Mary; they are to go back thither when their earthly work is done.

One family of these precious souls is known by the name of Sisters of Mercy. Do you remember Longfellow's Evangeline in the yellow-fever hospital for the poor in Philadelphia? Let us repeat it:

Only, alas! the poor who had neither friends nor attendants,
Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.
Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and woodlands.

Now the city surrounds it, but still with its gateway and wicket,
Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seem to echo
Softly the words of Our Lord, "The poor ye have always with you."
Thither by night and by day came the *Sister of Mercy*. The dying
Looked up into her face and thought, indeed, to behold there
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,
Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen from a distance.
Unto *their* eyes it seemed the lamps of the City Celestial,
Into whose shining gates, ere long, their spirits should enter.

And with light in her looks she entered the chamber of sickness
Noiselessly moving among the assiduous faithful attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip and the aching brow; and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead and concealing their faces,
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the wayside.
Many a languid head upraised as the Sister entered,

Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed; for her presence
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison,
And as she looked around, she saw how Death the Consoler.
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.[1]

Earlier than the year 1830, we find Sisters of Mercy in Charleston South Carolina, helpers to Bishop England in his apostolic work down there, and now they are elsewhere; in Cincinnati, among places known to us. These are of the good gifts bestowed by Ireland on America, and are, so to speak, Children of the Order of the Presentation of the Ever Virgin Mary, in that ancient and Catholic island. Let us judge of what they are likely to do in advancing the devotion, by what we can know of their daily lives and rule. Given fidelity to a rule, its natural effects will not require to be proved. Now, these Sisters of Our Lady of Mercy say daily the Office of the Blessed Virgin, which is composed of thirty-seven of the Psalms of David; the hymns of Simeon, of Blessed Mary, of the three youths in the Assyrian furnace, of Zacharias, prophet of God, with lessons and other passages from Holy Scripture, and some pious ejaculations, prayers, and versified hymns for the seven divisions of the day.[2]

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[1] Longfellow's Poetical Works. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 18mo ed., vol. ii., pp. 72, 73.

[2] It is almost humiliating to even an ex-man-of-letters to be obliged to say that the Office is not the Mass—to repeat again that the Mass is what Protestants would call the Service of the Holy Communion, and the *Office* is the Breviary—to wit, the Psalms of David, with Scripture lessons and commentaries; short biographies or notices of the saint,

Then another rule binds the good sisters "to inspire, as much as in them lies, the children whom they educate with a sincere devotion to the passion of Jesus Christ; to His real presence in the Holy Eucharist; to the Immaculate Mother of God, and to their Guardian Angels." They must say daily in their schools five decades of our Lady's Rosary or her Litany of Loretto. Their days of recreation are all Mary's days—the long vacation from her Feast of Mount Carmel, June 16, to Monday after her Assumption, August 15: the other days are Saturdays, consecrated by the Church to her, and the Feast of her Presentation. Then their rule bids them "bear perpetually in mind that their Congregation is under her especial protection, and that she is, under God, its chief Patroness and Protectress." Therefore the Sisters "must have the warmest devotion and affection to her, and must regard her in an

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or other sacred subject of the day; collects or short prayers, from which those of the Anglican and American Episcopal churches are translated, and a few hymns and pious verses, usually from Holy Writ. But when such a man as Thomas Carlyle, the pre-eminent "sham" hater, who writes, in correction of all other historians, his history of Frederick the Great, and half of whose multitudinous notes are devoted to abuse of other men's *ignorance;* when he gives us Mass in the afternoon, and, for a whole page, jumbles up this Book of Psalms with the Communion Office, what can an ex-man-of-letters do but notice it? *Vide* History of Frederick II., called Frederick the Great. By Thomas Carlyle; vol. iii., p. 206. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Mummery as much as you please; nonsense and idolatry as much as you please; but a writer, a public teacher of men, is bound in simple honor to know something about the daily mummery even of two hundred millions of civilized men.

especial manner as their Mother, and the great model which they are to imitate." They are to have, "individually, unlimited confidence in her; to have recourse to her in all their difficulties and spiritual necessities, and by the imitation of her virtues are to study to please her and to merit her maternal protection."

They shall, moreover, "solemnize her festivals with all spiritual joy and devotion, and shall *instil in the minds of the children*, and of *all such as they can influence*, the greatest respect, veneration, and love for her." They shall "say the beads every day in her honor;" and "on the Feast of her Presentation, in every year, the whole community, with lighted wax lights in their hands, shall, on their knees, before the altar of the Blessed Virgin, make the following act of oblation and of consecration to the Blessed Mother of God:" [1]

"THE ACT OF RENEWED CONSECRATION.

"Most holy and glorious Virgin, Mother of God, we Sisters of the Congregation of Charitable Instruction, convinced how much we stand in need of the grace of God to fulfil the arduous duties and obligations of our pious institute, and of the greatness of thy power with Jesus Christ thy beloved Son, and of thy goodness towards poor Christians, most humbly address ourselves to thee this day, as the Mother of Mercy,

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[1] Sketch of the Life of Miss Nagle.

Rule of the Sisters of our Lady of Mercy, of the Presentation, Dublin.

and in the fullest confidence of obtaining, through thy holy intercession, the Divine assistance.

"We, therefore, most clement Virgin, prostrate before thee with all humility, earnestly beseech thee to be most graciously pleased to accept of the oblation we all irrevocably make on this holy day of ourselves to thy love and service, proposing with the Divine assistance to bear always towards thee the most cordial respect and veneration, and to engage, as far as in our power, all others to love, honor, and respect thee. Deign, O most pure and immaculate Virgin, Mother of God, to receive us all, and every one of us in particular, under thy holy protection. We look up to thee as our Mother, our Lady, and our Mistress, as our Patroness and Protectress, Advocate and Directress, humbly entreating thee to obtain the pardon of all our sins and transgressions against the Divine Majesty, and of all our negligences in thy holy service.

"We beseech thee to obtain from the infinite goodness of thy beloved Son, that this little Congregation of Charitable Instruction may always be favored with thy singular assistance, especially in the arduous functions of the institute and in the practice of every religious virtue. In fine, we most earnestly request thou wilt be graciously pleased to obtain that perfect union of hearts and minds may always reign amongst us; that we may ever be faithful to the observance of our rule, and persevere to the end of our lives in the spirit and grace of our vocation, that having with fidelity served thy beloved Son, by imitating thy virtues on

earth, we may, with thee and all the elect, praise and glorify him in heaven for all eternity. Amen."[1]

And then those Sisters of Our Lady of Charity—all one with some external difference, some with schools, some without; some with quaint, picturesque white butterfly-winged bonnets and antique-looped gowns; some all in black and some in brown, but all alike; Mère Juchereau in 1630, Mother Seton two centuries later; Gray Sisters (*Sœurs Grises*) or Hospitalieres, or Sisters of St. Joseph, or of the Hôtel Dieu, or sacred inn, whereof our Lord is the host, and where the penniless are guests and "have wine and milk without money and without price;"[2] or Sisters of Charity in New York, in Boston, in New Orleans, in Cincinnati, in Minnesota, in Montreal, they are all one—all are children of Saint Vincent de Paul; all rejoice to be known by that proud title which he bestowed upon them, "Daughters of Charity and Servants of the Poor."

What need have we to speak of them? Let the school, the hospital, the prison, the filthy lodging-house, the orphan asylum, the blood-stained camp talk about them. Why, the Protestant and the Pagan; the roughest among men, the "lost, lost, lost" among women, know the Sister of Charity, and find somewhere amid the ruins of their souls an untainted blessing for her as she passes.

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[1] Rules and Constitutions, etc. Dublin, 1809.

[2] "Qui non habetis argentum, properate: venite, emite absque argento et absque ulla commutatione, vinum et lac."—Isaias, lv. 1.

In Quebec, in 1637, more than two hundred years ago, they wanted a school and a hospital, and the Sisters of Charity furnished both. Montreal, Mary's city, felt the need, and we have seen how Mademoiselle Manse provided. In the States, Mother Seton founds her adaptation of the great order, and now the Sister of Charity is everywhere. Here, there is the Sister of Providence; there, the "little Sister of the Poor;" everywhere the faithful child and humble imitator of Holy Mary. Mother Seton's first convent is a tenement of four rooms; one floor and one garret must lodge sixteen persons. But she has the "chapel of the Blessed Virgin"[1] wherein to receive the Bread of Life; it is Saint Mary's Mountain which is their hoped-for laboring-place, that Saint Mary's town, now Baltimore; and they can give their own fond phase of signification to Maryland.

Here were Dubois, afterwards Bishop of New York, and saintly Bruté, their wise guides, the second, afterwards Bishop of Vincennes. He it was who had "no time at home to get his hair cut,"[2] and so catching the barber one day in the woods, he sat down upon a stone and was newly tonsured there. It was he, too, whom students of St. Mary's, known to the present writer, used to see laboring with his own hands to make more easy a steep up-mountain path

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[1] Life of Mrs. E. Seton, Founder and First Superior of the Daughters of Charity in the United States. By Rev. Dr. White, p. 235.

[2] The same, p. 386.

which led to his grotto oratory and the statute of the Mother of God. Ah! they were very poor in money and influence in those early days, but rich in graces, in humility, in love of labor, and in sweet contentedness. They have lives of roughness and great labor, but God gives them encouragement. They have sickness and pain like others, but He sends them pleasant thoughts. They die, some years too early, we may fancy, but so "He giveth His beloved sleep."[1]

What sick Sister was it on whose heart while she slept, Mother Seton placed a rose just given her? We do not know, shall never know her name; nor is it in any point essential to us or her that we should. But as she *wrote* her simple thanks for it, we may look here at the form of words it took.[2]

The morning was beautiful, mild, and serene,
All nature had waked from repose;
Maternal affection came silently in,
And placed on my bosom a rose.

Poor nature was weak, and had almost prevailed
The long-wearied eyelids to close;
But the soul waked in triumph and joyously hailed
The sweet Queen of Flowers, the Rose.

Whitsuntide was the time, 'twas the season of love,
And I thought that the Blest Spirit chose
To leave for a while the sweet form of the Dove,
And come in the blush of the Rose.

Come, Heavenly Spirit, descend on each breast,
And there let thy blessings repose,

[1] Psalm cxxvi. 2: "Dederit dilectis suis somnum."
[2] White's Life, p. 494.

As thou once didst on Mary, the temple of rest,
For Mary's our Mystical Rose.

Oh may every rose that springs forth evermore,
Enkindle the hearts of all those
Who wear it or see it to bless and adore
The Hand that created the rose.

Let us guess how Mother Seton would move young hearts to the love of the Blessed among women, by what we see of her own child, her Rebecca. Just a glimpse into that well-tried life of hers; a moment's raising of the curtain to expose the mother's pain, and one glance into the heart of the child. The record of the little girl's long-suffering is most pitiable; the record of her patience is most beautiful, as she lies there white and still, suffering heroically, and not "wishing her sufferings shortened;" her large eyes never quitting the crucifix except to turn upon the poor mother beside her, the mother struggling for resignation while the pangs of her offspring were tearing at her own heartstrings; and trying to unite her pain with the pain of Her who stood at the foot of the cross, the Mother of Jesus."[1] By and by the innocent head sinks down upon the mother's bosom; there is a struggle and a final sigh; and then, He that carrieth the young lambs in his bosom,[2] "suffereth that little one to come to Him."

That ended, Mother Seton lays the untenanted body

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[1] "*Stabat* autem juxta Crucem Jesu, Mater ejus."—Saint John's Gospel, xix. 25.

[2] Isaias, xl. 11; Saint Mark's Gospel, x. 14.

from her arms with a low murmured, "Oh, my darling!" then says to the attendant Sister, "My chains are broken," and to her God she says, lifting her eyes and arms, "My Lord, my darling is with Thee! She will nevermore risk to offend Thee: and to Thee I give her up with all my soul." Now, this was the child's prayer or act of consecration. She and two of her companions had given themselves early to Blessed Mary in this form of their own composition:

"Oh, our Blessed Mother! we consecrate our poor little hearts to you. Receive our offering. From this day we will begin, and with your dear assistance will continue to try our very best to love and serve you faithfully. Oh, our dear, dearest Mother, intercede for your poor little children before the throne of your Divine Son, for He will not deny you, His dear Mother, any thing; and therefore we beg you to obtain for us the virtue of purity of heart, which is so very pleasing to you and your Divine Son, and that of modesty and love. But above all, oh, our Blessed Mother, obtain for us a happy death, that we may reign forever in the blessed mansions of peace and rest which is our true country and home. Amen."[1]

It is only the act of three little American schoolgirls, some fifty years ago; but *ex ore infantium et lactentium perfecisti laudem*—"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise;"[2] and Mary

[1] "White's Life of Mrs. Seton," Appendix, p. 498.

[2] Psalm, viii. 2.

seems to have heard them, for they all died in childhood.

One of these very first of Mother Seton's community survives (1863), the venerable Mother Margaret George, fifty-one years a "Daughter of Charity and Servant of the Poor." If you would see her and ask her prayers, you will find her in the midst of the orphans, at the asylum in Cumminsville, Cincinnati. Of other Sisters of Charity, and of these, a fact or two will illustrate our attempt at a history of devotion. One single community, that of Emmittsburg, has twenty-two asylums, for orphans, for the insane, for incurables; eleven hospitals, and twenty-five schools. In the city of New York alone, Sisters of various orders teach at least six thousand pupils.

In Canada, eight hundred religious women, ten years ago, were teaching eleven thousand children, guarding a thousand orphans, nursing five thousand sick,[1] and teaching, by precept or example, devotion to the Blessed Virgin to every one of these. If we had any records here, we might be able to apportion to each order in the United States its due number of pupils; but, as yet, system is wanting.

Just take your atlas for awhile, and see those Gray Sisters, the first we ever saw in North America;[2] see them to-day, more than two centuries later, toiling in the half-tropical heats of the South, or braving, for the love of God and Mary, the boreal wind careering over

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[1] Servantes de Dieu en Canada.

[2] *Vide* this work, p. 40.

the semi-frozen floods of Hudson's Bay, or the almost perpetual snows that lie around far Athabasca Lake, in north latitude 60°. Look at the Daughters of the Cross, sailing in 1855 from Treguier, in France, to Avoyelles, in Louisiana—Mary Hyacinthe, superior of the first colony; Mary Agatha, of the second, in 1856. It is this last colony which, when their ship takes fire far out at sea, assemble in their cabin and chant the *Salve Regina*—"Hail, Queen; hail, Mother of Mercy, our life, our sweetness, and our hope." These also recite each day the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin.

Then, when Kentucky was a wilderness, almost, in 1812, and holy Father Nerinckx labored as missionary there, he called into existence, to aid the cause of God and Our Lady, the "Sisters of Loretto, or Friends of Mary at the foot of the Cross;" their object, first, their own perfection, and then the education of girls, especially of the very poor. He calls their house on Hardin's Creek, Loretto, the house whereof Our Lady was the mistress on earth; within whose walls Our Lord became incarnate. St. Mary's poverty was to be their model of life. Their houses are therefore poor and badly furnished, their food is of the plainest kind, and their raiment of the coarsest. Hard labor in the fields and forests was to be their earthly luxury, and their lives penitential—barefooted most of the year, for one item.[1] "Poor to extremity, but ah," says saintly

[1] Sketches of the Early Catholic Missions in Kentucky. By Rt. Rev. M. J. Spalding, Bishop of Louisville; pp. 206–213.

Bishop Flaget, "such spotless cleanliness!"[1] Now, they have at least ten establishments in Kentucky, Missouri, Arkansas, out among the Osage Indians. There are two hundred Sisters now, and every house has schools. And then, these "Friends of Mary at the Cross" meet in their darkened chapel when three o'clock comes round each day, for a long meditation on, and commemoration of, Our Lord's drear Passion; and while the bell tolls mournfully they murmur at stated intervals, "O suffering Jesus! O sorrowful Mary!"[2]

Then, close by the side of these good religious, and educating more children to love and reverence St. Mary, are the Dominicans; and St. Dominic, you know, is the Father of the Rosary. Not of that manner of prayer, but only of that manner brought to perfection of practice; for the use of beads in prayer sweeps far back beyond the Incarnation of Our Divine Redeemer, and is common to all Oriental nations, Pagan, Hebrew, Mahommedan, and Christian. Now, the first two women of this order in the present States, so far as we can find out, were in Kentucky, and were both called Mary. They were here in 1807 or 1808. Then they were at St. Mary's, Somerset, Ohio, in 1819; and they have houses in Zanesville in that last-named

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[1] Sketches of the Life, Times, and Character of Rt. Rev. Benedict Joseph Flaget, first Bishop of Louisville. By Rt. Rev. M. J. Spalding; p. 290.

[2] Letter of Rt. Rev. Dr. Spalding, Oct. 2, 1861.

State, and in Benicia in California, in Memphis and Nashville, Tennessee, and in Brooklyn, Long Island.

Their first convent was called St. Rose; their second, St. Magdalene, now called St. Catherine's. I only know them to be in a most especial manner devoted to the Blessed Virgin; to be zealous in imparting that love to others. They educate a couple of hundred pupils at least each year; and in the same State of Kentucky the Sisters of Charity at Nazareth teach between four and five hundred.

Our road for the rest of this chapter must be a very undetermined one. Perforce a vagabond, we wander from mountain to prairie, from forest to sacred seaside, picking up here a woodland flower, there a pebble; sometimes getting a mere glance at some bright object, and utterly unable, for thicket, surf, or quicksand, to come any nearer. What we shall get into our basket, however, be it agate or patch of moss, we lay on Our Lady's altar, persuaded of this at least, that she will have no contempt for it.

The Sisters of Providence, in Oregon, in Canada, in Vermont, those who received at *Grosse Ile* the thousand of ship-fever patients in 1848; these educate some hundred and fifty girls who pay, and some nine hundred who are too poor for that. The "Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary" all bear the name of Mary, and teach a thousand pupils. The Sisters of the Presentation at St. Hyacinth; the Sisters of St. Joseph; the Daughters of St. Anne; how many do they teach to honor Mary? God knows, and God

rewards. Everywhere, to him who has eyes and who looks out of them, there is observable some new parterre from the Church's perpetual fertility.[1] On the day which sees these lines written, we read in the Freeman's Journal of New York these facts: How, in the year of grace 1844, a small community of nuns entered the diocese of Cincinnati, having the title of "The Most Precious Blood," whose principal office consists in the nocturnal adoration of the Most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, together with other duties common to most convents, and some peculiar to themselves.

The founder of the Arch-confraternity of Priests of the Most Precious Blood was the Canon Gaspar di Bufalo, who was born at Rome, A. D. 1786. Another true benefactor of America he, issuing like so many others from the red *fange* of that French Revolution.

Chiefly through his exertions the Arch-confraternity of the Most Precious Blood was organized, in 1815, at Rome. So rapid was its progress, that fifteen years later, in 1830, more than a hundred and fifty lesser confraternities were already affiliated with it, not only in Europe, but in Africa, India, and China. It was not until some years later that the first body of these holy missionaries directed their steps towards America. The Rev. M. Sales Brunner, with eight missionary priests and six novices, sailed in 1843 for New York, and upon the invitation of the Most Rev. Arch-

[1] See M. de Courcy's "Servantes de Dieu," *passim*.

bishop, established themselves in the diocese of Cincinnati.

During a pious pilgrimage at Rome, in the year 1832, Madame Anna Maria Brunner, mother of the reverend gentleman mentioned above, uniting herself with the greatest fervor in all the objects of the saintly Canon di Bufalo, became a member of his Arch-confraternity, and on returning to her native land, resolved to consecrate the remainder of her days to the adoration of the Most Precious Blood of Jesus, in the Holy Sacrament of the altar. The better to withdraw from distractions which might tend to interrupt her devotions, she retired to the solitary castle of Lowenberg, in the Grisons (Switzerland), where, in the course of the following year, she was joined by twelve devout young women from Alsace and Baden, who placed themselves under her direction, and for whom she prepared a rule, by which they led a regular religious life in the observance of nocturnal adoration.

The night was subdivided, and each member passed two hours before the altar. Every day, at the close of the morning prayers and before the celebration of the Holy Mass, the sentences enjoined by Arch-confraternity were repeated by each member of the community, in an audible voice ; and during the celebration of the Mass, they recited together the litany of the Most Precious Blood. The day was employed in manual labor, always accompanied by prayers or meditation, in the house or garden, or in the fields ; for they were poor, and could command no other means of subsist-

ence, either for themselves or for the indigent female orphans whom they sustained in their convent. The blessing of God gave the fruits of their toil; and trusting to the results of their prayers and industry, and the powerful intercession of the Blessed Mother of God, they, after a little time, charged themselves with the expense of educating for the holy priesthood seven young missionaries, who were afterwards attached to the zealous band who (as we have related) entered the diocese of Cincinnati, A. D. 1843.

A year after the arrival of the missionary priests, the Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati extended an invitation also to the community at Lowenberg to establish themselves in his diocese, which was accepted. The simple story of the travels hitherward, by land and sea, of these angelic women, as given in letters to their friends, is most touching. Our limits confine us to a few brief extracts from this interesting correspondence. After a tearful parting with the beloved ones at Lowenberg, whose faces they should see no more on earth, they went first to prostrate themselves at the feet of our Lady of Einsiedeln, to implore her blessing on their great undertaking, and to place it under her direction. Refreshed and full of consolation, they now directed their steps towards the great Western ocean, which they must traverse in order to reach their goal in the midst of the vast continent beyond it, yet no fear or danger agitated their strong and faithful hearts.

"Truly," writes one of them, "this great journey

might well have frightened us, but when we remembered that the Son of God had freely poured out the last drop of his most precious blood for us, we said one to another, 'If in America we can prevent even one mortal sin, the fatigues we now undergo will be richly repaid; and should we find nothing else to do, we can teach our Catholics to say the Rosary of the Most Precious Blood, and we can seek out some poor orphans who have need of our care, and then we shall be content. But even if we find nothing to do, we know well that our dear Lord will accept our good intentions to honor His great sacrifice; for, sweet Mother, have we not laid our undertaking, and all that may result from it, at thy feet? When we accepted this mission to America, did we not place ourselves under thy blessed patronage as servants of Mary?' "

Thus rejoicing on their way, these humble daughters of our Blessed Lady reached America.

Within a few days, more than forty Catholic maidens were received for catechetical instructions by the Sisters, who lost not a moment in resuming their religious life in its original order, both in the nocturnal adoration of the Most Blessed Sacrament and in the daily manual labor, commingled, as before, with constant prayer and meditation, and the offices of the chapel. Their first Mass was offered on the midnight eve of Christmas, and they commemorated this happy event by naming their chapel *Maria zur Krippe*—Anglice, Mary of the Manger.

The community increased rapidly by the accession

of many young women from Europe, who desired to participate in their holy life of seclusion, which is at the same time so full of usefulness; and from time to time American girls presented themselves for admission, so that within five years after their arrival the number of the Sisterhood had reached one hundred and fifty-four. At this time (1862) their catalogue records the names of more than four hundred, some of whom have already entered upon their rest.

Ten convents of their order are distributed over a region of some five and twenty miles or more in length, and of unequal breadth. They are usually seated in the midst of fertile fields of corn, and surrounded by orchards, vegetable gardens, and vineyards, which present the most striking contrasts to the surrounding wilderness of woods, which extends in all directions further than the eye can reach. It is a pleasing spectacle to the traveller, as he pursues his solitary path along the rude highways that perforate the vast forests of this district, when, above the unbroken line of lofty trees, he descries, first, a symmetrical steeple; a little further on, he is almost startled by a sudden opening, which discloses an apparition of wide fields, from near the centre of which rises a cluster of substantial edifices of various kinds. The church, no longer a rude structure of logs, has now become a spacious, well-proportioned, and solid pile of brick and stone.

Here Father Brunner began to preach on Devotion to Our Lady, and on the nearly unknown devotion of her Rosary. In the Society, when the sun is setting,

they say the Rosary, the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, and have, by special privilege, the Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament. Then, at night prayers, again the Rosary; and, in the silence of the midnight, each sister, during her two hours of adoration, recites it thrice. Oh, think of that. How often from these holy women goes up that beautiful supplication for us all, while the beads drop noislessly, one by one, through the weariless fingers, and the hush of the solemn hours is scarce broken by the murmur of "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death!" You can hear the Brothers and the Sisters at their daily labor, break into praises of Saint Mary; and if they rest from their toil, it is only, with many of them, that they may tell their beads. If any thing is greatly needed, if epidemics threaten, if temporal or spiritual loss seem to impend, a devotion to the gentle Mother is commanded, and they say that they always obtain their requests.[1]

So that you do not wonder to hear that, all through the surrounding country, the text-book in each family is Saint Alphonsus Liguori's "Glories of Mary," and that the Chaplet is their daily devotion; that the chapels are crowded every evening; that in the bitter winter you can see lines of lanterns, glimmering through the dark of the early morning, as the faithful pick their way, through the most detestable of roads,

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[1] Letters of Rev. Joseph Dwenger, Priest C.PP.S., September 14 and August 24, 1861.

to the break-of-day Mass and first Rosary. All are enrolled in one or more Confraternities of the Blessed Virgin—that of the "Sacred Heart of Mary, for the Conversion of Sinners," or that of the "Scapular," or of the "Living Rosary," or of "Our Lady's Seven Sorrows," or of the "Immaculate Conception," or in the "Sodality of the Blessed Virgin." "Our people," says a devoted priest of that region, "would almost think it a mortal sin to omit the Rosary on Sundays or on Festivals." Every few miles a new brick church, or convent, or pious school, gleams through the openings of the woods; and the venerable Archbishop Purcell calls the place the "Thebais of Ohio." It is, too, the "Blessed Virgin's land," and the whole district resounds with Saint Bernard's cry, *O clemens, O pia, O dulcis Virgo Maria!* O piteous, O gentle, O sweet Virgin Mary!

## CHAPTER XV.

### Our Lady of Saint Ursula and Saint Angela.

As early as the year 1700, the nuns of Our Lady of La Trappe were at work amid the ice of New Scotland.[1] By 1790 the nuns of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, home of the Scapular, were laboring in Maryland. When you get to Cincinnati, in these days, and debark from the railway train, perhaps you may want to go to the cathedral. Get, then, into one of those "street-cars," and ride up into the town. After a square or two has been passed, a woman gets in, probably accompanied by a child. Young looking, but how young you cannot nearly guess: the infinite peace of God seems to settle on such faces, so as to destroy the marks of Time's advance. Whether she be twenty or forty is not particularly evident. But you remark her. There is a look of singular sweetness and patience on the face, which gives refinement; or it may be that that is there naturally—you don't know; she may have been born a countess, for there are such among them. There is a bonnet, not very peculiar, but such as nobody in good society would like to wear, at least; there is a black cloak—a very poor woman's cloak;

[1] Vie de Marguerite Bourgeoys, ii. 470.

there is a coarse brown robe, and on the bosom of that, the crest and arms of her nobility, is a crimson cross. That is a Franciscan Hospital Sister, out begging from door to door, for food, clothes, money, any thing that good people choose to give for the support of a hospital where any who are poor may enter, "without distinction of sex, age, country, or religion."

There are only two doubts to be settled: is the applicant in downright need? and, is there a bed empty? These decided, they take the patient in, and set to work to support and nurse him or her for the love of the dear God who died for us all. That is the way these new crusaders, these red-cross sisters, do at the Hospital of MARY'S HELP. They were added to our holy Archbishop's causes of gratitude to God, some three or four years ago, invisible for awhile—violets in the winter; by and by, when the spring came, a couple of years later, blooming out modestly, two days after their arrival, begging from door to door in the strange, uncultivated, but not unkindly town. And then, as reward for their energy, God sent them, in the first week, some dozen of pauper patients, in a few weeks forty, and then they knew that His blessing was with them. Swift then as weeds, but pure and sacred as tall lilies, sprang up their convent and their hospital of "Mary's Help." In 1860, two hundred and seventy patients had been nursed; the next year, *five hundred and eighteen*, and, among those, thirty, worn out with age, for life; and all supported, and all ex-

penses paid, by the *daily asking of alms from door to door.*

Ah, blessed women, daughters of Charity and Mercy, servants of the poor, spouses of Jesus, sisters of Blessed Mary, vestals who ward off the wrath of Justice,[1] pure types of consecrate womanhood, ye are called by many names, ye live by the pulse of *one* Heart. Other creeds have striven to imitate you, and have gotten exotic and bereaved plants, and these have found no nourishment in those stranger lands, by stranger waters. But the Catholic sister is a strong and glorious tree, whose sap is the Blood of the Lord, whose roots are planted in the Paradise on high. Think how those sisters move about the noisome streets of poverty and dark infectious lanes, quietly, as by stealth, *stealing* through the shadows, uncovetous of man's approbation. Gentle, modest flowers of holiness; the fragrance of whose mercy and prayerfulness, and love for God and man, like the scent of the Alpine rhododendron, escapes the perception of man, and floats straightway upwards to the Throne.

One day, too, shall they all be gathered there, and out from the lips of Him who died for us, of the King and Judge, these words shall flow: "My sisters, I was an hungered and ye gave Me meat, I was thirsty and ye gave Me drink, I was naked and ye clothed Me, sick and ye ministered unto Me, in prison and ye visited Me.

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[1] In pagan Rome, the passing by of a Vestal Virgin conveyed pardon to criminals doomed to death.

For inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of my poor brethren, ye have done it unto Me. When ye consoled the sorrowful, your words of pity sank into My wounded heart; it was My ear that listened when ye instructed the pauper; when ye relieved the beggar, *this* pierced hand took the alms; when ye gave drink to the thirsty, ye lifted the cup to the lips of your Redeemer and your God. And these shall go into everlasting life."[1]

As you leave the College of Our Lady of Angels, to cross into Canada by the Suspension Bridge, you see above the rainbow-crowned mist the Convent of Our Lady of Peace. It is a house of Lorettines, and, being a place of pilgrimage, will be spoken of hereafter. Let us come to Our Lady of Saint Ursula and Saint Angela.

There is an order of holy women "wonderfully raised up," says the Collect, "in His Church by God, under the protection of the glorious Virgin Mary, Mother of His only-begotten Son."[2] These enter the Chapel, wherein they take their veil and vows, to the music of this solemn march:

O GLORIOSA VIRGINUM.[3]

O Mary, while thy Maker blest
Is nourished at thy virgin breast,
Such glory shines that stars, less bright,
Behold thy face and lose their light.

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[1] St. Matthew, xxv. 34-46.

[2] Collect for Feast of St. Ursula.

[3] I find this rendering in Bishop England's Works, iv. 208.

The loss that man in Eve deplores,
Thy fruitful womb in Christ restores;
And makes the way to heaven free
For them that mourn to follow thee.

By thee the heavenly gates display
And show the lights of endless day.
Sing, ransomed nations! sing, and own
Your ransom was a Virgin's Son.

May age to age forever sing
The Virgin's Son and Angel's King,
And praise, with the celestial host,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

And then the celebrant chants solemnly, for the postulant, *Ora pro ea, Sancta Dei Genitrix;* and the choir of sisters respond in harmony, *Ut digna efficiatur promissionibus Christi.* "Pray for her, Holy Mother of God, that she may be made worthy of the promises of Christ."[1] These are the Ursulines, and to me, at least while making *this* book, they seem inseparable, somehow, from the Sisters of Charity and Mercy. Remember the beginning of our story, and see how they stood side by side amid the Canadian snows. When they were burnt out in the sharp winter of 1638–9,[2] it was the sisters who received them into such shelter as they had, and clothed them for the time in their own gray habits. At New Orleans, they had, at one time, to perform the duties of Hospital Sisters, for they were the only religious there in 1728,[3] and for many years

[1] Works of Rt. Rev. Dr. England, iv. 192.

[2] Vide this work, pp. 40, 41.

[3] Annales de l'Ordre de Sainte Ursule, Clermont-Ferrand, ii. 661.

after. It was in their schools that the first Indian girls were taught; it may be there that the last shall learn their Ave Maria, before they perish under the ruthless feet of the white man.

When we last saw the daughters of Saint Angela Merici, they were in Montreal and Quebec. A century later we find them amid the miasms of Louisiana. Mother Mary Tranchepain, surnamed of Saint Augustine, and ten devoted companions, form the first band who go to the city of New Orleans—city of so many and varied destinies. We have her own earnest and pious account of the voyage;[1] of their danger and wreck, and their vow to Saint Mary the Virgin; of her perfect confidence in that good Mother, and consequent calm fearlessness.[2] Afterwards she describes the arrival and rude settlement of their community, and then, also, she has to tell of the holy death of three of them, as each in her turn succumbed to the labors and the insalubrity of the climate.

On the first year of their arrival they were welcomed by somewhat such terrors as greeted their sisters long ago in the days of the Iroquois. The Natchez fell upon Fort Rosalie, and massacred all but the children. These, or thirty at least of them, were purchased back from the savages, and formed the first Orphan Asylum of the Ursulines. To this they soon added other

[1] Relation du Voyage des premières Ursulines à la Nouvelle Orléans et de leur établissement en cette ville. Par la R. Mère St. Augustin de Tranchepain.

[2] Relation du Voyage, etc., pp. 15, 25, 26.

schools, one for young French ladies, one for the slave women, a day-school for the poorer white children, a hospital, and a Magdalen Asylum. So that not content with being Ursulines, they must needs, for awhile at least, make themselves Daughters of Charity and Sisters of the Good Shepherd. And for all these toils, in 1730, seven nuns—it was all that was left of them—found courage and resignation in those inexhaustible wells, the Hearts of Jesus and Mary.[1]

By and by there comes, in 1755, a new claim on the charity of these brave women, a claim met heartily and with good-will. It came from the extreme North, there where Mary of the Incarnation worked and wrote long ago. In her neighborhood, but still further north and eastward, in the now British province of Nova Scotia, was the land once known as Acadia. There are many Protestant historians who sketch the sad history of the cruel ruin of these settlements, but there are no Catholic authors obtainable by me. Most beautiful of all narratives is Longfellow's "Evangeline;" but it tells the story only of two exiles, both of whom find their rest in another part of this vast semi-continent, and, cradled in Nova Scotia, make their graves in Pennsylvania. When Evangeline wandered to Louisiana, she found only Ursuline nuns, as there were no other religious in New Orleans at the time of the arrival of the Acadians. These holy women formed the provisional army of

[1] Life of Bishop Flaget, pp. 157, 158.

Charity and Mercy during the first struggles of those countries.

They were Bretons originally, these Acadians, and from that land, and from illustrious La Vendée, whose warriors went to battle with the sacred Heart of Mary, white embroidered, upon their breasts, they brought their fidelity to the Queen of Angels, far over the troubled Atlantic, to the wild and ice-bound shores of Cape Breton. They made those deserts blossom; the valleys of that boreal and breeze-swept land stood thick with golden corn; sixty thousand head of horned cattle soon grazed upon the pastures tilled by their careful and industrious hands. The flax which they cultivated, and the flocks which they reared, spun and woven by the nimble fingers of their pious women, clothed the Acadian farmers. Each family was well able to provide for its own wants, so that there were no poor, and little barter. The blessing of paper-money had not lighted upon them, and they had little or no use for the slight stock of gold and silver which they possessed. They kept as clear of the court of justice as they did of the trader's exchange. The elders of the villages settled all slight quarrels; they carried the greater to the priest. He drew their public acts, recorded their wills, kept them instructed in the law of God, consecrated their lives by Sacraments, kept vivid in their souls devotion to Mary Immaculate. His salary was the *twenty-seventh* part of the harvest—always more than he needed, for there were no poor. "Misery was wholly unknown,

and benevolence anticipated the demands of poverty."[1]

The Acadian married young, chose his own partner for life, and she brought him her portion in flocks and herds. When the union had been determined on, the whole community built the young couple a house, broke up the lands about it, supplied them with life's necessaries for a twelvemonth, and bade them God speed. The population numbered eighteen thousand souls. And when their sun was at its serenest the storm came down. In 1762 this charge was brought against them, "That the Council were fully convinced of their strict attachment to the French king, and their readiness at all times to take part with and assist him."[2] This was the cloud, and from it the lightning soon fell. In the Octave of Our Lady's Seven Sorrows, September 17, they stood upon the shore surrounded with bayonets which were to drive them, if resisting, into the vessels prepared for their deportation. Their houses, churches, barns, and mills had been given to the flames—two hundred and fifty-three of these burning at once in a single settlement, five hundred lying in ashes in another. Some fled and perished in the woods, some made good their escape, most of them submitted to the force employed.

Back from the cold beach about a mile stood the

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[1] Haliburton, C. J., i. 172.

[2] Proceedings of his Majesty's Council on the subject of the removal of the Acadians in 1762, extracted from Council books.

Church of Our Lady of Acadie. There they gathered for the last time, while Father Reynal offered the Holy Mysteries for them. Then they marched slowly out, weeping, telling their beads, chanting the Litanies of the Blessed Virgin, singing hymns to her eternal Son and her. All the way from that chapel to the shore the mournful procession passed through the kneeling ranks of their wild weeping mothers and wives, of their sisters and little children; and when the men had passed, these rose and followed to the ships. And so, driven aboard, they passed away over the strange seas, in that Octave of Our Lady of Sorrows.

The sun went down. Such of the poor women as were left found shelter where they could for themselves and their children, and the provincial soldiery stood in their ranks upon the sands, alone in a once beautiful and fertile country, "without a foe to subdue, or a population to protect. But the volumes of smoke," says the Protestant historian, "which the half-expiring embers emitted, while they marked the site of the peasant's cottage, bore testimony to the extent of the work of destruction. For several successive evenings the cattle gathered round the smoking ruins, as if in expectation of the return of their masters, and all night long the faithful watch-dogs howled over the scene of desolation, and mourned alike the hand that had fed and the house that had sheltered them."[1]

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[1] Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia, by Hon. Chief-Justice Haliburton. Halifax, 1829, i. 180, 181.

All these sad victims were sown like wild-flower seeds, by chance, as it were, all along the North American coast from Main to Louisiana. No regard was paid to family ties: daughters were separated from their mothers, wives from husbands, and little children from their families. Such of the latter, a large number, as reached New Orleans, formed the second inheritance of orphans which fell to the Ursulines of the South. There, at least, these little ones found a home.

Many a trial to their faith, hope, and patience, had the community of New Orleans to sustain. First, want, and labor, and poverty,—but these were natural to the missionary nun; then the loss of eighteen of their number at once, who retired to Havana on the purchase of Louisiana by the United States Government;[1] then by the decay of religious spirit among the people, only revived by the coming of Bishop Dubourg. They knew where to have recourse in their sorrows. The good bishop having obtained for them the permission of the Holy Father to that effect, they placed themselves under the especial protection of Saint Mary, and called themselves thenceforward Ursulines of the Presentation of Our Lady.[2] And then, at the close of 1814, having finished their chapel, they erected the statue of our Lady of Swift Help, *Nôtre Dame de Prompt Secours*, and thither go the Ursulines for comfort now. In that same year of 1815, an army threat-

[1] Servantes de Dieu: La Roche Heron, p. 28.

[2] This was effected on January 16, 1813.

ened the town of New Orleans, and General Andrew Jackson commanded its defences. And while Old Hickory swore and fought hard, the daughters of Saint Angela knelt before the statue of Nôtre Dame, and behind them knelt the women of the city, lady and negress side by side, all, with earnest supplication, pouring forth the Litany of "Our Lady of Prompt Succor." And the cannon that thundered without, and the rattle of musketry, and the shouts of the fighters went *their* way also. Perhaps, since then, with the same or greater agony of supplication, they may have prayed this Litany; perhaps they are praying it now, October, 1862.

We will condense it for economy of space. After the usual Kyrie eleison and invocation of the Most Holy Trinity, of "Holy Mary," and of "Mother of the Infant Jesus," it is in substance as follows:

Our Lady of Prompt Help, *Pray for us.*

Our Lady, Prompt Help of those who invoke thee with confidence; of those devout to the Infant Jesus; of those yearning for an earnest and enlightened faith; of penitents; of afflicted families; of the poor and infirm; of travellers; of mariners; of the shipwrecked; of those in the last agony; of the souls in purgatory, *Pray for us.*

Our Lady, Prompt Help to obtain and preserve charity; to observe the law of God; to obtain contrition and perseverance in the practice of good works, *Pray for us.*

Our Lady, Prompt Help in the conversion of sin-

ners; in the wants of the soul; in occasions of sin; in temptation; in necessities of the body; in the accidents of life; in conflagration; in inundation; in enlightening unbelievers; in the conversion of heretics, *Pray for us.*

Our Lady, Prompt Help against impurity; against the revolt of the will from God's will; against lightning and tempests; against contagious diseases; against the Evil One, *Pray for us.*

Our Lady, Prompt Help of *the people of New Orleans;* of those who fight in defence of their country; against our enemies, *Pray for us.*

O God, who beholdest us encompassed on all sides by dangers and miseries; grant us in Thy goodness that the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God Thy only Son, may defend us from the malignant enemy, and protect us against all adversity; that she may ever, by prompt help, deliver us from the necessities of body and soul, and with her powerful hand lead us in safety to the kingdom of heaven; through, etc.[1]

In 1823 these noble Ursulines of New Orleans were strengthened by a colony of six from Old Quebec again; and in 1861 by others from the convent of St. Martin, in Ohio. Let us move that way. Up from the French capital, following Marquette's River of the Immaculate Conception to the Ohio, first known to those Jesuit servants of Mary who died beneath the

[1] Find this Litany printed in St. John's Manual. Dunigan & Bro., New York, 1857, p. 1136.

Iroquois tomahawk and scalping-knife, to the cathedral town of Cincinnati; and thence back into the new country, where, since July 21, in the Octave of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, 1845, they have been training souls in the love of God and Mary.

As you approach it, you are struck with the features of American natural beauty which surround it: we once heard an eloquent guest compare it to the Happy Valley of Rasselas, a valley *in*, but not of the world. We would rather liken it to the mountain-top, as being more isolated, and higher up, nearer to God than valleys are or may be. Mountain-top or valley, however, this place is like a result of the traditional recollection of Eden. The broad plains covered with corn, vineyards, and orchards, or lying in wide sheets of dark green meadow, daisy-spotted and arabesqued by brooks; the stately, calm nobleness of ancient forests, linden and oak and maple and locust; then over and through all this, the humming of bees and golden beetles in the noon, and the flashing of phosphoric fire-flies, diamond-like luminous in the dusk; and the constant, varied song of unhunted birds, from the pure, sweet whistle of the golden yellow-bird, through robin and red-bird, quail-pipe, screech of blue-jay, low coo of purple-throated dove, to the varied utterance of the reddish mocking-bird, and the sweet, rollicking song of the bobolink, rocking on a mullen top.

First you see the little church, usually with half a dozen birds upon its cross, making you think of that *Ecce enim passer invenit domum*, etc. *Behold the spar-*

*row hath found her a house, and the turtle-dove a nest where she may lay her young, even Thine altars, O Lord of Hosts, my King and my God.*[1] Then you see the presbytery where two holy priests, Fathers Gacon and Cheymol have, like their Master, been "doing good" for twenty years; and then you see, amid the trees, the noble Convent of the devoted daughters of St. Ursula.

Another colony comes to Cleveland. Their bishop, Mgr. Rappe, receives them in their chapel with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the first time there, on the feast of the Virgin's Assumption. In the Octave of the Immaculate Conception, their chapel received by its consecration that beautiful title as its own. On the festival of the Annunciation, the first Communion of the pupils took place. Go further north and you find them still; at three Rivers, at the Saut Sainte Marie, children these, too, of the antique pioneers of Quebec. And these of the North now count over seventeen thousand pupils, instructed in more than the ordinary branches, some in the highest of women's studying; best of all, instructed in the lore of love of God, and devotion to the Model of Christian women, the stainless and gentle Mary.[2]

But we must retrace our way, back down the Father of Waters, to what, so short a time ago, was wilderness; to far-off Texas, to Galveston and San Antonio.

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[1] Psalm lxxxiii. 3.

[2] Annales de l'Ordre de Sainte Ursule, ii. 550, 556.

Sister Saint Ambrose will be our guide.[1] From Southern France, she—from Auch, in diocese of Toulouse. "Good-by, fair France!" she writes from Havre; "farewell, my good Mother Superior, and all my sisters. We confessed, heard Mass, and received the Holy Communion this morning at Nôtre Dame. Earnestly we called upon Mary, and besought her to offer us to her Divine Son: then, at her feet, we bade adieu to all whom we love. Good-by, till heaven." It was on the eve of the Annunciation of Our Lady that they sailed. On the Feast of her Visitation they were at their home in Galveston. It was on an island, she tells us, flat, without a single spring; they drank unfiltered rain-water there, as in Africa and elsewhere. They are devoured by mosquitos; overrun with sharp-biting ants. The convent is of wood. "Not much of a palace," says Sister Saint Ambrose, "but finer than our Lord's at Bethlehem." For her own presidential room, she has a plank hut, a shanty in the garden; with a rough wooden cross made by herself, and below it, pasted on the wall, *une petite image de Marie*,—a little picture of Mary.

"Send us some help, good mother," she writes to France; "young sisters, in good health. Make them study English thoroughly, without going before the mirror to practise the *th*. Preach to them well. Promise them, that if they come here, they shall have affliction, privation, humiliation, suffering, and temp-

[1] Annales, ii. 571, 608.

tation of all sorts and 'without end.'" The Protestant ministers preach a crusade against them: it sends all the curious to look at and listen to them. Ministers mock at the poverty of their convent; it sets people thinking, and converts come in by the dozen. A hurricane sweeps away the roof; the rain-storm that follows drenches the house. "Never mind," says Sister Saint Ambrose, "we sail in the good ship, 'The Divine Will,' peacefully and joyously, and are confident that Mary will bring us safe to port."

After a little, in the summer of 1853, the yellow fever and the cholera together furnish them with new experiences. In New Orleans two thousand persons perish in a single week: the dead-cart rumbles perpetually over the pavement. In Galveston these plagues decimate the population. "But all our confidence is in Mary, who we know will help us to keep ready for our appearance before our Lord." Prayers are ordered, of course, by Monseigneur Odin. To these the Ursulines add a particular devotion to Mary. In the Octave of Our Lady's Nativity in September, almost in the tropics, a severe frost sets in and the terrible scourges are checked. "No doubt," says the pious sister, "we owe this favor to Blessed Mary; therefore we intend to make a devotion in her honor immediately, at once to recognize her kindness in banishing the plagues, and to beg her continuous protection for our community."

There were, before the sickness, seven priests and a deacon in the then new settlement; after it, there re-

mained *two* priests. This was October, 1853, and Sister Saint Ambrose says, "We hope that Mary will preserve these two. In our house we have not had a single case, neither among the religious nor the scholars. The true, the only reason for this is the 'devotion' of which I have spoken, offered by the community unto Mary."

### THE VOW OF THE GALVESTON URSULINES TO THE IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY,

CONSECRATING THEMSELVES TO IT IN GRATITUDE FOR THEIR PRESERVATION FROM THE SCOURGE OF 1853, AND TO ASSURE THEMSELVES A CONTINUATION OF HER LOVE. OCTOBER 9, 1853.

"O Mary, Mother of God and our Mother, deign to look upon this community of the daughters of Saint Angela, who, prostrate before thee, render thee their homage and implore thy protection.

"Remember, O Mary, that the Most High has made thee the dispenser of His bounty; and that He has only made thee so powerful, so rich, and so good, that thou mayst give us succor in our wretchedness. Thou seest the calamities which afflict this land; perhaps our want of ardor in thy service has been the only cause of them. Help us now worthily to repair our forgetfulness and our ingratitude. Revenge thyself, we pray thee; but revenge thyself, O tender Mother, by piercing our hearts with a sword of love for thy dear Son and thee. Henceforth we wish to be thy most devoted servants. We choose thee for our Queen, our Mother, our Advocate, and our Patroness.

To thee we dedicate and consecrate ourselves, and our convent, and the hearts of all who dwell or shall dwell therein forever. Queen of Virgins, deign to accept the irrevocable gift of ourselves, which, in the sight of heaven and earth, we make to thee this day. And that we may obtain thy strong protection for this convent, which is now thine own, we solemnly engage—

"1. To dedicate our new convent and its church to God, under the title of the Immaculate Conception.

"2. To make a nine days' devotion before each of our feasts.

"3. To make a procession in thy honor on the feasts of thy Immaculate Conception, thy Nativity, thy Annunciation, and Assumption.

"4. On each of these days to cause the Most Holy Sacrifice of the Mass to be offered for these intentions.

"O, our dear Mother, crown all the kindness thou hast shown us by the grace of a holy and happy death, that so, one day, we may all ascend to love thee, and to bless thee forever in heaven. Amen."[1]

The Mother Superior, Sister Saint Jane de Chantal, read this vow aloud in the presence of the Most Blessed Sacrament exposed. A young girl, white-robed, held a wax-light near her. "We sang the hymn and chorus of Our Lady of Victories, *Nôtre Dame des Victoires;* then the Superior, in the name and by the consent of all the sisterhood, pronounced the vow of consecration. Then, afterwards, we sang the hymn,

[1] Annales de l'Ordre de Saint Ursule, ii. 595.

I am the child of sweet Mary,
And that Mother beloved doth bless me each day;
I am the child of sweet Mary,
'Tis the cry of my heart, 'tis my chorus alway.

How blest is he, O tender Mother,
Who in thy ranks hath chosen his part!
There is on earth no bliss more perfect,
Than his who gives to thee his heart.[1]

"Then came the *Tantum Ergo*, and, after the benediction, the *Te Deum*. Our statue of the Virgin we had decorated with our best taste and power, and she seemed to us more gracious than ordinary."

Fire next; but Mary shows her tenderness in that; and though the buildings be of pine, and the column of flame is visible from afar, but little damage is done. The Convent of the Immaculate Conception grows rapidly the while. Next year comes the fever. "The houses around us are all draped in mourning: our convent alone escapes without a single case." At the cathedral, a priest, the Abbé Metz, falls victim. "Thanks to our Mother Mary, so good, so tender! May the people here learn her gentleness and love her." There are more hurricanes. Once, the gulf and the bay threaten

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[1] Je suis l'enfant de Marie,
Et ma mère chérie me bénit chaque jour;
Je suis l'enfant de Marie,
C'est le cri de mon cœur, c'est mon refrain d'amour.

Qu'il est heureux, O tendre mère,
Celui qui t'a donné son cœur!
Est-il un état sur la terre
Qui puisse égaler son bonheur?

—*Cantique à Marie Immaculée.*

to unite their waters and submerge the island. The lime takes fire and burns away—four hundred dollars' worth. A hurricane unroofs the town. *Mais, Marie nous a protégé*—But Mary protected us. The other sisters are rather busy, but "I," Sister Saint Ambrose, "only teach French, writing, drawing, embroidery, and *a few hours* of classes!" And so let us bid farewell to Sister Saint Ambrose and her convent of the Immaculate Conception,—safe there on that island, with the moan of the American Mediterranean for perpetual deep basso to the hymns of the Ursulines.

Sail now along the gulf where the coast trends southward and westward, till you reach *Espiritu Santo*, the Bay of the Holy Ghost. Into that pour two streams; the larger is the river of Our Lady of Guadalupe, the second is Saint Anthony's river. Tracing the latter up, some hundred and fifty miles from the beach, you will come to its head-waters and the ancient Spanish town and new Ursuline convent of San Antonio. Let us listen to an extract from the letters of Sister Saint Joseph, as Mother Saint Angela reads them aloud to the community in far-off French Brignolles.

Country, she thinks, rather savage. Our cloister wall consists of certain stakes set in the earth and connected by iron wire. Father Dubois, priest of the parish, made our grand gate. Cattle are numerous, a circumstance unfavorable to sleep. Besides this, hundreds of wolves[1] prowl round the cabins by night, and

[1] Prairie wolves, *coyotes*.

if not particularly dangerous, are at least an insufferable nuisance, for they howl the whole night through. Any lack of needful peril is made up by the great abundance of rattlesnakes. "One day we found a large one in the kitchen, coiled up upon a plate." Sister Saint Joseph begs a place in men's memory of the animal kingdom at San Antonio for the fleas. She says that they are many; that they last for five months each season. She declines to commit herself to any definite census of them, but quotes from a letter of Father Dubuis. "Even now, while I write to you, there are more than three thousand in my boots."[1] These are the amusements at San Antonio: for the work there has no measurement except the capacities and physical strength of each. For consolation and support they too have their little chapel of the Immaculate Conception, the inner joy of conformity to God's will, the assurance of Mary's love and protection.

Let that noble type of the missionary bishop, Mgr. Odin, tell a story of the Convent of San Antonio.

"A young girl, sixteen years of age, belonging to a Protestant family, after having spent three years in the Convent of San Antonio, and often expressed the desire of receiving baptism and becoming a Catholic, concluded that if she returned to her parents she would never have the happiness of embracing our holy

[1] Annales, ii. 607.

religion. She consequently asked her father to permit her to remain some time longer at school. Three days after receiving the permission to remain she fell ill. From the first she declared that she should never get better, and again requested to be baptized. The Superior recommended her to wait some time longer, hoping that she would be better; but a few days having elapsed, she said to the Mother Superior, 'I have only a few minutes to live; for God's sake let me be baptized.' The priest was sent for, the young person received the sacrament of regeneration, and died a few hours afterwards in the most sublime sentiments of piety.

"She had scarcely been buried a fortnight, ere the Protestant newspapers published anonymous letters, in which this young person's death was questioned. This report gained credence in the public mind; it was intimated that the religious had shut her up in a dungeon, in order to force her ultimately to join their community. Between three and four months after the interment, the father of the young person, accompanied by several Protestants, presented himself at the convent to verify the fact, and was conducted to the tomb which contained the mortal remains. The grave was opened, then the coffin: the deceased was found in a perfect state of preservation, and even more beautiful than on the day of her death; her white robe had not received a single stain. The father recognizing her, cried out, 'O my daughter!' Then he wept bitterly, and uttered no word of complaint against the

religious, for he was convinced that these good sisters had done all in their power to preserve the life of his child.

"Some time after this event, the sister sacristan, while cleaning the chapel, found, under the foot of the statue of the Blessed Virgin, a charming letter, which the pious girl had addressed to the Queen of Angels, asking of her, in terms of admirable simplicity, to obtain, from her Divine Son, for the writer, the grace of not dying without baptism.[1]

"† JOHN MARY,
"*Bishop of Galveston.*"

And now, with a fact or two about the connection of the Ursulines with the Devotion to the Mother of God in North America, we will say good-by to those noble and exemplary ladies. And first: their distinct mission of education is to the girls and young women of the wealthier classes. They always have schools for poor children attached. The North American Ursulines, or rather the Ursulines in North America, for, with a few English exceptions, they are chiefly French, have taught love, confidence, and hope in Christ, through His beloved Mother, to more than thirty thousand of the wealthier persons of this country. Ah, what may that not effect; thirty thousand seeds sown, of respect for marriage, of maternal duty, of honor to authority, of reverence to Blessed Mary, of love of

[1] Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, November, 1859.

God, of fear of sin, of love of virtue, of habitual *self-government*, meaning thereby, domination of one's own individual passions. Ten Ursulines, or ten of their pupils who observe and keep what the Ursulines teach them, would have saved Sodom and Gomorrah. Here there are eleven houses of the Order.

To conclude this chapter let us borrow an article or two from the Constitutions.

ARTICLE I. Devotion to the Blessed Mother of God being earnestly recommended to all religious communities, inasmuch as she is their Lady and Mother, as well as the sole perfect model of the life which they should lead, the religious of this Order of Saint Ursula are more particularly bounden to this duty, so that by her intercession and especial protection they may labor more fruitfully to form JESUS CHRIST in the hearts of young girls, and to instil into those hearts the virtues of Mary, according to the spirit of their institute.

ARTICLE II. Therefore, in every convent, the Blessed Virgin Mary shall be especially chosen for first and chief Superior, which election shall be thus made:

ARTICLE III. On the day appointed by proper authority, all the religious of a community being assembled in chapel, wherein shall be placed a statue of the Blessed Virgin, holding in her sacred arms the Infant JESUS, they shall invoke the Holy Ghost, by saying or singing the hymn *Veni Creator Spiritus*. Then shall follow some prayers to the Mother of God, and after that the Mother Superior shall place the keys of the convent at the foot of the statue, and, all

kneeling, she shall offer her charge and the convent to Our Lady by some devout prayer. Then the Mother Superior shall render homage to the Blessed Virgin by kissing the feet of her image, and all the sisters shall do so in turn, passing processionally, and singing the *Te Deum laudamus*.

And this, with what is already recorded,[1] is a faint sketch of what the Ursulines have to do with Devotion to Mary in North America.

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[1] See this work, pp. 33–47.

## CHAPTER XVI.

VARIOUS ORDERS OF OUR LADY—PILGRIMAGES TO OUR LADY OF PEACE, OF MERCY, OF GRACE, AND BACK TO OUR LADY OF GOOD HELP IN MONTREAL.

IT is to be understood that every religious order is devoted in some way to the Blessed Virgin. But in our extreme dearth of material we can only signalize a few besides those already given. The Ladies of the Sacred Heart are too well known to need any description. They are in Oregon and New Orleans, in New York and Missouri. They had, in 1853, twelve establishments for education: they numbered two hundred religious in the United States.[1] The Princess Gallitzin, cousin of the heroic prince-priest already sketched,[2] was one of the earliest and most energetic developers of this Order in North America. She died of yellow fever in Louisiana in the year 1843. In Canada they have forty-three religious. We can allude to only one of the good works of this devout order of women, of which the influence on Devotion to Our Lady in North America is most evident, and by which their zeal for that devotion may be partially estimated. It is what

[1] Servantes de Dieu, etc., pp. 92, 93.

[2] See this work, p. 229.

the French call an *external* association,[1] composed of young ladies who in secular society retain their desire to advance, even there, the cause of religion.

It is called "Association of the Children of Mary in the World," and is composed, in the first instance, of those who have been educated in the schools of the Sacred Heart, under the superintendence of a religious of which order every society is placed. Any other person, however, desiring to share in the privileges may be admitted, after the prescribed tests of fitness have been made. The principal object of the members is to cherish a tender love for the Divine Heart of Jesus, modelling their love upon that which Mary bore her adorable Son. They meet on the first Saturday of every month at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, where they listen to an instruction, after having assisted at Mass and received the Sacraments of Penance and the Most Holy Eucharist. Then the various labors and undertakings of the several members are discussed. "Our Society," one writes to me from a metropolis, "is large and flourishing. Many are attracted to it by the simple sweetness of the title, 'Children of Mary,' and, inspired by filial love, aim diligently to acquire the virtues which should characterize the children of such a Mother. You may imagine how great must be the influence of such an association; and it is consoling to think how, more and more, in our community here, this influence is

[1] Congrégations externes.

extending among the wealthier and more educated classes in general society, removing antipathies, softening prejudices, and gently but surely instilling the principles of Faith."

Some such external association is, I believe, directed by the Sisters of Mercy and of Our Lady of the Visitation.

There is, then, an order in the dioceses of Michigan and Philadelphia, elsewhere perhaps, who are called "Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary." Their objects are the instruction of youth; the founding of Catholic schools; the care, if necessary, of orphans; the instruction of young girls for first communion. Their churches, convents, and schools are all placed under the immediate protection of Our Blessed Immaculate Mother. Their uniform is of her colors, blue and white; in all their exercises they have particular exercises in honor of the Immaculate Conception; and in honor of that sacred mystery they commence even their recreations with a "Hail Mary."[1]

There is no end to the variety of titles under which the devotees of Mary seek to express their love for Our dear Lady. Some choose for especial devotion that grand Mystery of her preparation to bring forth the Redeemer of the world, called the Immaculate Conception; others choose the Visitation, and find the sanctification of children to be their distinct work in this world. Some call themselves Lorettines, in rever-

[1] Letter of Rev. M. Callaert, October 18, 1861.

ence of that particular Lady-chapel. Some honor especially Our Lady of the Presentation, and these all take, in religion, the name of Mary. One Society is called "Sisters of the Holy Names of JESUS and Mary;" another is the "Community of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd"—of Him who said, "As a shepherd seeketh out his flock, so will I seek out my sheep and will deliver them out of all places wherein they were scattered in the dark and cloudy day. I will seek that which was lost, and bring again that which was driven away, and will bind up that which was broken, and will strengthen that which was sick. And I will make with them a covenant of peace, and will cause the evil beasts to cease out of the land; and they shall dwell safely in the wilderness; they shall sleep even in the woods. For ye, My flock, the flock of My pasture, are men, and I am your God, saith the Lord God."[1]

This is the community, the first idea whereof sprang from a brave woman of the working classes, Madelaine l'Amy; but the first who put on the habit and pronounced the vows, was a child of one of the haughtiest and most ancient houses of Normandy, Mademoi-

[1] Sicut visitat pastor gregem suam, sic visitabo oves meas, et liberabo eas de omnibus locis in quibus dispersæ fuerunt in die nubis et caliginis. Quod perierat requiram, et quod abjectum erat reducam, et quod confractum fuerat alligabo et quod infirmum fuerat consolidabo. Et faciam cum eis pactum pacis, et cessare faciam bestias pessimas de terra et qui habitant in deserto, securi dormient in saltibus. Vos autem greges mei, greges pascuæ meæ homines estis, et ego Dominus Deus vester dicit Dominus Deus.—Ezechiel, xxxiv. 11, 12, 16, 25, 31.

selle de Taillefer. Now nearly *eight hundred* of these devoted women are laboring to reclaim their ruined sisters. "We are touched," it has been said by a certain writer, "we are touched by the devotion of those chaste spouses of Christ, who have consecrated themselves to education; of those who deny themselves the supreme joy of motherhood, to become mothers and servants of the orphan poor. We venerate those who have made themselves, for God's sake, the inseparable companions of contagion and infection; breathing, as it were by predilection, the putrid miasms of the hospital; cleansing the loathsome ulcer, binding up the bleeding wound, sustaining feebleness, watching over idiocy or madness.

"But what shall we think of those religious who choose for their daily companions the most degraded of their sex, so as to win those poor lost sheep back to the flock and fold of God? What shall we say of Virtue going to look for Vice, of Modesty searching out Ribaldry, overcoming the mere instincts of respectability to save one brand from the burning, one immortal soul from hell, for the love of that eternal King who died for us all? Ah! in the insufferable wicked mockery of that noblest of English words, 'loyalty,' in the midst of those floods of trash which men dare to call, now-a-days, by that pure and Christian and beautiful name, how encouraging to him who has eyes and who looks out of them, to see one set of holy women, if that were all, loyal in its only sense, loyal to their King!"

I do not know whether it be a rule of this Order or not, but I observe, in looking over the lists of three or four institutions, that all of the religious are named Mary. They have been in the United States, so far as I can discover, since 1842.

The Ladies of Loretto are also all called Mary; and I beg my readers particularly to note these little points. It is the *straw* which shows how the wind blows; in breeze, or gale, or tornado the clay-bank stands stupidly steadfast. So many of these Dominicans, Lorettines, Good Shepherds, Trappists, Carmelites, are all called Mary, and only intellectual obesity can be dull to the influence of a name. The Lorettines spoken of above come from Dalkey Abbey in Ireland, but the institute originated in Bavaria among the loyal British exiles who had taken refuge there in the last struggle of the Stuart. In North America, since 1845, they are discoverable by me only in Toronto and at Niagara Falls. At the former place their convent is known as Our Lady of Loretto, at the Falls it is Our Lady of Peace. The grand cataract itself has been consecrated by his lordship Doctor Lynch to the Blessed Virgin of Peace,[1] and the Holy Father has been pleased to grant the privileges of pilgrimage to this convent.

He grants a plenary indulgence to those who, after the usual preparation, shall receive the Most Holy

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[1] Kind and courteous letter from V. R. Mr. Northgraves, October, 1861.

Communion and pray in the church for "the concord of Christian princes, the peaceful triumph of Our Holy Mother the Church, the extirpation of heresy, and the conversion of sinners." "Pius, PP. IX., for everlasting memory of the fact:—It has been shown Us by our venerable brother John Lynch, now Bishop of Toronto, that he intends to establish a pilgrimage to the Church of the Blessed Virgin, called Our Lady of Peace, situated within his diocese at the Falls of Niagara. We have granted, therefore, to the pilgrims making this pilgrimage the indulgences attached to the prescribed and annexed prayers."[1] It was on the Sunday within the Octave of Our Lady's Ascension that the church was dedicated. Hundreds of pilgrims, after hearing Mass in the city of Toronto, proceeded by steamer and railway to the shrine. And when they came back, at least upon the steamer, they chanted, with the sublime, perpetual voice of the cataract for basso, the Vespers of the Blessed Virgin. After which all knelt, with their faces towards Toronto, in adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, thanking the Redeemer, there present, for their preservation from all casualties

[1] Pius P. P. IX. ad perpetuam rei memoriam. Exponendum nobis nuper curavit Venerabilis Frater Joañnes Lynch hodiernus Episcopus Toruntinus sibi in animo esse instituere sacram peregrinationem ad ecclesiam Beatæ Mariæ Virginis, cui nomen a Pace, sitam ad præcipites lapsus aquarum loci "Niagara" qui nominatur, dictæ diœcesis. Enixas ideo preces Nobis admovit ut pro fidelibus præfatam sacram peregrinationem, peragentibus cælestes indulgentiarum thesauros de benignitate Nostra reserare dignaremus."—die 1 Martii, MDCCCLXI Pontificatus nostri anno decimoquinto.

during that, the first pilgrimage to Our Lady of Peace.

And now from Our Lady of Peace, riding down the shore and past the tower where swing the inter-wreathed crosses of Saint Andrew and Saint George, we may cross the bridge and stand, in view of the star-spangled banner, near Our Lady of the Cataract and the Seminary of Our Lady of Angels. Not to delay, but to hurry eastward, by a little south, through the land of the old Iroquois Missions, of Jogues and Goupil's martyrdom, of Tegahkouita's and Garacontié's birth; past Saint Mary's church at Medina, the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin at Brockport, the Immaculate Conception at Rochester, the Assumption at Syracuse, the Visitation at Saratoga, to the handsome Gothic heights of the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception in Albany, once the metropolis of antique Dutchmen.

Then down the grand Hudson, through the flat lands which won the Batavian heart so many years ago, through the majestic Highlands, over the sparkling river. We touch our hats as we pass Saint Mary's of Hudson, Saugerties, Poughkeepsie, and New Hamburg; Our Lady of Loretto at Cold Spring; Immaculate Conception at Port Jervis; Our Lady of Mercy at Portchester; Immaculate Conception at Melrose; the Church of the Madonna at Fort Lee; and then, landing at Hoboken, within sight of the tall commanding pile of the Immaculate Conception in Jersey City, across Harsimus Bay, we linger in Hoboken to say a

prayer or twain at the shrines of Our Lady of Mercy and Our Lady of Grace in Hoboken.

While the energetic and devoted Father Cauvin was building the church of Our Lady of Mercy, a pious layman was providing an altar-piece in Rome. It was an accident, a chance, a providence, which you will. But the facts are these. When Father Cauvin wrote to his friend and protector, Cardinal Brignole, for an altar-piece, he received an immediate reply. Some time before, the Signor Paci-Ippoliti had caused a copy of the *Madonna della Misericordia* of Rimini to be made, and had begged the cardinal to present it to some American mission. Mr. Cauvin's letter followed closely on this, and West Hoboken received the picture. It gave to the church its title, as you may see, if you like, above the great door, where the inscription reads thus:

MATER MISERICORDIÆ.

Mother of Grace, O Mary, hear!
Mother of Mercy, lend thine ear!
From raging foes our souls defen ,
And take us when our life shall end.

The dedication of the church was a solemn one: the preacher was His Grace the Archbishop of New York, and a large attendance of clergy and devout laity thronged the aisles. The painting, covered with a curtain, was above the altar, and when it was withdrawn, and the *Ave Maria* rang forth from the choir, all fell upon their knees and joined in that beautiful

prayer to Our Lady of Mercy.[1] But the greatest honor paid to her was that which came across the sea from Italy—the fervently faithful devotion of the truly Italian Catholic heart of Signor Ippoliti. From the moment he was told that his picture had found its mission-home, he wrote to Father Cauvin that he began to place unlimited confidence in Our Lady of Mercy, through the prayers of the devout people of the parish. And then he tells how, on the thirtieth of January, 1853, he was engaged in certain experiments with gunpowder. He thought, *happened* to think, he says, of the church in Hoboken, and recommended himself particularly to the care of Our Lady as venerated there, just as he entered the narrow and close room which was the scene of his experiments.

He had a very large quantity of powder there, when he went in, "giving himself up to Mary with the same filial confidence as a child's, when it throws itself into its mother's arms."[2] In a few moments the whole inflammable mass had exploded about his head and face. The windows and doors of the room were shattered to pieces, the whole house was shaken, but, as he says, "by the mercy of God and his blessed Mother," the servant of Mary was uninjured. The same year, in gratitude for his preservation, he leaves a foundation in *perpetuum* to the church of Our Lady of Mercy. When the Passionist Fathers were sent there by the

[1] Courrier des Etats-Unis, November 27, 1853; Freeman's Journal, same date.

[2] Letter from Signor Ippoliti, August, 1853.

Ordinary, Father Cauvin resigned his pastorate to them, and moving eastward into the midst of the town, founded there the church of Our Lady of Grace.

There the pilgrim, for these are all pilgrimages, will find an exquisitely fine copy of that Madonna of Rafael's which is known as *del Foligno;* that one where you see Our Lady, with her divine eternal Son in her arms, surrounded by cherubic heads of extreme finish and beauty. Below stand or kneel Saint John the Baptist, Saint Augustine, Saint Benedict, and Saint Francis of Assisium. In the centre a cherub holds an uninscribed tablet. This is the grand picture, the altar-piece as we may say, of the Church of Our Lady of Grace; and outside, over the great door, is set a tablet bearing this inscription:

GRATIARUM VIRGINI.

And here the pilgrims are frequent and numerous. Some thirty *ex votos*, in gratitude for graces, cures, or conversions obtained by her intercession, already hang at the altar of the Sacred Patroness. What is said to be a relic of her veil is piously preserved in the church, and the Papal benediction is by especial permission imparted each year on the feast of the Rosary.

His lordship the Bishop of New Jersey testified his veneration for the shrine by solemnly crowning the picture; hoping, by that act of honor and veneration to our blessed Lady, to increase the devotion of the faithful to the Mother of Grace, and to consecrate a shrine full of invitation to the needy and the sorrowful.

There is a large number of pictures of unusual merit in the church, notably, those of Our Lady of Grace *(del Foligno)*, Our Lady of Sorrows, and Our Lady of the Rosary. An immense assemblage attended to do honor to the sacred Lady of the day, and one among them, Madame Pychowski, sang this hymn in honor of the festival:

Mother dearest, mother fairest,
Virgin brightest, purest, rarest,
Lady mild and sweet;
Hear the grateful songs we sing thee,
Hear the hymns we humbly bring thee,
Bending at thy feet!

Gate of Heaven, Star of Morning!
Lo, the votive gifts adorning
This, thy favored shrine!
All the wondrous story telling,
Of thy mercy with us dwelling,
Mother of Grace divine!

In our need upon thee calling,
Thou hast saved from death appalling,
Heard thy children's prayer;
Heard our cry amid the dashing
Of life's waves, our frail barks lashing,
Granting us thy care!

Mother-arm, thy Son infolding,
Mother-heart, within thine holding
All who turn to thee;—
Still thy kind protection lending,
Let thy love on us descending,
Our sweet comfort be!

While our souls to thee uplifting,
We seek peace amid the drifting,
Darkening storms of earth,

Humblest Virgin! Queen of Heaven!
Unto thee be honor given,
Honor due thy worth!

Joyfully this gift we proffer,
Humbly this fair crown we offer,
Deign on us to smile!
Mother of Grace, with heart's o'erflowing,
Thus our grateful love we're showing—
Bending low the while!

Ages past have known thy glory,
Mighty kings and prophets hoary
Sung thy starry crown!
Blessings, honors, clear foretelling,
Lauding thee as all excelling,
Shadowing forth thy throne!

Israel in thee rejoices,
Salem lifts her myriad voices,
Quivering with thy love!
Queen of Angels! Bride of Heaven!
Mediatrix to us given!
Undefilèd dove!

East and West unite to praise thee,
North and South their hymns still raise thee,
Blessed in every land!
Hosts angelic join with mortals,
Far within the starry portals,
Where the seraphs stand!—

Where amid the wide creation,
Holding foremost rank and station,
Christ's dear Mother's seen.
List the glorious strains ascending,
Heaven and Earth, their voices blending,
Hail thee, Crownèd Queen!

Sweep northward again, to our venerable early friend, Our Lady of Good Help. This ends the pil-

grimages known to us on this continent, as it began them. It is with a document of remarkable devotion to Mary that we close this chapter. It is the pastoral of Monseigneur Bourget, bishop of Montreal.

### PASTORAL

OF MONSEIGNEUR THE BISHOP OF MONTREAL, TO ENCOURAGE THE PILGRIMAGE OF NOTRE DAME DE BON SECOURS, AND TO ESTABLISH IN THAT CHAPEL THE CONFRATERNITY OF OUR LADY OF GOOD HELP FOR THE WHOLE DIOCESE.

Ignace Bourget, by the mercy of God and the favor of the Holy Apostolic See, Bishop of Montreal, etc., etc., etc.

To the Clergy, secular and regular, to the Religious Communities, and to all the Faithful of our Diocese, Health and Benediction in our Lord Jesus Christ.

You have not forgotten, dearest brethren, that on the thirteenth of last August we publicly bound ourselves by vow to do our utmost to re-establish the pious Pilgrimage of Our Lady of Good Help, which, by our indifference and the evil of the times, had ceased to be frequented as it once was.

In making this vow we sought to erect a barrier against the terrible epidemic which was making frightful ravages at the gates of our city, and which every day overleaped the limits within which men strove to keep it, to smite its victims in the very heart of the town. In this we only imitated the good example of our fathers, for whom this holy chapel was, from im-

memorial time, a certain refuge in great calamity. *Patres nostri narraverunt nobis.*[1]

We had long groaned in secret to see the venerable Chapel of Good Help almost deserted. We could almost apply to it the words wherewith Jeremiah expressed the just grief which overwhelmed him when he saw the holy temple abandoned and the august solemnities neglected: "The ways of Zion do mourn, because there are none who come to her solemn festivals."[2]

In fact, we no longer saw, as in our fathers' days, crowds of pious pilgrims, moving in the evening, when the toils of the day were done, towards the cherished sanctuary to thank our august Lady of Good Help for the graces obtained by her mighty intercession, and to ask for new ones. Except during low Mass, none were seen there at prayer during the day; so that it became necessary to keep the doors closed, so as to prevent the sacrilegious thefts committed there. But this state of abandonment had something in it sinister to our eyes. Without wishing to examine too closely the secret judgments of God, it seemed to us that such an indifference must, sooner or later, draw misfortune upon us. History and our own recollections inspired us with just fear. You yourselves know the great calamities which desolated this city and country after

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[1] Our fathers have told us.—Psalm xliii. 1.

[2] Viæ Zion lugent eo quod non sint qui veniant ad solemnitatem.—Lamentations, i. 4.

the fire of 1754, which reduced to ashes the second chapel of *Bon Secours*. You have not forgotten that, in 1831, a profane hand carried off the statue so venerated by our fathers, and which had escaped the devastating flames. Ah, since that day, how many ills have come upon us!

The terrible political agitations which shed the blood of citizens in the streets of the city on the 21st of May, 1832; the dreadful cholera which appeared on the 8th of June of the same year and decimated our population; the same epidemic which returned in 1834, spreading everywhere desolation and death; the troubles of 1837 and '38, which caused so many tears to flow, and covered the land with sorrow and ruin; the millions of insects which for so many years have desolated our country, and ruined the commerce of the city with the hopes of the husbandman; all these are too near you, have left too profound traces to be forgotten yet. Finally, last year, we were exposed to a new plague, which threatened at every moment to invade both country and town.[1] Those whom duty carried to the field of that affliction, to relieve that wretchedness, were nearly all attacked by the disease, and many fell. But we desire not to reopen your wounds, still bleeding, by recalling your sufferings and your misfortunes. Occupied solely with the means of appeasing Heaven, and of preserving you from the ills which have fallen upon your clergy and the religious

[1] The ship-fever of 1847.

communities, we were struck with the thought that Our Lady of Good Help, so compassionate towards our fathers in all their misfortunes, would have pity upon us, and obtain for us grace and mercy. Then we made a vow, at first in our own secret heart; then in the presence of this diocese we formed the solemn engagement to do what in our power lay to restore to the pilgrimage of *Bon Secours* all its solemnity. We need not tell you here that Mary heard the vow and granted our prayer. How could she do otherwise when she beheld herself surrounded, as aforetime, by a multitude of devout servants; when she heard her sanctuary re-echoing with plaint and moan; when, throughout the whole Octave of her glorious Assumption, the throngs of sad pilgrims crowded the venerable shrine?

By hearing our prayer thus in her Chapel of Good Help, Mary has caused us to know that to-day, as long ago, she wishes to be especially honored in this temple; that this sanctuary must be for us, as for our fathers, an asylum in great calamities; that this chapel was indeed the throne from which she bestowed her pity in those terrible days when the hand of rigorous justice lay heavy upon us poor children of Adam. It is then at the close of such favors, at the end of the month all consecrated to her honor, that we undertake to perform a duty so agreeable to our heart, and dictated, moreover, by a vivid gratitude. We would be the most ungrateful of men, indeed, and our tongue should cleave to the roof of our mouth, if we were to forget that we owe to your fervent prayers in the

chapel of Bon Secours the health we enjoy to-day. May we consecrate it wholly to the glory of Mary and the sanctification of your souls!

We exhort you then, brethren, to make often and with devotion the pious pilgrimage of Our Lady of Good Help. It is for the greater honor of Mary, the greater good of your souls, and the acquittal of our conscience that we invite you to lift up your eyes towards that place from whence we may expect such powerful aid. For we are convinced that this chapel is one of those privileged spots where God is pleased to show His great mercy through the intercession of Mary. . . . This pilgrimage commenced with the settlement of the country. Three churches have risen from the corner-stone laid in 1657, despite the many misfortunes of our country; proof that our fathers felt keenly the need of such a sanctuary. On its front is carved the august name of Mary, and the heart's gratitude rather than the workman's chisel has engraved her sacred monogram. It is there to say to the ages to come that Montreal in its greatest calamities must never lack confidence in that powerful name. *Maria, O nomen sub quo nemini desperandum est* (St. Augustine). You read over the doorway the simple and noble inscription, *Maria, auxilium Christianorum.* Mary, help of Christians. That was our fathers' cry of confidence in all the trials wherewith it pleased Divine Providence to visit them; such was their sole resource when total ruin threatened them. Read it, O Montreal, with joy and happiness; for thy destinies

are great, if thy confidence in Mary correspond to the expectation of them that founded thee. Make thyself worthy to take again, and to wear forever, the glorious name of VILLE-MARIE.

That nothing may be wanting to the holy chapel of Good Help, that may win your confidence, we propose to establish the pious confraternity of Our Lady of Good Help in that venerable parish, and hope that all the parishes of this diocese will unite with it. By such an institution we shall erect a durable monument to the piety of our fathers, for when they formed the generous resolution of coming to the New World, and there to found in honor of the Blessed Mary the city wherein we dwell, they formed an association which they called "Society of Our Lady of Montreal for the conversion of the Indians." Now, in place of a handful of associates enrolled to pray for the conversion and civilization of the red-man, we trust that thousands will gather beneath the glorious standard of Our Lady of Good Help, to implore her mighty intercession for the destruction of error and vice, more particularly of drunkenness and impurity, which ruin body and soul, and render their victims wretched both in time and in eternity.

Once the pious region of Chartres[1] saw one hundred and nine churches or chapels dedicated to Mary, and all springing from the famous church of Nôtre Dame de Chartres. So many monuments proved that the

[1] See for Chartres and its connection with our Missions, pp.

venerable town was indeed, as in name, the city of the Blessed Virgin. Its legend is *Quæ est Carnutensium tutela? Maria, Mater Gratiæ, Mater Misericordiæ.*[1] Long ago a writer said that "all Chartres resounded with the name of Mary;"[2] and we, bound to that antique shrine by ancient association of prayers, will follow its example and participate in its privileges by means of our new confraternity. For each parochial society will be a living church issuing from the mother-church of Good Help. Ah, brethren, believe me, there can never be too many sanctuaries for prayer and expiation, nor too many shelters for virtue and penitence. Then let us strive to preserve fresh on our city and diocese the stamp of religion imprinted by two hundred years of faith and piety.

And now to preserve the precious souvenirs which should attach you to Our Lady of Good Help. We purpose, on the twenty-first of this month (May), to erect a statue which shall replace that which a sacrilegious hand stole from the shrine in 1831. May it, like the ancient one,[3] be the instrument of Mary's mercy. It has been solemnly blessed at *Nôtre Dame des Victoires* in Paris, that sanctuary whence flow so many graces to water all the lands. Let us trust then that it is filled with heavenly benediction, given it at the altar of the Holy Immaculate Heart of Mary,

[1] Who is the guardian of Chartres? Mary, Mother of Grace and Mother of Mercy.

[2] Carnutum ubi omnia Mariam sonant.

[3] For description, see this work, p. 217.

powerful to aid poor sinners and lift them from their wretchedness. To render it still dearer to your hearts and worthier of your confidence, we shall crown it with all that solemn pomp of ceremony observed in Rome, where are pointed out to the especial devotion of the people such sacred images of the Blessed Virgin as God has pleased to make the instrument of His gracious favor. Our gratitude forbids us to forget how, last year, the supplications offered in the chapel of Our Lady of Good Help delivered both town and country from the terrible pestilence. In the same view we shall place in the chapel a painting representing the glorious Virgin Mary arresting the typhus at the gates of this her city.

O people of Montreal, who possess in your midst so venerable a sanctuary, visit it assiduously; go hear a Mass there on your way to your daily occupations; stop there and give thanks for a moment when the labors of the day shall be ended; never pass it without saluting Mary. Read the new inscription above the doorway and obey it.

"Si l'amour de Marie
En ton cœur est gravé,
En passant, ne t'oublie
De lui dire un *Ave*."

Pause, if the love of Mary
Be graven on thy heart,
And breathe one fervent *Ave*
Ere thou depart.

Go thither, ye dwellers in the peaceful country,

when duty calls you into town. Show your needs with filial confidence to Our Lady of Good Help. Recommend your occupations to her vigilance. Beg of her the grace of going home with an unsullied innocence. Your market is under the eyes, as it were, of Mary, Help of Christians. Keep strictly, then, the laws of sobriety, justice, and piety. Then back in peace to your pleasant homes,—and may none of you be met drunk upon the road.

Thither, ye pious mariners and boatmen who risk your lives on that vast stream which rolls majestically at the foot of Our Lady of Good Help, as if to invite you to seek her shrine before you quit the harbor, after you enter it in safety. Look lovingly on the sacred chapel each time you pass it. In danger regard that Star of the Sea, and call on Mary "*Respice Stellam: voca Mariam.*" For you is it that we place upon the river-front of the shrine a statue. Inscribed over the head you shall read: "*Marianopolis Tutela*, Protectress of Ville-Marie;" and at the feet, "*Posuerunt me custodem*, they have made me their guardian." So shall we show to the future that Mary is the Patroness and Mother of Montreal, city and diocese. These deeds shall fill us with confidence in her help. These shall make us love her shrine, and frequent it with great devotion. "*Quam dilecta tabernacula tua; stantes erunt pedes nostri in atriis tuis.* How lovely is thy dwelling-place; our feet shall tread in the courts of thine abode."

Therefore, with the consentient advice of our vener-

able canons, and in the most holy name of God, we order, that the twenty-fourth of May be kept as Titular Feast of Our Lady of Good Help, with Octave: that the Feast of our Lady's Assumption be the patronal festival: that, by Indult of the Sovereign Pontiff, the Confraternity of Our Lady of Help be and remain established. We authorize the Sulpician clergy to establish such office, and exercises for the chapel and for the pilgrimage thitherward, as they deem meet. In recitation or chanting of the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, the invocation "*Auxilium Christianorum*" shall be thrice said or sung. We grant forty days of indulgence to all who say with confidence, "*Maria, Auxilium Christianorum, ora pro populo, interveni pro clero*, Mary, Help of Christians, pray for the people, intercede for their clergy." These are the words which form the inscription of the chapel; they are written on the base of the statue; they are to be the expression of trust, the rallying cry of Our Lady of Good Help.

Such, Mary, are the measures which we venture to take to-day to honor thee in the good old chapel of *Bon Secours*. It is little for thee who hast merited such honors from earth and Heaven; still, deign to bless and to accept them. And now, O Blessed Mary, be pleased from thy sanctuary to watch over this city and this diocese. They belong to thee, they have been particularly consecrated to thee. Remember that *Bon Secours* is the first shrine of this town which in Our youth heard Our supplications, and that thou

hast chosen Us to govern, under thy protection and guidance, this diocese. The work done here is thine, not Ours. And as we see the risk of losing ourselves and the dear flock to Us intrusted, we cry to thee and say, "*Vitam præsta puram: iter para tutum.* Give us purity and innocence of life: show us the road of perfection." Let not so many souls, to Us intrusted, perish by neglect or inexperience of Ours. But obtain that we may all find Ourselves together in that Eternal Temple, there forever to contemplate JESUS, thy divine Son, and to rejoice with thee evermore.

✠IGNATIUS, Bishop of Montreal.

Guess, then, pious reader, how the hearts of our dear old friends, Marguerite Bourgeoys, and her Congregation of Nôtre Dame, must have rejoiced at the reading of this pastoral. On that same twenty-fourth of May, the whole Community of Sisters, novices, and pupils, made a pilgrimage to the ancient shrine, and there solemnly renewed their consecration to Mary of Good Help. As a symbol of their devotion, they offered to her a heart wrought in silver. It was borne, upon a cushion of blue silk, by the president of the Children of Mary, and four little girls held ribbons, as you see the banner-cords held in the procession. The five were the representatives of the Children, while the Mother Superior, her assistant, and the mistress of the novices, renewed their self-offering in the name of all the religious. The heart was placed in the bishop's

hands, and he, after celebrating High Mass and making them a paternal address, presented their humble offering to that good and gentle Mother, to whom nothing is small if only offered in love.

## CHAPTER XVII.

GILLE-MAIRI NAN GAEL.—MALIE TEBA WANBANAKKI ALNAMBAK.

BEFORE returning to the United States, by way of tracing the course of our devotion by missionary men, let us pass from Montreal out to Arichat and Antigonish, where the wild Hebridean dwells by his native sea. The sea, at least, his; free as himself; his own sea; because it is God's, because *Beannaichte Mairi* is its Star; and because he is God's and Mary's. From the land to which Iona belongs; where the so-called Protestants still bless themselves with the sign of the Cross, and take off their bonnets and say a prayer in the ancient churchyard of Saint Columba and Saint Aidan, on All Souls' Day.

Now, in the diocese of Arichat alone, which forms the eastern portion of the Province of Nova Scotia, about thirty-five thousand Highland Catholics have found a new sea-kissed, sea-nurtured home. On these, some Indian Missions, containing fifteen hundred savages, so called, depend. They can abide together, for with both, silence amid torture is a native quality, be it good or bad. They have no poets who sing perpetually of their wrongs; no political orators to "hawk their sores through the world." They suffer and remember. The sword of their indomitable spirit never left their hand till 1745; when both blade and clutched

hand were crushed by the united power of Saxon and Southern Celt. From the misty isles, and from the straths, glens, and mountains of Invernesshire, Ross, and Argyleshire, come nearly all of this silent Highland folk. From Lochaber, synonymn for an exile's wail; from Glengarry and Arisaig, from Knoydart, and Morar, and Stradthglas; from the wave-beaten isles of Eigg and Kanna and Uist. When the unfortunate apostasy of many of the chiefs was known, it became the choice of these clansmen to renounce allegiance either to Him who had given them those chiefs, or to them who were His representatives.

They hesitated long, and they suffered bitterly, but they chose the God of their chiefs' fathers, and of their own; "they preferred," says a venerable bishop, one of themselves, "they preferred expatriation, exile, and perpetual banishment from their hills and glens. Under the protection of Heaven, and with filial invocation of the sacred name of Mary, they committed themselves to the wild ocean.[1] Led by God's hand, they reached Prince Edward's Island and Upper Canada, and now the Scottish Highland Catholic population of the North American provinces surpasses one hundred thousand." A single diocese, Arichat, numbers twenty priests of the *Clanne nan Gael*. Inwards of the brine-nursed strand of that sea, their count will be some thirty or forty more. The counties of Glengarry and

[1] Letter from his lordship, Rt. Rev. Colin Francis Mackinnon, bishop of Arichat.

Stormont on the Saint Lawrence, are all Catholic Gael, and from some one of these came the crook used in one of his latest ministrations by the venerable A. M. F. de Charbonnel, umquhile Bishop of Toronto.

When King Robert the Bruce, indomitable after thirteen defeats, met his crisis and his crown on Bannockburn, this crook first threw its silver light outside of the Abbey of Aberdeen. It was of chased silver, and inclosed the bone of the right arm of St. Aidan, monk of Iona and abbot of Lindisfarne. It was on the feast of Saint John the Baptist, 1313, "when King Robert drew his army up about a moat and ordered that all should confess their sins and receive the Blessed Sacrament. And then Mauritius, abbot of Aberdeen, said Mass for the king and his chief nobles; and bishops and priests celebrated throughout the army. Then, after the king's exhortation, as the English army came near, "the whole Scots army fell down upon their knees to recommend themselves to God, and the holy abbot advanced with the cross erected like a banner" and blessed them as they knelt. And after that they fought; and, at the conclusion of the battle, King Robert "divided the great spoil and ransom-money among his army, except the cloths of gold and silver which were in King Edward's and the English noblemen's tents, which the king caused to be given to the churches for altar cloths and other necessary ornaments." [1]

[1] David Scot's History of Scotland. Westminster, folio, 1728, pp. 187, 188.

This cross or crook, of solid silver elaborately carved, having on one side a precious stone and on the other an effigy of the Redeemer, was in the hereditary custody of the Macnabs, by them intrusted to the MacIndoirs, their standard-bearers, and by the last of these was brought to Canada, where, with the letters and charters of James the Second (of Scotland), it is now preserved in the township of Macnab on the Ottawa.

The first, five hundred in number, came with their good priest Angus Macdonald, in 1786. Later, the heroic Hon. and Rt. Rev. Bishop Macdonnell, who had raised for the crown a regiment of his Catholic clansmen and others, and had served them as chaplain, led them, when their wars were over, to the shores of the broad Saint Lawrence and dwelt among them, and now rests from his labors in the shadow of the Kingston cathedral.

Ten years later, the Hebrideans set sail from Kanna, and Muick, and Ronin, and the shelter of towering Scaur-Eigg: from the shadow of sacred Iona, from Mull and wild Tiree; from Uist and Skye, of gray mists,

> From Ulva dark and Colonsay,
> And all the group of islands gay
> That guard famed Staffa round.[1]

Hither they came, these servants of God and children of Mary, with their utter impossibility of enduring a

[1] The Lord of the Isles.

spy; with their marrow-bred loathing of informers; with their thousand-year-old incapacity for servility: hither, to be free to adore the Sacred Trinity, and to worship tenderly the Mother of Emmanuel, after the rites of their fathers. Macleod and his "yellow stick"[1] disregarded; their beloved mountain land, with its passionate seas, resigned; for God's sake, they crossed the *aiseag mhor*, the "great ferry," the Atlantic, and sought new homes for themselves. Always, however, without asking sympathy, without complaint, still resolute, unsung, unmentioned in speeches, their deep woes known to their God and to them; known and remembered by both.

"When my forefathers," says the grandson of one of these men, "left Eigg, in company with many friends, they took lands in a part of the province of Nova Scotia (the name of it was akin to what was closest to their hearts), called Cape d'Or, on the bay of Fundy. Here they labored hard for eleven years, until, like the Acadians, by industry and perseverance, they had converted the primeval forest of that wild country into flourishing fields and verdant lawns.

"They were beginning to be very happy, in a temporal point of view: but they had neither priest nor church to console them in the land of their pilgrimage,

[1] This chief, after forsaking the ancient religion, converted some of his ancient clansmen by the argument of his cane. Hebridean Protestants have been ever since, and are now called "Protestants of the Yellow Stick."

and all the surrounding country was getting rapidly occupied by Protestants. The emigrants saw the imminent danger to which their children would be exposed of losing their faith, if they remained where they were. To what purpose, they asked tearfully, have we abandoned our native hills and glens in ancient Morven, the homes of our Catholic ancestors, if we are to become Protestants here in the wilderness? No, we must move again and commit ourselves to the kind protection of Heaven. Under the guidance of the gentle Star of the Sea, our dear Mother, we will seek other lands, where we hope that, in time, Providence will enable us to rear our children in the faith of their fathers; in the practices and teachings of the Catholic Church.

"One aged matron, Mary Macleod her name, a mother in that Celtic Israel, was especially impatient. She constantly repeated to her sons and daughters that there were lands to the eastward. 'There,' she said, 'we may find a happy home. There we shall become a numerous progeny. There we shall raise the *Crois na Criosdh*, the Cross of Christ; and under the patronage of the Mother of God, in years to come, there shall rise from our descendants, those who shall be the spiritual rulers and guides of our people.' The venerable woman spake sooth. Of her descendants, five are priests, and one, the child of her daughter Una, is the bishop, the spiritual ruler of the Gael in Arichat, Antigonish, and Cape Breton."

All the Catholics of the old colony left it and settled

in the county of Sydney, Nova Scotia, and the sea-beat island of Cape Breton. And the old mother lived there to a good old age, and saw her children's children to the fourth generation. Now, in her grandson's diocese, there stand twelve churches, including the cathedral, under the invocation of the Immaculate Mother of God. "We have thousands," says the bishop, "members of the Confraternity of Our Lady's Rosary: of the Confraternity of the Scapular and of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary."[1] There then, in brief, imperfect sketch, we intimate the existence of the mountain Gaelic child of Mary on this continent. Doubtless a mine, with rich veins of gold therein, could the taste and the opportunity for its working be united in the same individual.

Under the spiritual jurisdiction of Arichat are the tribes of Indian Catholics of that region. The Micmacs, we believe, are the largest. Converts they of the old Acadian missionaries, in the days of the martyr Jesuite, of the Ursuline Mary of the Incarnation: and of Margaret Bourgeoys, the Sister of Our Lady. They are allied with the Mareschite, the Penobscot, the Passamaquoddy, and the remains of the Canadian Abenaki; all appertaining to the once wide-spread and powerful race of the Algonquin. "A good people these Micmacs of Cape Breton," says the Protestant Judge Haliburton, "possessed of an inexhaustible stock of spirits and good-humor. Roman Catholic

[1] Letter of Rt. Rev. Dr. Mackinnon.

priests are still their religious instructors, and, considering the small advantages of these poor people, their character is not bad. Dishonesty is seldom heard of among them."[1]

So says the Protestant historian of Nova Scotia, but the Catholic Pastor says, "All our Indians are Catholics,—honest, humble, good people. Their churches are generally under the invocation of Saint Anne, the Mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Saint Anne was given the aborigines of this country as patroness by the first missionaries.

Our poor Indians are very devout people: they are remarkable for their fidelity to the faith. Notwithstanding the many temptations to which they are exposed, and the manner in which their religious belief is tampered with, no inducement can bring them to abandon their faith. The Indian, male or female, invariably has either a medal of the Blessed Virgin, or a small crucifix hanging from the neck. With the blessed beads in his hand, he defies all opposition; and no human argument, no amount of bribery can make him violate his allegiance to God. He says to all, that Jesus Christ is his father, that Mary is his mother, and within that impregnable stronghold of 'faith, the gates of hell cannot prevail against him."[2]

If your canoe be of birch-bark and your sail of good

[1] Hon. C. J. Haliburton's Nova Scotia, ii. 250.

[2] Rt. Rev. Bishop of Arichat.

canvas; if the sea be smooth and the wind right abaft, you may sweep over the blue brine like a swallow through the air, and in a few hours land, from Cape Breton, in Maine of the Catholic Abenakis. The last we saw of them, if we remember rightly, they were standing horror-struck around the hacked and mangled body of Father Rasles at Norridgewock. Now we are to see them again, following the steps of saintly Cardinal de Cheverus, somewhere, I guess, in the absence of dates, about 1810. He has given himself the preliminary trouble to learn what he can of the language of these Indians. He thinks it, as do other scholars in it, allied, by structure at least, to Hebrew. Be that as it may, philology is not at present his occupation. He gets together what vestments, books, and other things in small compass, are absolutely necessary for a priest. He hires a guide, buys a staff, and sets off, on foot, from Boston, "hub of the Universe."

He strikes into the trackless forest; breaks his way through brush and thicket; lives upon bread which he has taken with him; sleeps upon the spruce-boughs which the guide hews down. Day after day they break their road through the obstructed forest, or walk cheerily where they have found a glade. The day of the Lord, *dies Dominica*, comes, crimson at dawn, to light the green umbrage of the redolent pines; "on dewy branch, birds, here and there, with short, deep warble, salute the coming day. Stars fade out, and galaxies. The Universe opens its portals for

the levee of the great High King."[1] And above the woodland notes, or the sough of the wind in the pines, rises a chorus of human voices, indistinct, distant, soft, ringing through the verdurous alleys of the scented wood; and the French missionary recognizes the notes of Dupont's Royal Mass; that which still echoes betimes among the stately arches of Nôtre Dame, or the paganish square-flatness of the Madelaine. It is the Sunday morning devotion of the poor, priestless, but impregnably loyal Abnaki. Savages, they call them, to distinguish them from the French democrats of 1793, and from others. They call themselves Wanbanakki, Children of the Northern Light.

So, while God was listening to such of the prayers of the *Alameskemok*, or Mass Devotion, as the poor "savages" were entitled to utter, His minister and representative walked into the midst of them. Then were prayers and all else put aside, as their swift observative eyes saw the cassock. "It is the black-robe," they cried, "it is the chief of prayer." He was the first they had seen for fifty years. Yet never, during all that time, had these "savages" omitted to celebrate the Sundays and the grand festivals, as they could, without one empowered to offer the supreme act of adoration, a pure sacrifice. Not an answer of their catechism had they forgotten: the children had learned question and response correctly from the memory of their barbarian sires and dams. Their instruction, in

[1] Carlyle's French Revolution.

its limit, was so perfect, and their morals, on examination, were so spotless, that the holy de Cheverus wept for joy.

"See how good God is to you," he said to them. "He has not forgotten you; He has only tried your faith and perseverance. Now you have your reward. He has sent me here to you to dispense His word, His graces, and his sacraments." And they were glad, those poor savages, that the bread of life was to be broken to them again: and, progressionist as we are, we fear that they were content with what de Cheverus could give them, heedless alike of the inviting splendors of the Great Father at Washington, of the Bostonian intelligence, or of the philanthropy of Doctor Beecher and Madame Raphael.

The coarse fancy hunger to be the greatest of evils; ah, if they could feel the horror of *being obliged to eat*, by courtesy! Mgr. de Cheverus sat upon his bear-skin, and compelled himself to swallow, from his birch-bark dish, the filth which the pious Indians can swallow with impunity: aged fish boiled without salt, for two months; swine's flesh greenly antique; by and by, towards the third month of his mission, getting covered by those "friends of man," which, having eight legs, are nameless. "*Le seul casuel*," he said, "*qu'il retirât de son ministère.* The only chance (fee) which he got in his ministry there." At last he had to confine himself exclusively to bread; unable as he was to see, with his good Indians and some others who are not Indians, the connection between piety and nastiness.

The master of a French vessel recognized him once, from his deck, buffeted by the rough waves of the ocean, in a bark canoe: and begged permission to carry him to his destination. The future cardinal declared himself at home with his Indians, and refused to change conveyances.

Our Indians were dirty; but though that caused him much suffering, it was not that which he saw most clearly. But this[1]—sentiments so noble and so commonly prevalent, that the civilized world might well blush at the comparison: such simplicity of gratitude for small kindness; such tenderness of mothers; such heroism of filial piety. They could not believe that the French had murdered their king (Louis XVI). "It was a lie," they said of their neighbors, "invented to make them hate the French." In vain did Monseigneur de Cheverus declare to them that the nation disavowed the crime, that a handful of miscreants in power had committed it; the distinction was too fine for the Wanbanakki. It was an old white-headed Indian who questioned the missionary, and who, comprehending the atrocity, was incapable of comprehending the excuse. "I love the French no longer," said the ignorant savage. "But," urged the priest, "the people, as a nation, disavow the crime." "Disavow it, do they," cried the unlettered barbarian, "they should have stood between their king and his assassins, and

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[1] Vie de Jean Louis Anne Madelaine Lefebvre de Cheverus, Archevêque de Bordeaux. Paris, Jacques Lecoffre, 1850, pp. 61–74.

died in his defence."[1] Later, when, as archbishop and cardinal, he spoke of his barbarous red children, it was with tears in his eyes, and with these words often re-repeated, "*Ces âmes si grands, si nobles*, those grand and noble souls."

And the next holy man we see among them is Bishop Fenwick. Bishop of Boston he, and by no means unmindful of his red-men. He goes to Norridgewock, like a true Celt, to take vengeance; like an apostle, to take the vengeance of a Christian. "*Si je ne me trompe je vous ai fait part de l'intention où j'étais de venger la mémoire du père Rasles.*[2] If I be not deceived, I have told you of my purpose to avenge the memory of Father Rasles." He cites from a New England authority of that day, the following argument used to *convert* the savages. "Father Rasles is accused of employing all the artifices used in his order (Jesuits) to seduce the Indians. That he taught them the doctrine of salvation through Jesus Christ, but at the same time made them believe that Mary, Mother of Jesus Christ, was a Frenchwoman; that our Blessed Lord himself had been put to death by the English; and that it was meritorious, just, and good for all Christians to kill Englishmen."[3] A doctrine not so unbelieved as you might fancy, only not a *French* doctrine.

Now the mode of the good bishop's vengeance was on this wise. First he purchased an acre of land, in-

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[1] Vie du Cardinal de Cheverus, p. 74.

[2] Annales de la Propagation de la Foi à Lyon, vii. 177.

[3] See detailed account in Dr. Fenwick's letter.—Ibid., vii. 178

closing the site of the ancient Indian Church, of the cabin of Father Rasles, and of part of the once happy village of Narrantsowack. A pile of stones still marked the position of the altar, and beneath them mouldered the relics of the martyred missionary. Bishop Fenwick then ordered a granite obelisk and pedestal of twenty feet in height, surmounted by a floriated cross in iron. Then, after careful publication of his intentions, he went to the spot, to celebrate a requiem Mass for the Indians, some sixty or seventy in number, who had fallen in the massacre : to pronounce the eulogy of the missionary, and to inaugurate his monument. The inhabitants poured out of the towns and villages to see the novel ceremony. Five thousand, the bishop thought. And there the monument was erected on that anniversary of the martyrdom, August 29th, 1833. Two years afterwards it was thrown down ; restored again ; and again, in 1851, overthrown.

Among the audience was a grandson of one of the murderers ; a Protestant and a man of great respectability. More than once, during the ceremonies, he wept bitterly, and it was in a voice broken by heavy sobs, that he thanked the prelate for the "pious and solemn act of reparation made to the memory of as honest a man as ever lived upon the face of the earth."[1] If we give his story in his own words here, it is to show what the love and habitual imitation of

[1] Ann. de la Prop., vii. 183, et seq.

Mary can effect in the hearts of savages. "Your work here," he said to the bishop, "is a truly pious one. I do not belong to your religion, but I esteem this act of yours. I am no stranger to the events of that deplorable day on which Father Rasles lost his life. My own grandfather was one of that unhappy, cruel, and unjust expedition; and on the day of his death, he cried like a child on remembering the massacre. One circumstance, unknown to Catholics, unrecorded by non-Catholics, I will, with your permission, tell you.

"The New Englanders had with them a large number of pagan savages. The young braves of Owenagunga were away hunting or fishing. The first fire of the assassins killed the few old men and boys who attempted to resist, killed them, or wounded and dispersed them. One woman, with her baby in her arms, crossed the river, and hid herself in a cavern in the forest there. On the next day, when, after burning the church and village, the Yankees had retired, carrying with them what was valuable among the missionary's personal effects, the poor woman recrossed the stream to search for her husband among the corpses of the slain. She found him, and having scooped out his grave in the sands of the river shore, she laid him therein, and turned away from the spot to recross the river. But deep moans of pain from a thicket arrested her attention: she searched the spot and found, not one of her people, but one of their white murderers, severely wounded by a ball from some Abnaki musket.

"There he lay, completely at the mercy of this savage who had just inearthed her husband,—killed, perhaps, by this same pale face. But she subdued every thought of vengeance, she recalled only ideas of religion: she pardoned, and, having succeeded in getting the man to her canoe, paddled him over the river and concealed him, from any chance return of the Indians, in her own cave of refuge. Here she nursed and nourished him with the tender care of a mother, and bade God bless him when returning strength permitted him to depart for his home. 'He wept,' says his descendant, 'at the recollection of this good Samaritan woman;' which was a great consolation, for he was a civilized Puritan, she merely a Papist and a savage."

All the long period from Father Rasles' death to the advent of Bishop Fenwick, our poor red friends were exposed to perpetual annoyance from the "missionaries" of Boston: nay, even Indians are employed; and their ancient foe, the Iroquois, furnished some apostates from the faith, who undertook the perversion of the Alnambay of Maine. They succeeded as those edifying laborers usually do—that is, they have not yet made one single convert. Now, fortunately, they have a devoted patriarch, or as they, who have no "R" in their language, call him, *Patlias*, Rev. Eugene Vetromile.

This priest has secured them from much danger by providing them with books in their own tongue, a book of catechetical instruction and a prayer-book.[1] He

[1] *Alnambay uli Awikhigan,* Indian Good Book, made by Eugene

was kind enough to send both, as well as his ingenious calendar, to the present writer. The instruction book I gave to the venerable De Smet, on his departure for the Rocky Mountains; the other I value gratefully, and preserve.

"*Siempre fiel*, ever true," is the proud motto of the Cuban Spaniard; but who have a better right to such a legend than our poor sons of the Northern Light,—so long neglected, bereaved, untaught, but preserving their religious instruction orally, through desolate half centuries at a time? "To-day," says Father Vetromile, "you cannot find house or wigwam without a picture or image of our Lady. I have never met an Indian who did not wear a medal, a Rosary, or a Scapular. The first prayer which parents teach their children, is the '*Malie Kitalamikol*, Hail Mary.'" They still keep up the ancient practice[1] of sending their sons to our Lady of Saint Francis de Sales, in times of sickness or distress. There kneeling, they cast their sorrows at the feet of Mary, and remind that gentlest Mother, "that none ever have recourse to her in vain." Let us give this shortest prayer, the "*Memorare o piissima Virgo Maria:* remember, O gentlest Virgin Mary," as a specimen of the Penobscot tongue. "Wewittahama Sangamawi Malie kussiusque, esma wewelmaussi attamahh, kemisnamon ehhlat, Nehamskawass

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Vetromile, Indian Patriarch, for the Passamaquoddy, Penobscot, St. Johns, Micmac, and other tribes of the Abnaki Indians. New York: Dunigan & Brother, 1858.

[1] Vide, passim, chap. viii. of this work.

peseko, k'delan attamahh kemisnamon elat. Anda, Sangamawi Malie kussiusque, anda. Meli elitchaweldama, eli k'sangman mena Zezus. Nialetch." [1]

[1] Indian Good Book, p. 165.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

OBLATI MARIÆ IMMACULATÆ. OFFERED FOR MARY IMMACULATE.

SURELY no one of the devout readers of these sketches has forgotten the name of Olier; how we saw him working for the City of Mary on the Saint Lawrence, founding the society, sending out the ministers, who, reaping for the same Master, where the Jesuits had sown, garnered glorious harvests in Northern America. Let us hope, too, that Father Chaumonot, that student in the College of Jesus in Rome, who gave its first Loretto to this continent, is not already hidden by the unwise hurry of our life here. If yea, let us recall them both by another student, one nearer to us in time. Another flower ripened by that detestable muck-heap, the French Revolution. A baby exile: a schoolboy in the college of nobles at Turin; after that, tempted by wealth, by his family, by abundant opportunity of and influence for distinction to remain in the world; and refusing all. Urged by an aged uncle with this final argument, "You are the last of your name;" he makes answer, "And what more honorable for any family than to end in the person of a priest?" [1]

[1] Oraison funèbre de Monseigneur de Mazenod, par Monseigneur Jeancard, évêque de Cerame. Marseilles: 1861.

Finally, grown up; not wilful, but able by education and conviction to convince his elders, he overcomes their opposition, and enters as student in the Seminary of Saint Sulpice. His name is Charles Joseph Eugene de Mazenod. It is not ours to follow him in his career as seminarian and priest. Enough that the blossom and bud foretold the richness of the ripened and perfect fruit. Bishop of Marseilles he stands, when we first require to look at him. A soldier of God and Mary, with the new ideas, begotten of the Revolution, to combat; with the looseness of manner and inner morals, and the decay of respectability inseparable from the success of liberty, falsely so called, to correct, as grace might be given him. His courage was high, his will firm, his flag the true one, his reliance the Strong One, but he could not hope to battle triumphantly alone.

He worked long and hard to gather and form a body of devoted priests. Caught by his spirit, many gave themselves up to him for these new missions in the land of the "Eldest Son of the Church." Their zeal was rewarded with a golden harvest of souls; their success won recruits to their banner; they were evangelizing *seven* dioceses already,[1] when, entreated by the bishops, he determined to form them into an Order, if permitted. So he sought the permission at the tomb of Peter. The then successor of the Prince of the Apostles, Leo the Twelfth, received both the bishop

[1] Oraison funèbre, p. 17.

and his project with favor. The Cardinals charged with such affairs received their orders, and the new association took its place among the canonically constituted families of God's Church. They were called "*Oblati Mariæ*—Men offered, soul and body, unto God Supreme in honor of Immaculate Mary."

He had already been offered the Cardinal's hat by the same Pontiff, but had refused it. Let him stay with his Oblates of Mary: that was his place: that his work. "God willed," says his eloquent eulogist, "to bestow upon him, not the purple of terrestrial dignity, but the robe of eternal glory. Was it not a foretaste of that, when he lived to see his spiritual children evangelizing the world, from the islands and peninsulas of Japan to the snow-clad wastes beyond the vast North American lakes! To see five of them consecrated bishops by his own hands at the head of as many missions! We may say of him as of the Apostles, 'His voice has gone forth over all the earth.' What man, of our day, has done more for the Church? To find his fellows we must remount to the holy founders of orders. His order, only of yesterday as it is, counts a legion of evangelical laborers at home as abroad, from the tropics to the poles. He it was who cared for them all; he who directed their zeal and fortified their courage. He animated them with his fervent spirit; communicated to them his own lively faith; inspired them with that heroic confidence which defies obstacles. No seas have been found so vast or stormy, no forest so profound, no race so barbarous

and rebel to the truth as to stop them in their march of self-devotion, in their progress of spiritual conquest." They are Oblates of Mary.

Let his last will and testament show the spirit of his life. "I implore," he says therein, "the mercy of God, through the merits of our divine Saviour, Jesus Christ, in whom I place all my confidence, so to obtain the pardon of my sins and the grace of reception in His holy Paradise. Therefore, I invoke the intercession of the holy and Immaculate Virgin Mary, Mother of God; daring to remind her, in this my extreme hour, in all humility, but with consoling confidence, of my life-long filial devotion to her, and my perpetual desire and endeavor to make her known and loved wheresoever my influence could extend." "Never," we are told, "did he neglect his meditation or his Rosary; never did he remit the austerities of his laborious and penitent life, nor the fervor of his devotion to the Blessed Virgin."

"Stay with us, my Father," said some one to him as he lay dying. "We have such need of you, God will not refuse to leave you with us, if you ask Him." "No," he answered, "I cannot ask for that. I have but one desire: that His blessed will be done. Read then the prayers for the dying! But give me first my missionary cross and beads; those are my arms!" He took the crucifix in one hand and his chaplet in the other, and never loosened his hold on them again, although his agony lasted *thirty hours*. They repeated the complines over and over again for him. At the

verses, "In Him will I sleep and take my rest"—"In Thee, O Lord, have I trusted; I shall never be confounded"—"Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit;" and at the "Now, Lord, let Thy servant depart in peace,"[1] he testified his approbation of the sentiment by a motion of his hands.

Then, when they recited the *Salve Regina*, for it was Tuesday in the Whitsun Octave, he followed the beautiful prayer. At the sentence, "After this exile show to us thy Son," he opened his eyes. When they said, "O clement, O gentle," he murmured the words, and then, with a supreme effort, he added aloud with the others, "O sweet Virgin Mary!"[2] and breathed forth his holy soul into her maternal arms. Such was the father: let us look for a little at the life of his sons in North America.

In 1827 the work was begun in France, or rather the idea of the holy prelate was accomplished by that date. By 1845 nineteen Oblate priests were at work in Canada.[3] At Montreal, at Quebec, at Kingston, with the vast dependencies of those dioceses. By 1845 they had secured to themselves the Indian Apostolate, and that of the lumberers or woodmen, thousands of whom live, more uncultured than the savage, in the

[1] In idipsum dormiam et requiescam.—Ps. iv. In Te Domine speravi, non confundar in æternum. In manus Tuas Domine commendo spiritum meum.—Ps. xxx. Nunc dimittis servum Tuum Domine.—St. Luke's Gospel, ii.

[2] "Filium, post hoc exilium ostende. O clemens, O pia, O dulcis Virgo Maria."—Pentecost Compline Antiphon.

[3] Annales de la Propagation de la Foi. Lyons, xvii. 241, et seq.

vast northern forests where their scene of labor lies. They had already visited all the tribes about the mouth of the Saint Lawrence, and were looking with eager eyes towards the ice-bound coasts of Labrador and the snow-huts of the Esquimaux. Each year some one or more of them must make a visitation of every post. In 1846 they are called to Hudson's Bay. A mission nearly as large in territory as the whole of Europe. Ten degrees of latitude in width (48° to 58° N.), it sweeps across the longitude from 70° to 142°, seventy-two degrees, from the shores of the Northern Atlantic to beyond the Rocky Mountains, from Lake Superior and the northern limit of the States to the perpetual icebergs of the Arctic Ocean.

Since that time they have increased immensely in number, and in fervor, were that possible. They are extending their limits into the United States. New York has at least one colony: New Mexico, if we mistake not, another: California and Oregon rejoice in the presence of the Oblates of Immaculate Mary: and eleven years ago (1852) a party of twenty-two of them left France for the Missions of Texas. It will not be uninteresting to watch the growth of their devotion. The first wild missions are from Three Rivers, up the Saint Maurice, in a canoe, except when the frequent portages required walking. Salt pork formed their dinner and dessert; two blankets apiece their bed; the dryest bit of soil they could find their solid bedstead; the fir-forest foliage or the boreal sky their canopy. But their welcome by the Algonquin repaid them for all.

Such eagerness in the poor red-skin to show his love and gratitude; such avidity for the truth; such humble reliance on God, such childlike love for Mary. In that first mission,[1] fifty Indians made their first communion, and twenty were baptized, nearly all adults.

Another party[2] stretches off one hundred miles eastward of Quebec to Tadoussac. Old Catholics these, unedifying a year or two ago, but now, 1844, pious and flourishing, "fire-water" having been permanently renounced. "Look, father," says one of them, "when we drank, we forgot thy lessons: we ceased to drink, and now every word stays here," and he laid his hand upon his heart. One hundred communions, thirty-six baptisms here. Still another Oblate, Father Laverlochère, mounts the Ottawa, from Montreal to the tribes of Abbitibbe, nearing the lower shores of Hudson's Bay. He is met by the grand chief, clad all in scarlet, with a collar of pearls round his neck, and hanging over his breast Our Lady's Rosary and a medal of the Immaculate Mother. All fervent Catholics here, having, for Indians, fair wealth of furs and game, and no whiskey.

Next year we make a stride from Montreal of *twenty-five hundred miles* northwestward. No railways or steamers here; yea, 1845 though it be. Our boat is of birch bark, rather thicker than this paper which you are holding, twice as thick may be, not more; but

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[1] Annales de la Prop., xvii., 243. Father Bourassa, 1844.

[2] Father Fisette, Annales, xvii., 247.

tough and strengthened with ashen ribs and vertebræ: requiring to be very light, so that two persons may shoulder it and carry it round falls and rapids: a boat of perfect buoyancy, holding a dozen persons with a tent or wigwam, if need be, and some provisions and simple culinary apparatus. So through the grand forests, along the fair waters, chanting such hymns of the Blessed Virgin as ring in the cathedrals and parish churches of old Catholic France. The squirrel chatters at them as they pass; the cardinal grosbeak utters his wild, loud whistle; the indigo bunting flashes his sapphire plumage through the clear air; or if it happen to be snow season, and the voices and wings of these be still, at least you can see the white rabbit spring up and scurry away over the spotless waste, and, borne to the ear, over miles of snow plain, sounds the long, weird howl of the hungry wolf.

Away up the Ottawa or the Mattawan, past Sault Saint Marie, along the north shore of Superior, up the Taministiquia to the extreme limits of Canada, and then, on foot, across the broad plateau till the sparkle of the Red River waters becomes visible, and, launching on that stream, they follow its course, to the palace on its banks, of Monseigneur Provencher, bishop of Juliopolis and vicar apostolic of Hudson's Bay. A Canadian he, by birth, early called, early sent to this wild mission of Saint Boniface, on the Red River, near Lake Winipeg. Fancy his life: "the intensity of cold, the pangs of hunger, the extreme want to which he was exposed, sometimes without clothes enough to

cover him.[1] Fatigue and privation in every shape were his, also utmost heroic apostolic zeal."

From 1818 to 1853, *thirty-five years*, was his period of labor in the boreal wilds. A bishop, yet he swung a deft axe in the woodland; a bishop, but if you visited him in the season, you would find him following the plough. He had his work to do over souls also—to transform tribes of furious wolves into a flock of lambs, so that the Good Shepherd might find them ready when He called and led them "to the green pastures, by the still waters," where, in "His presence is fulness of joy forevermore."[2] By and by he gets assistance. The Oblates of Immaculate Mary "come over to help him."[3] He sees the sacred fruits of his labor extending for *eighteen hundred miles*, from the door of his cathedral; "*Germinaverunt speciosa deserti.* Beauty springeth up in the desert."[4] Then he knows that his work is done. He sends for Mr. Taché, a missionary, one thousand miles away, to help him. But before the Oblate of Mary can reach him, he sleeps sweetly in Jesus. "*Dedit Dominus dilecto Suo somnum.* He hath given His beloved sleep."[5] And now Monseigneur Taché is the Bishop of Saint Boniface.[6]

To go back a little. When Father Laverlochère

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[1] For a sketch of Mgr. Provencher, see Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, xxvi. 47–51.

[2] In loco pascuæ me collocavit: super aquam refectionis educavit me.—Psalm xxii. Adimplebis me lætitia cum vultu Tuo.—Psalm xv.

[3] Acts of the Apostles, xvi.

[4] Prophecy of Joel, ii.

[5] Psalm cxxvi.

[6] Consecrated, Nov. 28, 1857.

starts for his second mission in 1843, he begins it, as he tells us, "by offering the August Sacrifice, and by placing himself under the protection of Immaculate Mary." This protection is necessary, thinks the missionary; for, in passing down a furious rapid, hurled by the impetuous stream, the bark canoe strikes a tree-trunk caught there by the rocks, is broken in two, and they, its freight, struggle as they may in the white foaming waters. All get safe, although well wearied and drenched, to shore. As for the two Oblates, "*Marie Immaculée, leur auguste mère veillait sans cesse sur leurs jours*,—Mary Immaculate, their august Mother, watched ceaselessly over their lives."[1] At the last mission, two years before, six hundred and twenty-five savages had forsworn whiskey; at this mission, they find, to their sorrow, that *one* has *once* broken his pledge.

Here, among the Abbitibbi, in a family of distinguished hunters and braves, only the old mother had remained resolutely pagan. This time she asked for baptism. All the long interval since the last visit, she had "dreamed," as the Indians call it, and had made up her mind to follow her children. "Ah, Father," she said,[2] "I was very wretched until the Great Spirit took pity upon me. Since the *Black-robe* warned me of the danger of remaining as I was, I have had no rest. Often, while asleep, I seemed to be falling into the gulf. Then when I awaked, I promised the Great Spirit to obey the counsels of the Black-robe; but as

[1] Annales, xviii. 454. [2] Ibid.

often the *Matchi-manitou* (the evil spirit) conquered me. Whenever I looked at the holy *grains of prayer* (the Rosary), or at the blessed face of Mary on the medal round my children's necks, I was troubled. But, all the last year I have lived with my eldest son, and every day *we counted the holy grains of prayer* together, and it did good to my heart, and I yearned for baptism. Ah, how long the year seemed! 'Will the Black-robe never come?' I said. 'He might have pity on me.' This was all I thought of through the sad winter. And when my son set out for *Kithi Kami* (Hudson's Bay), I prayed him to write you. Here is his letter. Now you, my Father, are following him. You will see him at Abbitibbi, and will tell him that his mother is a Christian."

Some temporal comfort the missionary finds in those desolate regions. Sir George Simpson builds him a church.

About the same time, another Oblate of Mary Immaculate, in Northern Oregon, is in the snow-camp of the Yakama. There pains and miseries, physical and mental, cold and starvation, and sorrow over hard hearts, fall on him, he thinks, "like hail on a springing plant." So he calls his mission "Holy Cross;" and bears his lesser crosses more cheerfully, in remembrance of that. The petty chieftain *Yellow Snake* is his grand enemy. Whenever he calls the better sort to the prayer, Yellow Snake gathers his pagans in a neighboring wigwam, and there holds infernal revelries. Yellow Snake's devil is nearly as clever at inven-

tion as the devil of Doctor Brownlee, or of the less intelligent American antipapists. "The Black-robe," quoth Yellow Snake, "catches rattlesnakes, and, by his enchantments, makes them vomit a black poison upon our tobacco. He will soon kill us all."[1]

To this is added accusation of producing all the sickness, fever, gastritis, a case or so of small-pox. The cold is so intense that wild animals are scarcely to be found. Sometimes the ponies are frozen to death when out hunting; but, upon the whole, *that* is a kind of blessing, for then they eat the pony. Our Oblate of Mary thanks God that he still has (January 12, 1849) in his ice-larder *one dog and two dead wolves*, which agreeable provision he hopes will last until milder weather, when, perhaps, "Our dear Lord will have pity on us, and send us some bear or deer." Meantime, he instructs many, baptizes the children, attends the dying, buries the dead. The medicine-man falls into disrepute, but does not give up yet. "Do you see that cabin, with the white cross on it?"—such is one of Yellow Snake's harangues. "That is the source of our misery: out of that the Black-robe sends us death; he is killing us all by his prayer, his words, and his medicine-water (baptism). Burn down his cabin and cut his head off, and I promise to cure all your maladies." But Father Chirouse trusts in God, and hopes that he shall welcome death joyfully for the cause of Jesus Christ.

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[1] Annales, xxiii. 76

It is true that woful tales of destitution and suffering come in from the Nezpercés, the Cayouses, and the Flatheads, that their stock is perishing under the snows, and their lodges full of sickness; that there is eight feet of snow at the mission of the Immaculate Conception; but all this does not break down the Oblate of Mary, nor even take the sweet French gayety out of his heart, nor off his pen. Has he not a pantry full of choice provisions? A dog and two defunct wolves! He acknowledges that the climate is rather cool for the condition of his wardrobe; and that when his ragged and only cassock fell to pieces at last, the wind that sweeps those frozen solitudes, bit him more keenly than he relished.

"So I cut out a new cassock from a fine thick blanket, and dyed it in the juice of the corn-bloom. The color produced being a lively violet, I fancied myself a bishop; but the first time I was caught in the rain, the violet all washed out, and my cassock was as white as the Pope's. A poor pope I, for I lost my only needle, and could find no other in all my Quirinal palace. But I took the head off a big pin and made it into a kind of needle, with which I have mended the old cassock. Do not mock at my needle; she is coarse, but solid; it is true that she bends oftener than I could desire, but then she never breaks."[1]

An ingenious man, you say. True, but not more so than his brother Oblate of Mary, Father Farand,

[1] Annales, xxiii. 79.

whose beat is about Lake Athabasca, and thence northward. He has made himself a little box which holds bread and wine, a vestment, altar linen, the chalice and the stone, every thing, indeed, needed for the adorable sacrifice, and, when the box is opened, and its double cover arranged, it forms, he thinks, a very decent little altar. Another box contains a neat tent of seven feet by five in base, which covers his altar; the body of his church is the forest, the prairie, the river-bank. He must know, if possible, the Montagnais, a dialect of Algonquin. He studies it through the medium of the Cree, and this he acquires from an old blind Indian who knows no French. The process is not detailed, but the result is that he can catechize, at least, in four or five months.

It was this same Oblate, Father Farand, who built the church at Athabasca. The Scots commandant, a Protestant, of the post, gave the place and all the material but the wood. The priest cut that down in the forests with his own hands. Then the commandant had it brought to the place and sawed. So the framework soon arose, and the reverend Oblate's own fingers made the absolutely necessary furniture, the tables and benches, as well as the doors and window frames. Two years alone at this place; never seeing a coreligionist except his poor Indians, he never lost courage, nor regretted his self-sacrifice for Mary.[1]

As with the priests, so with the bishop. We saw the

[1] Annales, xxiv. 223–227.

departure of Monseigneur Provencher for the Better Land; let us look at his successor, Monseigneur Alexander Taché. He is writing to the venerable Bishop of Marseilles, Superior General of the Oblates of Mary. He has visited the stations of Saint Anne and Our Lady of Victories, and is setting forth from Saint Boniface to Cross Island, north latitude 54°. The date is February 27th. Let us see how this bishop makes his visitations.[1]

"Our small caravan was comprised as follows: two Montagnais Indians, with guns on their shoulders and hatchets in their hands, each drawing a small sledge, upon which was their store of provisions, and wearing large snow-shoes, opened the way, and, in case of need, removed any insurmountable obstruction; behind them plodded your humble servant, provided with snow-shoes somewhat smaller, on account of the weakness of his legs; next came four of the finest dogs of the country, drawing a sledge four feet six inches broad by six feet and a half in length, upon which were attached my culinary apparatus, my bed, wardrobe, chapel, provisions, as well as the effects of a young half-breed, who closed the procession, and who had charge of the dogs and the sledge. This arrangement was a little disturbed the very first day, since the kind-hearted M. Deschambault, a member of the Honorable Hudson's Bay Company, would have me placed under the guidance of one of their servants. The latter was

[1] Annales, xvi. 112, et seq. Baltimore: American edition.

provided with excellent dogs, so that I felt disposed to avail myself of the offer, and husband my strength. This lazy project was, however, speedily abandoned. In the afternoon, the dogs, not much accustomed to fatigue, found that the honorable load which they were dragging along was too heavy for them; I was consequently obliged to dismount, put on my snow-shoes, and tread down the snow before my enfeebled steeds, a necessary labor for the following *nine days*.

"To pitch our rude camp ere the nightfall, the first thing of course necessary, is to move away the loose snow. For this, the snow-shoes serve the purpose of shovels, and the ice-bound surface beneath is then covered with fir branches. At the same time, the vigorous axe is actively engaged in decimating the forest trees. Their gigantic trunks are severed in profusion, the steel emits the long-desired spark, the fine carpet of evergreens, which has replaced the snow, invites the travellers to take possession of their new abode; each one places himself by the fire to satisfy the most imperative want—that of warming his limbs, benumbed with cold; some time is spent in rubbing the chin, the cheeks, and the nose, to restore the circulation of the blood; and when the lips have been restored to their natural suppleness, the impressions received and the adventures of the day are discussed."

And so on, day after day, over the cold wastes plods the holy Oblate of Mary: now and then stopping at a post of the Hon. Company to confirm, baptize, or cele-

brate the divine mysteries. One post the good bishop is sorry to place under the care of the nearest priest, because he has no assistant; the residence of that *nearest* priest being one hundred and fifty miles from this station. Then the poor savages are nearly all pagans still. They have theft, murder, drunkenness, the lowest depth of moral degradation, for their inveterate habits. Crees make war upon Sauteux, Assiniboins, Nez-Percés, Black-Feet, Blood-Eaters. Here and there only a Christian family could be found; suffering, but always faithful.

"Help! help!" cries the devoted prelate to his friends in France. "What a vast field is here! What an abundant harvest! It is true that it appears far from being ripe; but the dew of celestial grace is so fructifying and powerful, the rays of the sun of justice so vivifying, that they may ripen it before the period assigned by human calculation. The great desideratum is more priests. Young Oblates, my brothers and friends, cast, I entreat you, your regards in this direction. In consecrating yourselves to God, in renouncing all worldly enjoyments, you took for your device these expressive words: '*Evangelizare pauperibus misit me Deus:* God hath sent me to evangelize the poor.'[1] May your zeal be exercised here, and may you be one day enabled to exclaim, with exultation, '*Pauperes evangelizantur!* The poor have the Gospel preached to them.'[2] As a recompense for your generosity, I

[1] St. Luke's Gospel, iv. 18. [2] Ibid., vii. 22.

cannot promise you either wealth, pleasures, or honors; I know that your generous hearts despise them. I cannot even assure you that you will always experience those sensible joys that sometimes accompany the exercise of the sacred ministry: the work which is here confided to us is one of devotedness and self-abnegation. Jesus alone will be your recompense, as He alone is the end of your labors. It is always a sufficient happiness to find only God, when He is the only object of our desires."

Some consolations, nevertheless, there are. At Fort Augustus seventeen were confirmed; in another place twenty-two adults baptized; and at Our Lady of Victories, a meeting with the young Oblate, Father Remas. He had been here four months only, suffering much. At his first coming, says the bishop, "he had no house, and the season was too far advanced to think of building one; a man of the country gladly offered him his. This habitation is about thirteen feet square, and six and a half high. It was in this den that your poor child first made himself acquainted with our mode of life; this was also the episcopal palace that he had to offer me, and which I willingly accepted. The only seat it contained, the decayed trunk of a tree, served as my throne, and I found it perfectly adapted to my condition as a missionary bishop. Here, as elsewhere, I had no worldly enjoyments, which I do not desire; but I found the inexhaustible treasure of the consolations which Divine goodness is pleased to bestow with a bountiful hand upon those

who labor for His glory. The Lake of Our Lady of Victories is the finest I have seen in these regions. May the Divine Protectress, to whose patronage it is confided, make it the centre of a flourishing mission!"

Before separating, perhaps forever in this world, the bishop has a house built for the young Oblate of the Immaculate Mother.

"On the 1st of May, Our Lady's own peculiar month, after a Mass which I offered up to obtain the protection of the most Holy Virgin in favor of our enterprise, we proceeded, with a troop of men of good-will, to the place selected for the mission. One of our pretty Indian canticles, in honor of our good Mother, was the prelude to our labors, which I commenced myself, by felling the first tree. I then engaged workmen to construct, as soon as possible, a house; and I trust that the Father has already been enabled to establish in it his penates. On the 8th of May, in the morning, I took leave of him. You can scarcely imagine what were my feelings when giving him my blessing and embracing him. Alas! poor missionary, alone, in the depths of the forest, upon the banks of the cold lake, among a people of whose language he knows but a few words; far, very far, from the beautiful France, from his beloved family, without being associated even with one of the numerous brethren whom he has adopted in his religious profession! What noble devotedness! what admirable generosity! O holy religion! what power hast thou over the human heart, since thou art enabled to break asunder at the

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same time the ties of nature and those formed by habit! At thy call he forgets every thing, mindful only of his divine Model, who, in order to save us, withdrew, so to speak, from the bliss of Paradise, and wrested himself from the ineffable embraces of his celestial Father."

Sometimes, however, as indeed is always the rule in this world, the darkest hour is the hour before the dawn; and pleasure comes from that which threatened pain. Our Oblates are chiefly Frenchmen; and many a thing in the Western wilds appears savage and perilous to those who issue from the old civilizations, which is a matter of indifference to the trained American. Besides, if they only imagine danger, the pain of that is quite as great to them as any sense of reality. Only very stupid people laugh at imagined griefs; not that the grief is less, but that the mocker lacks in himself the quality that caused it. When Father d'Herbomez, an Oblate of Mary, in Oregon, lost his way somewhere between that territory and Northern California, his position was not a comic one. "It was a case," he says, "for trying the divining rod. I said a 'Hail Mary,' and threw the reins upon the neck of my mule. At one time, I began to fear the Blessed Virgin had not heard my prayer. I had already been going at a slapping pace for some time, and yet saw nothing of our friends; when, suddenly, I came upon a sort of village, consisting of some twenty huts, out of which streamed men, women, and children, carrying in their hands some sort of instruments, I knew not what, and

coming towards me. They were black; blacker than any coal; the white of their eyes and of their teeth seemed all the more striking, and gave them, in truth, a sinister aspect. I was soon surrounded by them. Now, you see, I was not yet used to this sort of thing; the idea that these folks might turn out to be anthropophagi made me feel what I would rather not express. To be eaten before I had even reached my post, appeared to me somewhat premature, to say the least of it; so I assumed as bold a tone as I could, and asked my way. The only reply I got was simply a horse-laugh. I was on the point of repeating my question, when those on my right hand uttered a shout of joy, repeating in their language a savage word which I did not understand. They had evidently made a discovery of something that pleased them, for they clapped their hands with great glee.

"The chief now approached me. He was distinguished from the rest by the superior manner in which he was tattooed on the face and over the rest of his body. Strings of beads, formed of human teeth, were suspended from his ears and neck. He made signs for me to dismount, and I felt by no means at ease; resistance, however, was out of the question; so, without more ado, I commended myself to God and to our tender Mother."

After all, they were only glad to see him, these wild men. They made him smoke the calumet, and he found, on trial, that some of them spoke a little English. It was the sight of the missionary cross under

his cloak that made them glad, they said. Then he saw a couple of children with our dear Lady's Scapular and medal round their necks; and finally, he discovered that two-thirds of them were Christians.[1]

Father Brunet also, at La Crosse, Hudson's Bay, in 1857, has his consolations. Let him tell us a story or so of Mary's red children at Ile La Crosse, Hudson's Bay. One year, while giving his mission, he was struck by the perfect, beautiful serenity of one face. It was the face of a girl of seventeen, and when he asked her name, she told him it was Angela.[2] "Never," he tells us, "was name more appropriate." When the mission was over, she, perishing already with decline, followed her family to the forests. With them she moved about from place to place, as their needs required, suffering always, and always patient, daily growing feebler; fading daily as the forest leaves fade when the fall comes on.

So she lived on till Mary's month of May. Her parents always expected her to die, and told her of their apprehensions. But she said, "No: not before she should attend another mission." This was her only prayer. As if she said with the poet-king, "One thing have I desired of the Lord, and will seek to obtain: that I may once more behold the delight of the Lord, and may visit His temple."[3] And her sweet purity of life obtained this favor for her. But when

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[1] Annales, xvii. 138.

[2] Ibid., xxx. 74.

[3] Unam petii a Domino, hanc requiram; ut videam voluptatem Domini et visitem templum Ejus.—Psalm xxvi. 4.

she reached La Crosse, she was no longer able to attend the public services. But she told the Oblate of Mary, "I knew that I should see you again, I had asked that so earnestly from God. My parents said that I must die. But I told them, 'Yes, when I should arrive here.'" She only wanted one thing more, this Indian Angela, to partake of the Food of Angels; and on Whit-Sunday her yearning was gratified. The priest told her she was going, and spoke to her only of the joys of the eternal home.

And so, on the next Sunday morning, he went to give her the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. He thought she slept, but it was her agony, only so gentle that it seemed like sleep. He spoke to her, and she opened her eyes. He gave her the crucifix, and she kissed it, saying, "Jesus, have mercy on me! Help me, my Mother Mary!" The missionary thought that she would last through the night; yet, as he turned away to leave her, he could not help saying, "May the angels conduct thee into Paradise,"[1] and, as he spoke, she passed away. For God had heard the last prayer of the Oblate of Mary, and the angels came from heaven, and took the soul of their Sister Angela to its rest.

In the same tribe lived the good old chieftain Emmanuel, who, too feeble to go out for the chase, employed his leisure in searching the forest for the children of his nation, and teaching them the catechism;

[1] Ordo Commendationis Animæ.

and so the *savage* peoples the desert with new children of God. And then there is our young friend Henry, idolized by his tribe, and followed by all in whom the instinct of self-devotion has been cultivated. He writes, on one occasion, "My father, I *remember* the Prayer. I keep myself altogether for God and you. I want to go to heaven; Father, pray for me. When you read this letter, you will read my heart. I have hunted successfully; I have many furs: I do not love them; I love God. I tell you, Father, in mine integrity, I tell you that I love only God, and that land which is above, and that I may be preserved for that land and for my good God, I pray to my Angel, and, above all, to Mary, sweet Mother of God."

But the lives of the Oblates, like those of other men, are made up of alternations; if we have just seen our Lady Mary as Health of the Feeble, as Protectress, as puissant over the rude savages, we must also see her as "*Consolatrix Afflictorum*, the Consoler of the Afflicted." Go up then, with Father Grandin, to the Oblate Mission of Our Lady of Sorrows, north of Lake Athabasca. Let him give another sketch or so of the life of the missionary.

"On the feast of the Assumption, I had to convey the holy Viaticum to a poor dying woman. Every Saturday the aged and infirm came to encamp near the Mission, whence they did not return until the Monday following. On this occasion, in order to accompany the Blessed Sacrament, they returned the

same evening. My canoe was drawn by one man lame and another almost blind; I was escorted by seven or eight other barks, filled with sick people, the strongest of whom were old grandmothers in charge of infants. In their infirmity they managed to ply the oars with sufficient effect to keep up with the canoe which carried Jesus Christ, and to sing hymns with the utmost exertion of their lungs.

"We arrived at the abode of the sick woman at nightfall. A priest in Europe would be at a loss how to proceed, if, while bearing the sacred elements to his sick people, he met with houses arranged like the huts of our savages. In Europe he would find in the habitations of the poorest at least a table, prepared by some friendly neighbor; but he would have to enter the Indian cabin by crawling on his hands and feet, to take great precautions against burning his clothes or soiling them. But, under such circumstances, where is the priest to deposit the Holy Sacrament while hearing the confession of the sick person? There is not a single piece of furniture in the hovel, not even a log of wood. For my part, knowing beforehand what I have to expect, I carry with me a small casket, not so large as a quarto volume, which I wrap in a piece of clean linen, and, on arriving at the abode of the savage, I place it on the ground, in the least dirty place. This is the throne upon which the King of kings is pleased to descend, while I prepare Him another in the heart of the sick person by receiving his confession."

Then, again, is not this a fit scene for the Mission of Our Lady of Sorrows? "A poor old Indian arrived, followed by his wife and children, and laden with a heavy burden. They struggled through the deep snow, painfully, to the door of the Mission House, and, with bitter tears, told their errand. The burden which the old man carried was the dead body of one of his boys, and his request was for Christian burial; for his faith was, at least, as great as his paternal love. When the coffin and grave had been arranged, I prepared to perform the burial service. The cemetery is at a considerable distance; there is along the road a quantity of wood, which obstructs it, and there was no one to carry the corpse. Two boys, one of whom was the brother of the deceased, tried to carry it; but they had not sufficient strength, so that the poor father was obliged to resume his burden, now considerably increased in weight. My clerk was a little Indian, five years old; although he had only the cross to carry, he fell several times, tripped up by the snow and the branches; I was obliged to raise him, myself encumbered with my book and the holy water. I had also to act as guide to the old man, that I might not have to lift him up also. On arriving at the grave, I was about to let down the corpse myself, when the poor father told me to wait for his wife, who had not been able to arrive in time. When she came up, the old savage knelt down devotedly, kissed the coffin, in which act he was imitated by his wife and children. Returning all together to the church, in tears, I recited with

them the Rosary, and sang a hymn, to which they responded, as well as to the Rosary."[1]

Father Paul Durieu[2] had spent five years in the Rocky Mountains, wandering about from solitude to solitude, from forest to forest, constantly exposed to perish in torrents, to fall by the awful grip of the grizzly bear, scarcely knowing where to get food from day to day, or shelter and rest at night. Stiff with cold, rain, and snow, wet to the bones for days together; after his long, long isolation, getting, as best he might, to the next mission, one hundred and fifty miles away; staggering the last few miles of the distance, and falling at last upon the threshold, so apparently dying, that they get him to bed and administer the Extreme Unction.

Plenty of sufferings were his! The usual unscrupulous wickedness of dealing with the Indians in the States, was one source of his troubles. Cheated first in the form of obtaining their lands; second, in the measurement; third, in payment, and generally in every other point of the bargain; the poor American was driven to desperation, rose, two or three thousand strong, without discipline, ammunition, or provision, against the millions of Celtico-Saxon civilization in 1858. Paul Durieu had a mission of four hundred Christians; who, obedient to the missionary, refused resolutely to join the exasperated tribes. Of course, they were reckoned as enemies; they were obliged to fly from their mission; to leave their village, with its

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[1] Annales, xix. 343. [2] Ibid., xxxii. 212.

wigwam church, to the flames, and to take refuge in the mountains.

Three mighty hills they crossed to reach their place of refuge; a range of mountains two hundred and fifty miles in length, rising in enormous peaks covered with eternal snow. From the top of the last height which divided them from their new home, they looked down over the plain where the wild massacre was going on, and shuddered at the thought of how its thousand sparkling streams were tinged with blood. At first the hunting was not bad; the bear and roebuck were abundant; and, when the hunters, with their Oblate Father among them, succeeded in finding a good herd, they would remember who sent it, and, kneeling upon the snow, they "would sing the *Ave Maris Stella*, to thank God, through the medium of the Blessed Virgin Mary, for giving them food in the wilderness."

Twice had the savage pagan warriors been crushed by the civilized cannon; and now furious, not tamed, by their defeats, they were searching all the wilderness for re-enforcements; and one night a fierce troop entered the Christian encampment. They knew that the Oblate of Immaculate Mary had prevented his people from joining the fierce forays of the heathen. He heard them coming and yelling out his title. He fell upon his knees, made a solemn act of contrition and recommendation of his soul to God, and then awaited them. In a few moments they poured into his lodge.[1]

[1] Annales, xxi. 221.

"Here is the priest," he said. "What do you want of him?" The chief showed the cords that were to bind him. The warriors brandished the guns and the knives that were intended, at least, to intimidate him, but he said, "Do you know in whose lodge you stand, and to whom you are speaking? It is to the minister of Jesus Christ; to the messenger sent by God among you; to him who is sacrificing himself for your salvation. And your minds are so perverse, your hearts so ungrateful, that you would do him harm. Are you not afraid that the Master of Heaven will destroy you on the spot? If you are thirsting for my blood, I am in your hands: pierce the heart that has always loved you; here it is," and he bared his breast, adding: "Strike if you dare, and all will be consummated,—your crime and my sacrifice."

The heathens were sullen and silent, and Mary's Oblate continued: "You want powder and balls; I have none. But, if I had them, I would not give them to you, nor would I become associated with your massacres, by furnishing you with the means of committing them. The Black-robe is the man of peace and charity. He is ready to give up his life to save yours: he detests those who would disseminate death. Go from my lodge. The Master of Life will deal with you some day. He will take vengeance for what you are doing now. But I entreat Him to have pity on you, and to change your hearts, for I cannot help loving you still." Then the chief said, "He has said it. It is true. The Black-robe was and is our best friend.

Pardon us, Black-robe, we were ordered by our chief to come. We go away now, without doing harm. The Black-robe shall always be our friend." Then they shook hands with him, and defiled, in their silent way, down the mountain. Well for them, most probably, for the Christian Indians soon returned from the chase; and had they seen their priest threatened, bloodshed would have certainly ensued. "But," as they are so fond of repeating in their letters, "Our Mother Immaculate watches over her Oblates."

The poor Indians, preposterously simple in the eyes of the schoolmen, are so blessedly childlike in the eyes of our God. One poor old Montagnais at the Mission of Our Lady of Sorrows, was found to pass his Fridays altogether without eating, because fish was not procurable. Father Grandin told him that there was no obligation of abstinence upon him. But he said, "I guessed so, Father, but I want to see the face of God, and I would rather do too much than too little." And the *savages*, for so the translator of the "*Annales*," prefers to render the French word *sauvages*, the Indians of Our Lady of Sorrows, when they cannot get fish for their abstinence days, have a habit of picking out such pieces *as they like least*. One, only seventeen years old, and newly baptized, went out to hunt. He passed three days without eating. Then he killed a bear. And when he brought a rib or so of it to the Oblate Father, he told him that he had slain the brute on a Friday, and had eaten some of his fat. "I am not

certain whether I did right, Father, but I said the Blessed Virgin's Rosary three times."[1]

And we must remember, in our estimation of these neophytes, their position, and its temptations and consequent perils. They are among the savage pagans of their race; akin by blood, separate by religion; and, faithful in such circumstances, can he doubt that as with Abraham of old,[2] "it will be reckoned to them for greater righteousness?" Father Farand, of Mary's Oblates, shows us in a sketch how wild these circumstances of association necessarily are.[3] He says:

"On my return, I found an assemblage of fifty Indians, leaping, shouting, firing guns, and incapable of restraining the expression of their enthusiasm and joy. Among them were two old men, still infidels, but partially acquainted with the sacred truth. 'Good and merciful God,' exclaimed one of them, 'I thank Thee for having permitted me to live to see Thy priest, through whom I am to obtain salvation.' The Indian ceremonies having been duly performed, 'Father,' said they, 'do you consider our hair sufficiently gray? Are we sufficiently ripe for heaven? We are not attached to the present life, but we have asked of God to grant us the favor of living to see again your face, and receiving baptism.' On hearing my affirmative reply, they dried their tears, and I proceeded to the fort.

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[1] Annales, xx. 104. American edition.

[2] St. Paul to the Hebrews.

[3] Annales, xx. 223. American edition.

But I was soon obliged to leave every thing; numerous gun-shots had just been heard, the whole tribe of the Yellow Knives had arrived, and this was their greeting to me.

"The Yellow Knives are much less humane than the Montagnais; their faces bear the impress of frightful barbarity; they had come, however, to hear the words of salvation. As their language is something like that of the Montagnais, I was able to instruct them; the difficulty was to hear, for they spoke all at once, screaming and howling in the most deafening manner. I could perceive, however, that they were speaking of me with admiration. Some of them, whom I had seen four years before, wanted to impose silence upon the others, that they might speak to me alone; but it was quite impossible for any single voice to be distinguished amid the tumult. This scene continued until half-past eleven at night, when I dismissed them. If the Yellow Knives should one day become Christians, I feel convinced that they will practise virtue to heroism. They have long been the terror of the other savages, and they are still the most violent; but are not the most violent dispositions the most susceptible of giving the brightest examples of virtue?

"I announced the opening of the Mission for the following day, which was Sunday, on the morning of which day, the sun appeared to rise more bright and radiant than usual. Having concluded my meditation, I rang the bell, and the Indians, at the first signal, filled the room that served us as a church. After Mass

and instructions, the chief of the Yellow Knives, a man of good sense and regular conduct, remained with me, together with the second of the old men, who, also, had asked to receive baptism. 'God,' said the latter to me, with an earnest look, 'the God, whom you preach, must be good beyond expression, since you are so good.' Then, addressing himself to the chief of the Yellow Knives, 'What country has given him birth? who has inspired him with the thought of coming here to instruct us, poor, miserable creatures, who were so deserted?' The reason appeared evident to the other old man, who replied: 'Father, I now see you for the first time, although I have long had the desire of meeting you. But I am happy in having thought of one thing that you have preached to us. You spoke to us of the omnipresence of God; some of my tribe considered this very extraordinary: well, I then explained to them how this could be possible. If the sun, which is so small, lights all our forests and lakes at the same time, is it astonishing that He who has made the sun should be able to penetrate and search even the bottom of our hearts?'

"But I was not to overlook the principal aim of my voyage. The mountains of snow had already disappeared under the sun's rays, and my workmen had already prepared for me all the building-wood. I took two men with me; we got upon a raft, upon which we drifted towards Elk Island. To relate all the dangers we incurred that day would be impossible. Sometimes in the water up to the waist, we resolutely per-

sisted in clearing the ice which would not give way; sometimes we were carried away by the current, and we were in danger of disappearing beneath these floating mountains. At one time, while seated astride of a flake of ice, I was thrown into the water, and should have been drowned had I not been an expert swimmer. I got out upon another piece of ice, and was caught by my men; but I was obliged to descend in the raft, and return with them to the fort without having succeeded in my attempt. The following day the wind changed, and drifted away the ice. We hastened to set out; the building-wood was put on board, and at four o'clock in the afternoon we landed on the deserted island. Our savages followed us, and we now went to work. For eight days I superintended the workmen, hatchet in hand. When the house and chapel began to require less of my direction, I left my workmen to continue their labors, and resumed my missionary occupations.

"Then a new clan of heathens came in upon us suddenly, with salvos of musketry and rather discordant yells. Of these, only one had been baptized, but he was an apostle; he had instructed his brethren, and they might have been taken for old Christians. Moreover, the numerous tribes that inhabit the banks of the great Mackenzie River are so desirous of instruction, that it is sufficient to initiate one alone to give to all the rest the essential notions of Christianity; so that all these savages, even those who are not baptized, look upon themselves as Christians. I devoted the whole of

the night to the examination of the new-comers, and the next day I was enabled to fix the time for the grand baptismal festival. Providence added to the solemnity of the event in permitting us to perform the ceremony in our modest chapel, which, although unfinished, was available for the exigencies of the occasion.

"In the morning I ascended a small hill that overlooks the house and chapel, that I might more freely devote myself to prayer. Beneath me lay two hundred and sixty Indian huts, and I heard a few voices muttering prayers. On the previous evening I had exhorted them all to prayer, and they spent the night in singing hymns and reciting the Rosary. At break of day, some of them, overcome by fatigue, had gone to sleep; others were still engaged in prayer. On the signal being given, they all assembled. After Mass, I called over the names, and thirty-six adults, admirably disposed, received the sacrament of regeneration. A few days after, eighty other adults were sufficiently well prepared, and enjoyed the same happiness."

And then how gratifying it is, to see these great heroes, these warriors of God, unmentioned in newspapers, unquarrelled for by parties, unaware of their own grandeur, remembering so tenderly the father, mother, little sister, whom they left at home in kindly France. Living in the wilds as God made them, unenthralled by the extreme elegance and delicacy of North American civilization, these men, amid their wander-

ings, and perils, and noble self-sacrifice, have liberty at least to remember humanity, their family, and the home, so well worth loving, but which they left to be Oblates of Mary.

## CHAPTER XIX.

MARY'S OBLATES ON THE ATLANTIC AND IN THE LAND OF THE DACOTAH.

THERE are other missions, too, less near the Northern Pole, but no less fruitful in suffering. To me there is something inexpressibly touching in the address of Father Bernard's letter from the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

"MY GOOD AND DEAREST MOTHER:[1]

"I remember that when I was still very young, I once read to you a letter from a missionary, in which he spoke of the labors of his apostleship. He represented himself as catechizing his people late at night, seated upon a beam of his half-erected chapel. This scene was lighted by a splendid moonlight; and the secret desire of imitating the good priest was enkindled in my heart. It has pleased God to aid, by His grace, the sentiments with which He then inspired me. It is now eleven years since I left France to proceed to Canada, where I have already built two churches, both dedicated to the Apostle St. Peter, my glorious patron. For the means to construct these two churches, I had

[1] Annales, xx. 228. American edition.

to turn beggar, and I have now sufficient to complete them.

"For four years, I exercised the ministry among the French Canadians, and it was not until last spring that I saw an Indian tribe, in their normal state, in the midst of the woods. The dream of my early years is now realized, and it is to you, my good Mother, that I address the first narrative of my wanderings. I left Montreal on the 13th of last May, and Quebec on the 20th, accompanied by Fathers Bubel, appointed to the chief direction of the Mission; Arnaud, missionary to the Nascapis; and Crepman, sent to Labrador. On our way to the Mission, in the bark canoes, we recited the Rosary and prayed together. We mingled our voices in singing the *Magnificat;* to the eye of faith, it was a splendid sight to witness these thirty-four travellers praying daily in common. And at the Mission we find all the Indian Christians. On our arrival the women run and pick up dry wood. They light a fire and boil the pot. The children gambol, and run in quest of wild fruit, while the men watch, gun on arm, upon some crag. You may, if you like, apply here the proverb, 'that you should not sell the bear's skin before having killed it.' Despite all the proverbs in the world, the pot boils; it must have victims—it will have them! Have patience! Do you see that *napeshish* (little boy), nine years old, with smiling lips and a quick step? With as little concern as possible, he says to you, as he passes: '*Nota shiship;* Father, some game!' Good, good! by the aid of the murderous

lead we will have some *godes*, some *moniac*, for dinner, and there will be some left for this evening. The meal over, the voyage is resumed until nightfall, when anchor is cast, and all again land. A large fire is lighted; the game will soon be cooked; some coarse black tea will serve as a beverage. After supper, all, at a given signal, assemble around the large fire, and recite, on their knees, the Rosary. This is followed by night prayers, after which an Indian, with a clear voice, intones, in his own language, three times, the *Parce Domine*, and three times, also, that invocation to the Blessed Virgin,—'*Sancta Maria, refugium peccatarum, ora pro nobis.*' Then is added that touching invocation from the office of the Church: 'Into Thy hands, O Lord! I commend my spirit. Thou hast redeemed us, O Lord God of truth! Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost! Keep us, O Lord, as the apple of thine eye. Protect us under the shadow of thy wings!'[2] Sublime accents, how they move the soul of the Christian praying in solitude beneath a star-covered sky!"

At Mingan, they find ninety Christian Indian families assembled, and "Mingan possesses a delightful little chapel, surmounted by a belfry terminated by a small arrow, and ornamented with a cross. A bell is used to call to Mass the nomadic people encamped in the neighborhood. There is a Mass at five o'clock,

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[1] Holy Mary, Refuge of Sinners; pray for us.

[2] Conclusion of the Compline Office, Roman Breviary.

preceded by prayer, and accompanied by the singing of hymns. This is followed by instruction; and, at seven o'clock, by the last Mass. An Indian woman, whom I asked if she were not fatigued with remaining so long at chapel, and always in a squatting posture, replied: 'I wish the Fathers would remain with us always. Can we make too much of them during the days of the Mission? Ah! if you knew how long the months appear when we are without priests!' 'And what,' said I, 'do you do on a Sunday when we are not here? Do the men hunt?' 'Never, Father, unless they have been unsuccessful the night, or night but one, before. The Great Spirit does not wish his children to die of hunger. About the time when we know that the High Mass is being offered up in the parish churches of Canada, we read prayers and recite the Rosary, and so also at the time for Vespers. This is all our consolation while awaiting the return of the Mission.'

"These words, I am bound to say, were fully justified in their conduct. You would be delighted to see them go about their avocations, the women inside the cabins, the men outside; some fishing, some hunting, and others building bark canoes. You would be equally surprised to see them leave off work to go to confession. You would not, perhaps, find one who would content himself with going only once. At nightfall they assembled at the chapel to sing hymns, which are followed by the recitation of the Rosary, prayer, and benediction, and exposition of the Blessed Sacrament.

"The devotions are terminated by the singing of a hymn to Mary, of which the following is a translation of the first and simple strophe:

"'How I love to look upon the Queen of Heaven's sacred image! My heart and my voice have always understood her language. She says to me, with a smile—Come, my child.'

"I must also speak to you of the procession in honor of the Blessed Virgin, which generally closes the Mission. At that to which I allude, a statue of our good Mother, brought from France, was borne by four young Montagnais girls, while four others held the ends of the ribbons. All of them might have said, with the Virgin of Solomon, '*Nigra sum, sed formosa:*'[1] we are black, but this by no means prevents us from being pleasing to the Queen of Heaven.' During the procession, a company of hunters from time to time discharged their guns. Each report was instantly answered by the cannon fired on board the Canadienne, moored in front of the chapel; and her numerous crew, at least the major part of it, had come, by our invitation, to form an escort to the image of the Protectress of France and Canada. You will be astonished at the grandeur of this ceremony, if you reflect that it took place at a distance of four hundred miles from Quebec, upon an uncultivated coast, and in a wood, in which, in spite of the gnats and musquitos, I had opened a road, eighteen feet wide and five hun-

[1] Song of Songs.

dred yards long. We inaugurated it on the previous evening by planting a large cross, to which disconsolate souls may come hereafter for strength and consolation."

We have seen, this year, 1863, that struggle of the Sioux for the possession of Minnesota, which will probably be their last. We have read of their outrages, and of the hanging of some seventy of them. Let us see how a civilized woman proposes to argue the matter with them. It will give us an idea of the ferocity and savage hate for all whites which exist, as life-elements, in the bosoms of the untamable Dacotah. "Minnesota," says Mrs. Jane G. Swisshelm, "will never make peace with the Sioux Indians. Whenever they get out from under Uncle Samuel's wing, we will hunt them, shoot them, set traps for them, *put out poisoned bait* for them, kill them by every means we would use to exterminate panthers. We cannot breathe the same air with these demon violators of women, crucifiers of infants. Every Minnesota man *who has a soul*, and can get a rifle, will go to shooting Indians, and he who hesitates will be blackballed by every Minnesota woman, and posted as a coward in every Minnesota house."[1]

Now, if this be a just way of dealing, even retributively just, with the Dacotah, we can gain an insight into the perils of the Oblate Father Mestre on his journey through the country of these indomitable

[1] Lecture delivered by the above-named lady, in Washington, on Saturday, Feb. 21 or 28, 1863.

savages less than three years ago.[1] "I would not write you these horrors," he says to Monseigneur de Mazenod, "were it not to afford you joy and inspire you with gratitude, by proving to you once more that, in the midst of deserts the most frightful and formidable, the Oblates of Mary Immaculate are visibly protected by her whom you teach them daily to invoke as their Protectress and Mother.

"Nature herself gives us the first idea of what our journey is to be, for, about nine o'clock at night, just as we had all taken to our blankets, and were thinking of taking a little repose on the hard ground that was to be our travelling couch, a most violent storm broke out. The wind, blowing with fury, continually lifted up our tent and threatened to overturn it, while the clouds poured down upon us a torrent of rain. For a good hour we had the greatest difficulty in preserving our slight place of shelter, and in protecting our provisions against the water, which broke in upon us at all sides. When the storm had ceased, and the sky became again serene, a tempest of another nature was suddenly heard in the tent next to ours, and one, too, which gave us much more alarm than the one against which we had been so vigorously struggling. The three half-breeds, who had shown us the greatest civility, having been visited in the evening by some comrades, invited them to drink, and drank with them to excess; then followed shouts and songs, which were

[1] Annales, xxii. 229. Baltimore edition.

those of true Iroquois : but these were soon succeeded by quarrels, and, as a finish to the feast, by sanguinary battles, for one of the combatants received two knife-cuts in the orbit of the right eye. This scene lasted until three o'clock in the morning."

Then they strike off into those boundless plains where the eye seldom sees any trace of human life between itself and the far horizon. But in a few days a straggling Indian or trader would meet them, and pass them rapidly with the news that the Sioux were up ; "and soon," says Father Mestre, "we saw, in the direction of the northwest, an immense fire, and our people recognized in this a practice of the Sioux, who must have discovered us during the daytime, and who, by this means, were giving to their brethren, dispersed on the prairie, the signal for a rendezvous, that they might be able to attack us with greater advantage. This supposition was but too true.

"It so happened that, under these fearful circumstances, we had with us only four young half-breeds, not more than eighteen years old, and a man of about forty, but who appeared least courageous of all. It was in vain that we sought to rouse him from the preoccupations that preyed upon us, as well as him; in vain did we exhort him to put his whole trust in God and the good Mary. Alas! it would seem he anticipated the horrible scene in which, eleven days later, he was to fall a victim to the perfidy of the Sioux. About six o'clock in the evening, just as we were retiring within our camps, perceiving him still in the same dejected

mood, 'Come,' said I to him, 'I will stand sentinel, and see that our horses do not go astray, and give the alarm at the first sign of danger.' And, accordingly, with my gun on my left arm, and my Rosary in my right hand, I set to walking about, in all directions, around our carts, stopping at every step to listen."

So they go on, over those seas of land, till, on the twentieth day of their journey, they "suddenly heard the almost simultaneous report of several guns. 'It is all over with us,' said the men one to another; 'the enemy is behind the hill; we are lost!' 'Lost,' exclaimed Father Moulin and I, as if instinctively repeating the word; 'no, no, it is not possible! the All-Powerful hand that has protected us thus far, will not abandon us. We are here two missionaries, two children of Mary Immaculate: our glorious Mother is with us.'"

The shots came from a band of Dacotahs who had fired at three straggling half-breeds. The latter now came in and swelled the drunken, mixed-blood escort of the unfortunate Missionaries. These fellows told the Oblate Fathers that there were only twenty-five miles left of their journey towards the Mission of Saint Joseph; and that there was no further danger from the Sioux. The truth was, that they had still one hundred miles to traverse, and that through the very central camping ground of those redoubtable heathens. But "God and Mary" was their watch-word; and earnest, practical *belief* in that which they professed, was their strength. But the luggage of

their escort consisted chiefly in whiskey: the unbred brutes were always drunk and quarrelling; and the two priests, "offered to God for Mary," determined to go in advance of the caravan: hoping and believing to find that she, who is the "Star of the Sea," would prove for them also the "Star of the Prairies."

They believed that they had twenty-five miles to go, and they started: Father Moulin, with his breviary under one arm, and their stock of provisions swung on an umbrella over the shoulder of the other; while Father Mestre bore a travelling-bag, weighing thirty pounds, attached to the muzzle of his rifle. So they go on, from daybreak until three o'clock, the twenty-five miles of supposition gradually lengthening out into the hundred miles of reality. So the night fell at last, and there was nothing left but to lie down beneath the tufted willows which fringed the watercourse that guided them, with trust in God and His Immaculate Mother, for their sole protection from the night-dew, the prowling wolf, the grizzly bear, and the grizzlier Dacotah.

"It is needless," says Mary's Oblate, "to describe the horrors of that long night. Half reclined upon the damp ground, we could not sleep for a moment, for, at every movement of the leaves, we imagined ourselves assailed by enemies of all sorts; and as I placed much reliance on my gun, I never, for an instant, parted with it. Ah, with what joy we witnessed the break of day about four o'clock next morning! After having offered up an act of thanksgiving to God, and

implored the intercession of the Blessed Virgin for our protection, we sought the best means of crossing the river; but what was our surprise, on reaching the opposite bank, to discover an immense plain between us and the long-desired mountain!"—the mountain at the foot of which they fancied St. Joseph's mission lay. Therefore, they march on bravely, and find, at seven o'clock, that no Mission is there. Courage! it is at the other side of the mountain! So they set a stout heart to a steep brae, and climb the hill. And on the top they find the beginning of a new and apparently limitless plain, stretching off far to the base of another and a taller peak.

Then Father Moulin is struck with an attack of ague, from which he had been for some time suffering, and falling down, declares his inability to go any further. What is to be done? The escort cannot overtake them in less than two days: they have had no food for twenty-four hours; on this elevated plateau there is not one drop of water to quench their parching thirst.

Then says Mestre: "'What shall I do, my brother? Shall I lie down beside you that we may die together, or shall I leave you, and strive to reach the Mission?' And Father Moulin answered: 'Go forward, friend, if you have still any strength remaining. It may be that St. Joseph's is at no great distance. Ah! if you could but reach it without accident, you would probably find there some charitable souls who would fly to my assistance, and then—' 'Leave that to me,' said I, with my heart swollen with grief. 'Ever since we were left

to ourselves in this frightful solitude, God has delivered us from so many dangers, that He will still be my protector and guide, and will likewise watch over you.' With these words, I placed my gun and bag at the feet of my dear brother, and now, that I had divested myself of this heavy burden, I felt capable of walking several miles before nightfall.

"I must admit, that when I saw my beloved brother, hitherto so courageous, lying helpless on the ground, I could not help feeling discouraged. For a moment I thought it was all over with us; but Providence, who had reserved for us this severe trial, came to my aid; and no longer thinking of the pains in my legs, or the numerous blisters that had almost rendered me incapable of putting my feet to the ground, I set out with almost as much energy as at the moment of departure.

"I had scarcely proceeded three miles, when I suddenly perceived, a few yards before me, what appeared to be a man's head in the grass. 'Hold!' said I to myself, 'there is a Sioux lying in wait for me.' I resolved, however, to advance, trembling with fear, and recommending myself to God with all the fervor that an almost certain and immediate death was calculated to inspire. On approaching the so-much-dreaded object, I distinguished a black cap fixed on the end of a stick set up in the very path along which I was walking. On approaching this trophy, I saw also two arrows on each side of the road, and beneath the cap, a large knife, very recently steeped in blood. This

was quite sufficient to convince me that the Sioux must have committed there a double murder within a few days. Looking around me, I perceived on the grass, which appeared much trampled, some traces of blood and shreds of clothes; thirty or forty yards behind the spot, a knot of dwarf willows, the branches of which were for the most part twisted or broken, bore evidence that the enemy had made this their ambush."

The next encounter was with a wolf—no dog-like coyote of the milder prairies, but a gaunt, tawny-gray wolf of the north. Poor Father Mestre had nothing to do for it but trust in God, and to keep his umbrella pointed at the brute. By and by it slunk away, and the Oblate felt better, until at sunset, when, having finished his Office, he heard the growl of more than one grizzly bear. No hunter's joy was his at the sound; for the unaided umbrella is not reliable in the case of the bear. "Besides," he says, "I could scarcely bear up against the pain that was caused by the contraction of the sinews; I was also parched with thirst, which tended to increase the state of weakness to which I was reduced. I tried, however, to drag myself along for some time, firmly resolved to keep the promise I had made to Father Moulin, to walk day and night. I also expected to meet with some lake or stream at which I should be able to quench my thirst. But at nine o'clock, finding myself deceived in my expectations, and my strength completely exhausted, I was forced to make a halt. I took shelter for the night under some bushes densely covered with foliage, and,

before going to sleep, recommended myself with all my heart to God, and to her who is justly designated the *Comforter of the afflicted.* Apprehensive that I might only awake in the presence of the great Judge, I thrice repeated my act of contrition, then painfully stretching myself upon the already damp grass, with my cross in one hand and my Rosary in the other, I laid my head on my breviary, and crossed my arms on my breast. In this posture, I waited patiently until sleep came to close my eyelids. But the sweat in which my whole body was suffused, the dew which had already wet my clothes, distressed me very much; and it was not till after having lain long and painfully awake, that a deep sleep enabled me to forget for a time the fatigue and suffering that I had endured during the whole day. At ten o'clock I was suddenly roused by the howling of the wolves."

So up he must rise and stagger on again: but he blessed God for that, for eleven o'clock brought him to a river, shadowed by dwarf red-oak and maple. Here he quenched his thirst, and, after one or two failures, succeeded in climbing up into a triple tree-fork. Here he felt disposed to mock at the howling of the now numerous wolves, for he knew that the brute could not climb, but a deeper growl in the distance moderated his triumph, and bade him remember that the tallest trees are accessible to the bear. But he got some little rest, though broken, in his forest arm-chair, and at daybreak he felt better able to continue his route. And so still fasting; chewing the blossoms of certain

odoriferous plants for hunger, and licking the dew from the large oak leaves to quench his thirst, he found his way at length to his brother Oblates of Mary Immaculate, at their mountain Mission of Saint Joseph.

He had been separated from Father Moulin *forty-two hours*, during all which time that priest lay, prostrate with fever, on the open prairie. But ten stout men hurried off at once for him, and it pleased our Lord to save him for future usefulness on earth.

But Father Goiffon, of Saint Boniface, caught in a storm of rain, hail, and snow, saw his horse perish in a marsh, in December, 1860. His efforts to save the poor brute exhausted his own remaining strength, and he fell beside the creature that had carried him. *Five days and nights* he lay there in the knee-deep, half-frozen slush, pillowed on and nourished by the dead horse only.

On the sixth day, his wild shouts of delirium attracted attention, and they found him lying cramped there, and, with crazy hospitality, inviting all to share his delicious banquet of horse-flesh. Saved, he, but at the expense of one leg, and the foot of the other. A day or two after these were amputated, the mission house took fire, and when they came to move him, he said, "Leave *me* to die: go save those who are useful: as for me, I am no longer good for any thing." And they had scarcely carried him out when the fire seized upon and consumed the room wherein he had lain.[1]

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[1] Annales, xxii. 244. Baltimore.

Such is our meagre sketch of the Oblates of Immaculate Mary. Are not these the legitimate successors of those grand men, who strode in conquest over this vast land three centuries ago? Do not the spirits of Marquette, and Jogues, of Lallemant, Bressani, Daniel, Brebeuf, look down from heaven in benediction on these completers of their work? What, to these heroes, are the toils they undergo, the ills they suffer, the death that they confront! All have for their battle-call and rallying cry, these words of one of their number, now laboring in Texas:[1] "Blessed forever be the sacred names of JESUS and of Mary, to whom we appertain for time and for eternity! too happy we in having given up our lives for them."

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[1] Father Mary Sivy, Oblate of Mary Immaculate. See Annales, xxii. 251. Baltimore edition.

## CHAPTER XX.

THE COMPANY OF JESUS AGAIN—THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION IN THE BOREAL LATITUDES—DEVOTION IN MINNESOTA—OUR LADY OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

WE are not to suppose, however, that none others are offered for Mary but those who are so by title as well as practice. In those same cold regions, side by side with this fresh young Knighthood of the Immaculate Mother, labor some secular missionaries: a few sons of Saint Benedict, and, of course, the inevitable Jesuit. Pioneer warrior of God to-day as he was three hundred years ago, the soldier of the Company of Jesus preserves the spirit, features, and discipline of those who evangelized the Abnaki and Algonquin of old, who paid for the souls of the Iroquois with their blood, as their Master had bought their souls with His most precious Blood. Year after year, new tribes, from among the thousands who still wander between Hudson's Bay and the Pacific, come in search of the Black-robe, or are sought out by him. The Dacotah even respects him, and if he have harmed any it was by mistake, and all other tribes exhibit to-day the welcome of Hiawatha, as in the days when Daniel and Marquette first visited the cool shores of *Gitche Gumme*.[1]

[1] The Big-Sea Water: Lake Superior. The address of Hiawatha, in the poem, is a translation merely from Shea's "Mississippi."

From the distant land of Wabun,'
From the furthest realms of morning,
Came the Black-robe chief, the Prophet,
He the Priest of Prayer, the pale-face,
With his guides and his companions.
And the noble Hiawatha,
With his hands aloft extended,
Held aloft in sign of welcome,
Waited, full of exultation,
Till the birch canoe with paddles
Grated on the shining pebbles,
Stranded on the sandy margin,
Till the Black-robe chief, the pale-face,
With the cross upon his bosom,
Landed on the sandy margin.
Then the joyous Hiawatha
Cried aloud and spake in this wise:
"Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,
When you come so far to see us!
All our town in peace awaits you·
All our doors stand open for you;
You shall enter all our wigwams,
For the heart's right hand we give you."
And the Black-robe chief made answer,
Stammered in his speech a little,
Speaking words yet unfamiliar:
"Peace be with you, Hiawatha,
Peace be with you and your people,
Peace of prayer, and peace of pardon,
Peace of Christ, and joy of Mary!"[1]

The Jesuit of the Missions of Canada, so called, still found at the old grounds, Saut Saint Mary's, Holy Cross, and Sacred Heart, has now a more modern central post, at the extreme northern verge of Lake Superior, the Mission of the Immaculate Conception.

[1] Longfellow's "Song of Hiawatha," xxii.

From this they go forth to visit their numerous stations, at thirty, sixty, and one hundred miles distance. Northward to the nomad tribes which stray over the wastes which are clad with six months of winter; over vast turbulent streams, and countless lakes, and unsheltered level lands, where the biting wind sweeps barrierless. The Iroquois who, of old, was the peril of the Mission, and so often the murderer of the missionary, is found now amid the far western tribes, a missionary himself: a retainer and earnest lover of the early tradition of the Black-robes.' But if that kind of martyrdom has nearly ceased, the slow, silent martyrdom by toil, starvation, frost, still allures the devoted soul from the joys of the world, to self-sacrifice for the Hearts of Jesus and Mary.

The letters from the Mission of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception in 1854, differ from those of 1654 only in this, that the scalping-knife, the stake, and the tomahawk, figure in them less freely, and that consolations are more abundant from the fidelity of the poor Indian Christians who inhabit those wilds. Father Frémiot writes to his Superior such a letter as Dablon might have written to his.[2]

"I will not here describe to you our poverty, our trials, and misfortunes. A hasty glance at our first

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[1] We shall see the efforts of these Iroquois missionaries directly, and in Father de Smet's "Sketches," p. 91, where he attributes the conversion of those Flatheads, under God, to the once blood-lapping Iroquois.

[2] Annales, xv. 181. American edition.

proceedings would show you that our only church was a small chapel, extemporized in one day, and built of bark; and in the next place, you would witness the sinister glare of a fire amid the winter's ice, destroying our new house, raised by the penny subscriptions of the poor and the orphans. You would also see that, for eighteen months, death has been carrying off, without pity, our beloved children, and thus causing the Black-gowns and their prayers to be blasphemed; for the superstition or the bad faith of these people leads them to attribute to us these scourges of Divine wrath.

"But I did not intend to make you share with us the bitter cup of our afflictions. Let us change our theme. You have had a glance at the cross and the thorns: behold now, Mary, the mother of good hope, with a countenance radiant with love, and her hands filled with heavenly blessings, which she scatters, like a fertilizing shower, upon the heads of her little Indian family. Ah! if it is true that no one need despair beneath the shadow of her name, how can we imagine that she will permit this nascent Mission to perish, since its future destiny is placed under the glorious title of the *Immaculate Conception?* Is not this that tower of David, from which a thousand shields are suspended for the defence of those whom it is to protect? Moreover, was there ever an age in which this prerogative presented an aspect so promising for the future? Where could we find, at the present day, a more secure pledge of protection, hope, and life?

"The experience of the past already seems to an-

swer for the future. The finger of God has stamped our work, which is His own, with a lasting impress of the Cross; but from the maternal heart of Mary, a few drops of consoling balm have already fallen upon us." The Government of the United States, in pursuance of its immemorial custom of extruding the Indians from its territories, forced large bands of the unfortunate red-men, who still lingered east of the Mississippi, into the northern lands beyond the great lakes; and these immigrations are hailed by the missionary as new grain to be cultured and reaped for the harvest of God.

"I have already," says the pious Father, "baptized the first-fruits of these future neophytes: of those who, with God's permission, are to be the objects of our affection here, our consolation on earth, and our crown of glory in heaven." When this Indian woman is questioned by Father Frémiot, as to the motive which induced her to embrace the Prayer, she tells him this story.

"One day, I went with my three children to an island in Lake Nipigon, about ten miles from the land. While eating some myrtle-berries and other wild fruits, a violent wind rose upon the lake, and the waves, gradually rising, at length carried off my canoe, which I had left close to the bank. There I was, alone and helpless, upon a desert isle, with my children; I thought we should all be lost. I did not, however, give way to despair, but resolved to find out some means of saving my life and that of my children. I

made a sort of raft with two pieces of wood tied together with flexible roots, and crouching upon it as if in a canoe, I seized an oar and pushed off. The storm had fortunately been succeeded by a complete calm, under favor of which, I reached the land without accident. But I had no sooner landed, than the waves began to rise anew, so that had I been still in the middle of the lake, I must have perished. I hastened in quest of a canoe, that I might return to fetch my dear children, whose cries of distress I could still hear in the distance. At length I discovered the object of my search, and immediately embarked to return. The water had again become calm, and I reached my children, just before sunset, and found them all alive. Then it was that I recollected hearing our old men speak of the Great Spirit, when I was still a child. 'He is above,' they used to say; 'He it is who made the earth and all things; He is the Master of Life.' I had never thought of this for a long period; but I now felt that it was He who had sent this extraordinary calm; that it was to Him my children and I were indebted for our lives. And hence, when I heard the *prayer of the Great Spirit* mentioned, I felt an earnest desire to learn and embrace it.' "And indeed, this poor woman surprised every one by the promptitude with which she learnt the Christian truths, although she only heard them publicly announced from time to time in the church. I gave this good neophyte the name of Mary Anne."

As for his Catholics, it is nearly all consolation.

They are so uncivilized and barbarous as to practise what they profess. One of these savages, closely examined a year after his baptism by Father de Smet, said, with some surprise in his tone: "No, Father, I have done none of these things. Did I not *promise* the Master of Life and you to abstain from them?" Here, about the Mission of the Immaculate Conception, they are like nearly all the other Catholic Indians —they have "become like little children." Except the *Kyrie eleison*, which they sing, Father Frémiot says, in *Latin*,[1] they sing, congregationally, the Mass and Vespers, in their own dialect, to the notes of the Roman chant; and, at sundown, on the day of the Lord, they gather, for *the fourth time that day*, to recite in common the Rosary of Our Lady Mary the Immaculate.

It is cold there in the winter. "A young man, who was travelling in the woods, arrived here with his cheeks and chin frozen black and blue; and I myself, on going to the fort by a road through the forests, took off my gloves for about two minutes to wipe my spectacles, covered with a double coat of ice, caused by the respiration, for I had a shawl over my face; but I found it utterly impracticable. My breath, instead of melting the ice, only served to thicken it. I could not have thought that this operation would have frozen my fingers; but I became painfully aware of it a quarter of an hour afterwards, on entering a house and experiencing a sudden transition from cold to heat.

[1] Annales, xv. 185.

I went out immediately to rub them in snow; but it was already a little too late, and this painful sensation continued for two or three days. On this occasion, also, we were obliged to thaw the chalice three times during one Mass, although there was by the side of the priest a chafingdish, and two stoves in the chapel. But what will appear to you still more incredible is, that the wine actually froze in the cruet, placed only half a foot above the stove! A journey during this season is not exactly like a pleasure excursion. Imagine that on some occasions, as was the case last spring, we have to walk on the melting ice, softened to the depth of half a foot, or make our way, with a watchful eye, across the clefts which present themselves on all sides. Sometimes, also, as it happened this winter, we have to cross the woods, without any road to guide us, wandering from the early morning till nine or ten at night. Once, for example, in crossing a lake at night by the light of birch-bark torches, we tread upon the newly-skimmed surface of a wide crevice, and are well drenched for our carelessness; but the December wind soon freezes our garments, and we do not feel the wet. Only sometimes, on these occasions, we recall our recreation walks over the hills of sunny southern France, where, somewhat nearer to the skyey regions, we raised our voices to her who is their Queen, in the strains of the *Salve Regina*.

"This, however, is not the south of France. There is our trip to Prince's Bay—latitude 45° 50′; air very pure there in the month of January; bracing, indeed,

as well-wrapped-up old gentlemen call it when they see a youngster shiver. We started for the bay at two in the morning, intending to walk across the ice and to sleep on the other side. There had been a recent thaw, but we had forgotten all about that, and now it recurred to our remembrance.

"There was, indeed, still some ice; but it was so thin that it would have been folly to venture upon it. We were consequently obliged to make up our minds to encamp even at this unseasonable hour. The snow was falling in large flakes, and we could scarcely see two steps before us. We began by setting fire to a birch-tree. The bark immediately ignited to the very top; and, by the light of this burning column, one shook the snow from the trees under which we were to camp; another, using his snow-shoe as a substitute for a shovel, cleared the place of encampment; and a third went in quest of dried wood to feed the fire during the night. After having taken a frugal meal, each one lay down to rest upon a few fir-branches, near the extemporaneous hearth.

"I wrapped myself up as well as I could in my blanket and buffalo skin; but although the snow had been shaken from the tree under which I was lying, there was still some left, which, being melted by the smoke, fell in large drops upon my face. Of this circumstance I became painfully aware, when I was wakened out of my first sleep by the cold, for the sky had become clear, and a cold, frosty wind blew across the desert. I awoke my men, who went to cut some

wood by moonlight. For my part, I turned my face down upon the bed, leaving the drops of water to congeal quietly over my head. In the morning, the ice of the bay was broken into thousands of pieces. However, after a long winding, we arrived at length at the house where we were so anxious to arrive the night before. There we spent the remainder of the day; and although the boards were our only bed, we slept there much better than beneath the dropping of the forest trees.

"But what are all these adventures, fatigues, and even dangers! If at this price, the priest should only succeed in adding one neophyte to this mysterious number of the elect, he would have no reason to regret the sacrifice he has made. He would recall to mind the sentence of Saint Francis Xavier: 'To go to the world's end to save a soul and then die, is an enviable fate.'"

It has happened to this missionary to be caught in a storm, towards nightfall, on that grand inland sea, and in order to save the canoe and its contents, to land upon an island rock, as the only visible shelter and place of safety. On the top of the rock, some eighteen feet high, they found a few dead fir-trees, which gave them fire at least. Around them lay many well-bleached bones of the wild Huron and Iroquois of old. There they slept, and when morning dawned, they added to their usual prayers those two grand hymns to sweet Mary Mother, the *Salve Regina* and the *Inviolata*. There they pass, fasting, the whole day: very appro-

priate that fasting, thinks the Jesuit, "for it is Friday in Ember week," and with the coming down of the shadows, came also a furious and night-long rain-storm, "with peals of thunder and terrible flashes of lightning."

Father Frémiot thus continues his narrative: "At length, on Saturday, the wind veering to the northeast, rolls the waves, gradually increasing in size, against the rock to which our canoe is fastened, and makes us apprehensive that, if we defer any longer, we shall not be able to launch her again. But whither shall we go? The storm prevents us from returning to the Immaculate Conception. Let us cross the lake.

"We say the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, and prepare for the worst. The wind is on our side, and we set up our blanket for a sail. By this means we advance a little; but the north wind gradually increases the force of its blast; enormous waves, white with foam, rise before us in rapid succession; we cut them in the middle, however, tolerably well; but when we arrived in the open water, about half-way across, the billows become irregular and the danger serious. Our only rower begins to lose courage. 'I said how it would be,' he muttered; 'the wind is too strong; let us return.' The other was of a different opinion. 'Let us return,' I said myself, 'if there is less danger than in advancing.' 'The danger is equal,' he replied. 'Courage, then, my boys: mind how you meet the waves, and place confidence in Him for whose glory we are laboring. We have not undertaken this voyage

from motives of pleasure or interest, but solely for the service of the Great Spirit; He will watch over us. I will pray while you work.' 'Yes, Father, intercede earnestly with the Great Spirit,' said the oarsman, a heathen. 'Without doubt, my son; do you also pray to Him in your heart, and ply your oar vigorously.' And, while I was repeating my Rosary very devoutly, I saw the young man moving his lips as if reciting a prayer."

Next day the pangs of hunger are rather sharp, but one effect of this is salutary. "When we repeat the 'Our Father,' we have unusual earnestness in the petition 'Give us to-day our daily bread.' And we did indeed recite it with fervor, accompanied with a prayer to the Blessed Virgin for calm on the following day. *Iter para tutum;*" and so at length on Sunday "we reach Rock Harbor in time to recite with the Indians the Rosary and the Litany of the Blessed Virgin." And then Father Frémiot signs himself, "Yours faithfully, in the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and of Mary."

While these, then, keep the fields which the prowess of their predecessors won for our Blessed Mother east of the Father of Waters, others start westward from that stream, and conquering the wild tribes of the bison-trodden prairies, pass the savage gorges and tall peaks of the Rocky Mountains, and plant the everlasting Cross upon the strand of the Northern Pacific. Their limits are, hitherward, the Mississippi States; beyond, the long shore-line of the great ocean as it runs northerly from California, past Oregon, and then

trends westward and northward to 55° north latitude, near the regions of perpetual snows. On our way thither, if we go by the north, let us hear from Father Fayolle, Apostolic Missionary in Minnesota, his means of confidence when, in 1856, he enters the territory of the terrible Sioux. He tells us that "having set out from Saint Paul's on the 6th of August, I reached, on the 8th, the caravan of Pembina, at the point where it crosses the Mississippi. This was my Rubicon. I passed it in a light canoe; I then went on my knees to offer my life to God, to implore his protection, and to recommend myself to Mary." Then when he comes into the very presence of the peril, it is thus that he takes courage and imparts it.

"Although but a small number, the half-breeds were confident of their ability to defeat three hundred Sioux. The former are brave, and well skilled in warfare; they load and fire, on horseback, with extraordinary rapidity, and in this consists their great superiority over the savages. Besides this, we placed our hopes in God; we reflected that Mary was with us. My companions observed: 'There are many persons at Pembina who are praying for us, and who are performing exercises of devotion for our intention.' We said prayers in common every evening, and when, in conclusion, I recommended our voyage to the good Mother, they responded with especial devotion. On Sunday, we had Mass in the morning, and the Rosary in the evening. On the Feast of the Assumption, the altar was erected on the banks of a beautiful lake, and

lighted up by the rays of the rising sun. This was probably the first time that Jesus Christ had been offered up in these solitudes; the first time that the triumph of the Queen of Angels had been mentioned, or the happiness of loving her. Hope in Mary is honey of the desert, the refuge of the traveller, an impregnable rampart against every enemy. Whenever you go to Nôtre Dame, beg of the Blessed Virgin, that my love for her may increase, that I may labor for her honor until the end of my life, and that at my last hour I may obtain her powerful intercession." [1]

In far Kansas, Oregon, and those Rocky Mountain lands, however, as all scholars know and speak of, as the Government of the United States is aware of, to its benefit, what dominion based on love there is among the wild men, is given to the Black-robe by these grateful Americans. Start from the central point, St. Louis, and push your way anywhither towards the Rocky Mountains, and you will be sure, by and by, to see a picture like this.

"'On the western slope of these mountains,
Dwells in his little village the Black-robe chief of the Mission.
Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jesus;
Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as they hear him.'
Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a spur of the mountains,
Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,
And in a meadow green and broad, by the banks of a river,
Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit Mission.

[1] Annales, xxx. 88. Baltimore edition.

Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,
Knelt the Black-robe chief with his children. A crucifix fastened
High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grape-vines,
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.
This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate arches
Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of the branches.
Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer approaching,
Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devotions.
But when the service was done, and the benediction had fallen
Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands of the sower,
Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and bade them
Welcome."[1]

*Ex uno disce omnes.* We shall only follow one of these servants and children of Mary, and him so slightly that this shall not merit to be called even a sketch, for, in all that vast territory, I know not whether there be any thing, great or small, that he has not seen; out of which he has not drawn profit for human souls, instruction for human minds. The authorities of Washington thank him for the topography of those lands of theirs; the army asks his attendance, with all respect for their valor, as a safeguard. No savage so wild, as will not, at least, listen to him. As he threads the immemorial forests he classifies the trees; as he moves over the prairies he notes and catalogues the wild-flower and the esculent or medicinal weed.

The haunts and habits of the grizzly bear and wolf; the marks and seasons of the rock antelope, and tall, peak-loving wild sheep; the dam of the beaver; the

[1] Longfellow's "Evangeline," iv.

lurking-place of the mink; the spot where the otter oftenest plunges in the pool; the line where the rabbit begins to grow white, and that from which the wiry ermine leaps almost invisible over snows no more spotless, save the black tail tip, than himself: all these, and the veins of the minerals, are most silently taken note of by this apostle. Read one letter, and you would say this man has done little but hunt; from a second, you would fancy him a naturalist; from a third, a mere painter or poet revelling in the grandeur and beauty of the nature he surveys—were it not that in all you see the presence of God; the ceaseless zeal for His greater glory; the devotion, as a mental character, to the Heart of Jesus; the child's loving reliance on the gentle heart of Immaculate Mother Mary.

He is a man past sixty, twenty-three years of them on these Indian Missions; robust, tall, straight as a pine, silver haired now as the poplar of the country. He is grave, quiet, simple, dignified. Bronzed, silent and quick, observant-eyed as he is, he might be a Delaware or Omaha chief. Very earnest and straightforward, but of feminine gentleness and modesty: full, also, of merriment of the silent kind; laughing more with the eyes than with the lips. A foe to no man living; a friend whom all your prosperity can attach no more closely, whom all your adversity could not separate from your side. An Indian Missionary, this man; a Black-robe, servant of God, a child of Mercy, a soldier of the Company of Jesus.

It was in the year 1840 that Father de Smet started

on his first expedition for the Indians with whom his name was to be so tenderly and indissolubly united. The first force of savages whom he meets are the Sheyennes, who welcome him warmly, their great chief ordering three of his fattest *dogs* to be served up as a banquet for the Black-robe whom he delighted to honor.[1] By July, he encounters the Flathead deputation who have come to meet him, and in the Octave of Our Lady's Visitation they reach the great camp. Ah, how they welcome him! with what earnest joy! with what simplicity of devotion! "*Kaikolinzosten*, the Great Spirit," so speaks the high chief, "has accomplished our wishes and our hearts swell with joy."

That night two thousand red-skins assembled before the Black-robe's lodge for night prayers. By the next year, the Mission of Saint Mary's was completely established, and the Flatheads and other tribes formed a Christian people. In all his wanderings at this time, he was treated kindly as soon as known. Even the fierce Blackfeet Sioux received him with reverence and listened to his instructions. He visited thirty-six different tribes, numbering at least forty thousand souls. Wandering among them he found a countryman, John Baptist de Velder, from Ghent, an ex-grenadier of Napoleon, who had exchanged grenade and axe for rifle and fur-trap, and had dwelt thirty years now in

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[1] Letters and Sketches, with a narrative of a year's residence among the Indian tribes of the Rocky Mountains. By P. J. de Smet, of the Society of Jesus. Philadelphia, 1843.

pursuit of the bear and beaver. He had forgotten his native tongue almost completely, remembering only his prayers and a hymn to Saint Mary the Virgin, which his mother had taught him when a child.

We do not notice here the thousand objects of interest in this missionary's charming letters; nor his perils from hunger, exposure, from venomous serpents, from the grizzly bear or panther, and from wilder, fiercer mortals, who perpetually shed each others' blood around him. He found something good in the worst of them. He recounts, for instance, the insatiate blood-lust, and measureless, ingenious cruelty of the Kansas to their prisoners and foes; yet says even of them—"However cruel they may be to their foes, the Kansas are no strangers to the tenderest sentiments of piety, friendship, and compassion. They are often inconsolable for the death of their relations, and leave nothing undone to give proof of their sorrow. Then only do they suffer their hair to grow—long hair being a sign of long mourning. The principal chief apologized for the length of his hair, informing us of what we could have divined from the sadness of his countenance, that he had lost his son. I wish I could represent to you the respect, astonishment, and compassion, expressed on the countenances of three others, when they visited our little chapel for the first time. When we showed them an 'Ecce Homo' and a statue of our Lady of the Seven Dolors, and the interpreter explained to them that that head, crowned with thorns, and that countenance, defiled with insults, were the

true and real image of a God who had died for the love of us, and that the heart they saw pierced with seven swords was the heart of his mother, we beheld an affecting illustration of the beautiful thought of Tertullian, that the soul of man is naturally Christian."

He is again met by the Flatheads the next year, 1841, near Saint Mary's River, on the Feast of Our Blessed Lady's glorious Assumption. He had to listen to a hundred stories, and to learn with joy that "they had prayed daily to obtain for me a happy journey and a speedy return. Their brethren continued in the same good disposition; almost all, even children and old men, knew by heart the prayers which I had taught them the preceding year. Twice on every week-day, and three times on each Sunday, the assembled tribe recited prayers in common. Whenever they moved their camp, they carried with them, as an ark of safety, the box of church vestments left in their custody. Five or six children, whom I had baptized, had gone to heaven during my absence: the very day after my departure, a young warrior, whom I had baptized the day previous, died in consequence of a wound received from the Blackfeet about three months before. And another, who had accompanied me as far as the forts of the Crows, and as yet but a catechumen, died of sickness in returning to the tribe, but in such happy dispositions that his mother was perfectly consoled for his loss by the conviction that his soul was in heaven. A girl, about twelve years of age, seeing herself on the point of dying, had solicited baptism with such ear-

nestness that she was baptized by Peter, the Iroquois, and received the name of Mary. After having sung a hymn in a stronger voice than usual, she died, saying, 'Oh, how beautiful! I see Mary, my mother.'"

From that time, the Mission of Saint Mary's advances steadfastly in sanctity. In October, the good Black-robe thus expresses his joy over the souls of his red children.[1]

"Next to the Author of all good things, we returned thanks to her whom the Church reveres as the Mother of her Divine Spouse, since it has pleased the Divine goodness to send us the greatest consolation on several days consecrated to her honor. On the feast of her glorious Assumption we met the vanguard of our dear neophytes. On the Sunday within the Octave, we, for the first time since my return, celebrated the Holy Mysteries among them. On the following Sunday our good Indians placed themselves and their children under the protection of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, of which we then celebrated the feast. This act of devotion was renewed by the great chief in the name of his whole tribe, on the feast of her Holy Name. On the 24th of September, the feast of Our Lady of Mercy, we arrived at the river called Bitter Root, on the banks of which we have chosen the site for our principal missionary station. On the first Sunday of October, feast of the Rosary, we took possession of the promised land, by planting a cross on the spot

[1] Sketches, p. 132.

which we had chosen for our first residence. What motives of encouragement does not the Gospel of the present Sunday add to all those mentioned before. To-day, too, we celebrate the Sacred Maternity of Mary; and what may we not expect from the Virgin Mother who brought forth her Son for the Salvation of the world?"

"On the feast of her Patronage, we shall offer by her mediation to her Divine Son, twenty-five young Indians, who are to be baptized on that day. So many favors have induced us unanimously to proclaim Mary the protectress of our mission, and to give her beautiful Name to our new residence." By December, a solid wooden chapel is erected, wherein, after weeks of instruction, the fathers rejoice in the baptism of two hundred and two adults. Proud and happy were the Indians when they saw their chapel adorned. For, "some days previously the Fathers had engaged all who were willing, to make mats of rushes or straw. All the women, girls, and children assembled eagerly for this good work, so that they had enough to cover the floor and ceiling, and hang round the walls. These mats, ornamented with festoons of green, made a pretty drapery around the altar. On a canopy was inscribed the holy name of Jesus. Among the ornaments they placed a picture of the Blessed Virgin over the tabernacle."

Then back to the instructions; and in the joyous Christmas-tide they have a new baptismal fête, one hundred and fifteen Flatheads, the last of the pagans,

with three chiefs at their head; thirty Nez-Percés, with their chief; a Blackfoot chief and his family. Seven hundred adults baptized in one year, and a little army of children! Thus he sums up the fruits of the year, in that Mission of Saint Mary's in the Rocky Mountains: "The whole Flathead nation converted; four hundred Kalispels baptized; eighty Nez-Percés, several Cœurs d'Alênes; many Koetenays, Blackfeet, Snakes, and Banacs—the Sinpoils, the Chaudieres, who open their arms to us, and eagerly ask for Fathers to instruct them; the earnest demands from Fort Vancouver on the part of the governor, and of the Rev. Mr. Blanchet, assuring us of the good desires and dispositions of a great number of nations, who are ready to receive the gospel—in a word, a vast country, which only awaits the arrival of true ministers of God, to rally round the standard of the Cross. Behold the beautiful bouquet, Rev. Father, which we have the happiness of presenting you at the close of 1841."

Next year, Father de Smet crosses the mountains on a visit to Columbia River, a dangerous passage, so savagely broken up by rifts and chasms is that vast barrier known as the Rocky Mountains. "On one occasion," he says, "before entering the forest, we crossed a high mountain by a wild winding path. Its sides are covered with fine cedars and pines, which are, however, of smaller dimensions than those in the forest. Several times while ascending the mountain I found myself on parapets of rocks, whence, thanks to my safe-footed mule, I retired in safety. Once I thought my

career at an end. I had wandered from my companions, and following the path, I all at once came to a rocky projection which terminated in a point about two feet wide; before me was a perpendicular descent of three feet; on my left stood a rock as straight as a wall, and on my right yawned a precipice of about a thousand feet. You can conceive that my situation was any thing but pleasant. The slightest false step would have plunged the mule and his rider into the abyss beneath. To descend was impossible, as on one side I was closed in by the rock, and suspended over a dreadful chasm on the other. My mule had stopped at the commencement of the descent, and not having any time to lose, I recommended myself to God, and, as a last expedient, sunk my spurs deeply into the sides of my poor beast; she made one bold leap, and safely landed me on another parapet, much larger than that I had left."

Consolations are found everywhere by the devoted servant of Mary, because the presence of God is everywhere, and "in that presence only is the fulness of consolation."

"I cannot pass over in silence the pleasant meeting I had in the depth of the forest. I discovered a little hut of rushes, situated on the banks of the river. Raising my voice to its highest pitch, I tried to make its inhabitants hear me, but received no answer. I felt an irresistible desire to visit it, and accordingly made my interpreter accompany me. We found it occupied by a poor old woman, who was blind and very ill. I

spoke to her of the Great Spirit, of the most essential dogmas of our faith, and of baptism. The example of the Apostle St. Philip teaches us that there are cases where all the requisite dispositions may entirely consist in an act of faith, and in the sincere desire to enter heaven by the right path. All the answers of the poor old woman were respectful, and breathing the love of God. 'Yes,' she would say, 'I love the Great Spirit with my whole heart; all my life He has been very kind to me. Yes, I wish to be His child, I want to be His forever.' And immediately she fell on her knees, and begged me to give her baptism. I named her Mary, and placed around her neck the miraculous medal of the Blessed Virgin. After leaving her, I overheard her thanking God for this fortunate adventure."

Listen now to the legend of little Paul.[1]

"On Christmas eve, 1841, a few hours before the midnight Mass, the village of St. Mary was deemed worthy of a special mark of Heaven's favor. The Blessed Virgin appeared to a little orphan boy named Paul, in the hut of an aged and truly pious woman. The youth, piety, and sincerity of this child, joined to the nature of the fact which he related, forbade us to doubt the truth of his statement. The following is what he recounted to me with his own innocent lips: 'Upon entering John's hut, whither I had gone to learn my prayers, which I did not know, I saw some one who was very beautiful. Her feet did not touch

[1] Sketches, etc., p. 192, et seq.

the earth, her garments were as white as snow; she had a star over her head, a serpent under her feet, and near the serpent was a fruit which I did not recognize. I could see her heart, from which rays of light burst forth and shone upon me. When I first beheld all this I was frightened, but afterwards my fear left me, my heart was warmed, my mind clear; and I do not know how it happened, but all at once I knew my prayers.' (To be brief, I omit several circumstances.) He ended his account by saying that several times the same person had appeared to him while he was sleeping, and that once she had told him she was pleased that the first village of the Flatheads should be called Saint Mary. The child had never seen or heard before any thing of the kind; he did not even know if the person was a man or a woman, because the appearance of the dress which she wore was entirely unknown to him. Several persons having interrogated the child on this subject, have found him unvarying in his answers. He continues by his conduct to be the angel of his tribe.

"Next year, 1842, we performed the devotion of the month of Mary, and I can flatter myself that the exercises were attended with as much piety and edification as in the most devout parishes of Europe. At the end of the month a statue was borne in triumph to the very place where our Blessed Mother designed to honor us with the aforementioned apparition. Since that day a sort of pilgrimage has been established there, under the name of 'Our Lady of Prayer.' None

pass the pious monument without stopping to pray on their knees; the more devout come regularly twice a day to speak to their Mother and her divine Son, and the children add to their prayers the most beautiful flowers they can cull in the prairies."

A glorious Pentecost followed, with renewal of the tribe's self-consecration to the Immaculate Mother of God; and after that again, "the feast of Corpus Christi was solemnized by another ceremony no less touching, and calculated to perpetuate the gratitude and devotion of our pious Indians towards our amiable Queen. This was the solemn erection of a statue to the Blessed Virgin, in memory of her apparition to little Paul. The following is a brief account of the ceremony. From the entrance of our chapel to the spot where little Paul received such a special favor, the avenue was simply the green sward, the length of which, on both sides, was bordered by garlands, hung in festoons. Triumphal arches, gracefully arranged, arose at regular distances. At the end of the avenue, and in the middle of a kind of repository, stood the pedestal which was destined to receive the statue. The hour specified having struck, the procession issued from the chapel in this order. At the head was borne aloft the banner of the Sacred Heart, followed closely by little Paul carrying the statue and accompanied by two choristers, who profusely strewed the way with flowers. Then came the two Fathers, one vested in a cope, and the other in a surplice. Finally, the march was closed by the chiefs and all the mem-

bers of the colony, emulating each other in their zeal to pay their tribute of thanksgiving and praise to their Blessed Mother. When they reached the spot, one of our Fathers, in a short exhortation, in which he reminded them of the signal prodigy and assistance of the Queen of Heaven, encouraged our dear neophytes to sentiments of confidence in the protection of Mary. After this address, and the singing of the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, the procession returned in the same order to the church. Oh! how ardently we desired all the friends of our holy religion could have witnessed the devotion and recollection of these new children of Mary!"

See, then, how this Blessed Name is known, even as the "holy and terrible Name"[1] of God is known, "from the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same;"[2] how it is sung beneath the magnolias of Floridian woods, and praised where the ice-bound sea lies silent round the coasts of Labrador; how the tall arches of eastern cathedrals re-echo its melody, and the sound of its sweetness floats off from the peaks of the hills of Oregon far over the wide blue Pacific. In this journey of short two years, Father de Smet, with his colleagues, Fathers Mengarini and Point, have established a church in the wilderness. They have destroyed lying, thieving, and the use of the scalping-knife in several tribes. They have restored marriage to its simplicity and indestructibility; they have

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[1] Sanctum et terribile Nomen ejus.—Psalm cx. [2] Malachi, iii.

taught the wild hunter to love agriculture, and, in some degree, the mechanic arts; they have elevated the women from mere drudges to Christian companions; they have baptized one thousand six hundred and forty souls.

Soldier and trapper, American fur-trader and British governor, no less than the poor Indian, bless the name and work of the Jesuit missionary. Governments seek his aid; commanders of armies thank God for his presence; but Parker disapproves; Parker is afflicted; Parker will be an obstacle in these matters. "Who is Parker?" you ask. I do not know. Father de Smet knows or knew. It would seem that he had written a book; that Parker had written it, since he boasts that, in 1836, on his way homeward from these wilds, he, Parker, "broke down a cross planted by some Catholic Iroquois over a child's grave, not wishing to leave in that country an emblem of idolatry!"[1]

"Poor man!" says the Black-robe Chief of Prayer. "Were he to return to these mountains, he would hear the praises of the holy Name of Jesus resounding among them. He would hear Catholics chanting the love and mercies of God from the rivers, lakes, mountains, prairies, forests, and coasts of the Columbia. He would behold the Cross planted from shore to shore for the space of a thousand miles; on the loftiest height of the Pointed-Heart territory; on the towering peaks which separate the waters of the Missouri

[1] Sketches of de Smet, p. 212.

from those of the Columbia; on the plains of Wallamette, Cowlitz, and Saint Mary's. The words of Him who said that this holy sign should 'draw all men to Him,' begin to be verified with regard to the poor strayed sheep of this vast continent.

"Were he who destroyed that humble, solitary cross now to return, he would find the image of Jesus Christ crucified, worn on the breasts of more than *four thousand* Indians, and their smallest child would say to him: 'Mr. Parker, we do not adore the Cross; but do not break it, because it reminds us of Him who died thereon to save us. As for us, we adore God alone.'" And so Father de Smet leaves Parker, and the above is his only appearance in this history. We do, indeed, desire never to see him any more. Nor *shall* we, probably, for the missionary has started back for Saint Louis. He reached that town in safety, and by the last Sunday in October, 1842, as he tells us, "he was kneeling at the foot of Saint Mary's altar, offering up thanksgiving to God for the signal protection He had extended to His poor unworthy servant."

## CHAPTER XXI.

THE BLACK-ROBE IN OREGON—HOW THE BLACK-ROBE DIES—ROCKY MOUNTAINS AGAIN—THE MARCH OF THE BLACKFEET TOWARDS THE SHRINE OF OUR LADY—ABENAKI AND FLATHEAD TOUCH HANDS.

IT is by a long route that Father de Smet revisits his Indians in 1844. Since we saw him last, he has been to Europe for re-enforcements, and returns in the Morning Star, escorting round Cape Horn, and up the Pacific coast, to the Wallamette Mission on the Columbia, "Sister Renilda and her companions," whose acquaintance we have already made.[1] Before taking final leave of these good Sisters of Our Lady, let us give their academy the benefit of an advertisement; and, for the convenience of any of our readers who may desire to send their daughters to Wallamette, for education, let us copy the price demanded for a quarter's tuition, as set forth in the Prospectus of the Sisters: "Tuition and board per quarter, 100 lbs. flour, 25 lbs. pork or 36 of beef, 1 sack of potatoes, 4 lbs. hog's lard, 3 gallons peas, 3 dozen eggs, 4 lbs. candles, 1 lb. tea, and 4 lbs. of rice."[2] From which it may be seen that the Sisters cannot often expect their claims to be remitted by mail.

[1] *Vide* this work, p. 256.

[2] Missions de l'Orégon: par le Père de Smet, p. 53.

"It was on the Feast of the Assumption of our glorious Lady that we left our boats for the shore," says Father de Smet. That is, on the 15th of August, 1845. He finds that since the Mission of Upper Oregon was founded, in 1839, three thousand Indians have been baptized, and that three thousand more are to be added to these from other Oregon tribes since 1841. The track of the Black-robe winds through ten degrees of latitude and sixteen of longitude; going up to Athabasca, the middle one of that amazing chain of inland seas which unite the waters of Lake Superior with those of the Arctic Ocean and Behring's Strait. A year after his landing, we find the weariless man at the station of St. Mary's Assumption, the Mission of the Flatbows, *Arcs-à-plats*.

"Since my arrival among the Indians," he writes from here, "the feast of the glorious Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary has ever been to me a day of great consolation. I had time to prepare for the celebration of this solemn festival. Thanks to the instructions and counsels of a brave Canadian, Mr. Berland, who for a long time has resided among them in the quality of trader, I found the little tribe of *Arcs-à-plats* docile, and in the best disposition to embrace the faith. They had already been instructed in the principal mysteries of religion. They sang hymns in the French and Indian tongues. They number about ninety families. I celebrated the first Mass ever offered in their land; after which ten adults, already advanced in age, and ninety children received baptism.

The former were very attentive to all my instructions. In the afternoon, the planting of the Cross was as solemn as circumstances would permit. There was a grand salute of ninety guns, and at the foot of the lowly standard of the God-Saviour, the entire tribe made a tender of their hearts to Him, with the promise of inviolable attachment to all the duties of true children of the Prayer; availing themselves of this occasion to renounce the remains of their ancient juggling and superstition. The Cross was elevated on the border of a lake, and the station received the beautiful name of the Assumption. Under the auspices of Mary, our good Mother, in whose honor they have for many years sung hymns, we hope that religion will take deep root and flourish amidst this tribe, where union, innocence, and simplicity reign in full vigor."[1]

In September he solemnly plants the Cross among the Koetenays, and, on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, baptizes one hundred and five of their number, giving them our Lady of that Mystery for Patroness and its name for the name of the Station. On the Feast of the Blessed Virgin's Nativity, there are a planting of the Cross and baptism at the extreme sources of the Columbia. So on, from point to point, never received ill by the savages, but sometimes indeed with hypocritic fondling; sometimes with brutish indifference. Ah, the field in which he had to live, and

[1] Missions de l'Orégon et Voyages aux Montagnes Rocheuses, aux sources de la Colombie, de l'Athabasca et du Sascatshawin en 1845–46. Par le Père P. J. de Smet, de la Société de Jésus. Gand, 1848, p. 78.

sleep, and eat among the nasty Assiniboins! What uncertainty of life he felt among the blood-stained, untamable Blackfeet! What wearisome days and nights of journeying over that enormous territory he endured that he might win souls to Christ!

But now and then he would meet with a few poor Iroquois, one family, or may be only an individual; wandering tribeless and priestless, but ever faithful now, lay missionaries among their pagan congeners. Doing this penance, as it were, for the sanguinary infidelity of their ancestors. By and by he gets back to Saint Mary's, to his good, pious Catholics, the Flat-heads, the Ear-rings, and the Awl-hearts. Of them and their devotion to our Blessed Mother, he writes as follows to a benefactress in Europe:

"You cannot but be aware that, among the Indians, the beads are recited in every family, so that I am already assured, and I have the consolation of saying to you, that many thousand recitations of the chaplet have already been offered up to God and his august Mother for you. Those good Indians,—those children of the forest,—so dear to my heart, will continue to display their gratitude till I tell them to cease, and that will not be very soon. What confidence have I not in the prayers of those Indians, whose merit is known only to God! Oh! if it be true that the prayer of him who possesses the innocence, the simplicity, and the faith of a child, can pierce the clouds, is all-powerful, and is certainly heard, then be assured that in these new missions, in which the finger of God has

been so visibly manifested, these virtues reign pre-eminently; and that the prayer of the Indian will be heard in your behalf! How happy should I be, my dear, excellent madam, could I give you to understand how great, how sweet, how rapturous is their devotion to the august Mother of God! The name of Mary, which, pronounced in the Indian language, is a sweet and endearing sound, delights and charms them. The hearts of these good children of the forest melt, and seem to overflow, when they sing the praises of her, whom they, as well as we, call their Mother. Oh! I feel confident, knowing, as I do, their disposition, that they have a distinguished place in the heart of that Holy Virgin; and that, through the intercession of Mary, invoked by so many fervent souls, you, their benefactress, will obtain from God whatever you ask."[1]

Before this letter was written, July 25, 1846, and since 1843, this venerable man had crossed the great American desert which stretches from the frontier of the United States to the Pacific Ocean; had overrun the United States from Saint Louis to Baltimore; from New Orleans to New York; had seen a great part of Ireland and England, all Belgium, Holland, and France, and had passed through Geneva and Leghorn to the presence of the Supreme Pontiff in eternal Rome. Thence over the Atlantic, round Cape Horn, up the seven thousand miles of Pacific coast to the Columbia. Thence, again, to wander over all Oregon; up into

[1] Missions de l'Orégon, p. 171.

New Caledonia and the far British Northwest possessions; planting crosses, preaching the Gospel of the Son of God, founding Missions, baptizing thousands of pagans, giving glory to God in the highest, and honor perpetual to Mary, the Mother Virgin Immaculate.

"So faithfully have my dear Indians prayed for me," he says in the same letter, "that, whether by sea or land, I have not suffered one moment's illness; nor had to deplore a single grievous accident. Glory to God for so special a protection: and gratitude to the good Indians who ceased not night or day to invoke the assistance of Heaven through the intercession of the Holy Virgin for her poor unworthy servant." He dearly loves his poor Indians. What pastor of *un*-savage men will say this? "When the priest gives the white robe at baptism to these people, and says in the words of the Roman ritual,[1] 'Take this white robe and wear it spotless before the judgment-seat of Our Lord Jesus Christ, that thou mayest inherit eternal life,' he may enjoy the moral certitude that the greater part of these catechumens will preserve their innocence until death."[2]

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[1] *Rituale Romanam. Baptism.* Accipe vestem candidam quam immaculatam perferas ante tribunal Domini nostri Jesu Christi, et habeas vitam æternam.

[2] The testimony to the primitive piety and simplicity of religious practice among the Flatheads, Ear-rings, and Awl-hearts, is not that of an enthusiastic and imaginative young Missionary. Father de Smet is himself a very grave and quiet man: and he says nothing in this way of praise which is not equalled, if not surpassed, by the Pro-

Let Father Point of the same Mission explain his ideas of the source of this so great goodness. He says: "It is to the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Immaculate Heart of Mary that the pastors of souls owe their consolation; at least, it is thence, beyond a doubt, that we derive ours. Every day our Indians invoke these treasuries of goodness, which alone explains the wonders which we relate."[1] Yesterday they—the Cœurs d'Alènes—worshipped the beasts of the forest, the principle of evil, a colored rag, the hoof of a mountain antelope. To-day, all who are old enough have made their first Communion; they are guiding cattle and sheep and swine; they are cultivating the fields; their squaws have become Christian women; their faith and their practice would shame us in our educated self-conceit, were our sense of shame nearly so delicate as theirs.

"If ye have faith even as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this sycamore-tree: Be thou removed hence and planted in the middle of the sea, and *it shall be done*."[2] Most men profess to believe in Him who spoke these words, and explain these and all his other words to mean nothing at all. This, I am told, is the exercise of reason. It is lacking to

testant governors, Indian agents, army officers, and traders of this country.—Vide Exploring Expedition from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean—Lieut. Mullan, U. S. A., p. 308; Governor Stevens' Report to the President, 1854; President's Message to Congress, 1854–5; Washington Irving's Bonneville, pp. 390–91; Putnam, vol. 10, &c.

[1] De Smet's Oregon, p. 183.

[2] Saint Luke's Gospel, xvii. 6.

the barbarians who inhabit the Oregon village which is called "Heart of Jesus." "Father, my little girl's dying; all your medicines have done her no good; she refuses the breast; she is dying." Such is one Indian father's report to the Black-robe. "Has the child a medal of the Immaculate Conception?" "No, Father." "Take this one then, hang it round her neck, and do thou and thy wife pray the prayer thereon written: 'Holy Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who implore thine aid.'" The Indian took the medal and departed, and when the Black-robe met him next day, he asked: "How is your little child?" "Oh," said the savage simply, "she is well!" What wonder that every year the tribe renews its act of consecration to the Immaculate Heart of that dear Mother!

But prayer in our days, however fervent and constant, will not win the white man's veneration. Let us see if the Black-robe be good for aught else. It was a dangerous time going down the upper Missouri: bloodshed daily: bitter wrongs were to be washed red, by savage men whose sense of justice was very uncivilized and primitive. As for us Black-robes, on the 20th of October, 1847, we had gone ashore for the night—"our fire was seen by a band of Arikaras, armed to the teeth. They crept in close to us in the gloom, without our having perceived any trace of them. Their chief recognized me (de Smet) in the fitful blaze of the fire, by the Cross which hung upon my breast, and by my cassock. He flung down his mace, which

was quivering in his gripe as he made ready for a spring, and bounding towards the fire, caught me in his arms, saying, 'Ah, but thou wert near departing for the land of Spirits. We thought thee far from here: we took thee for a foe.'" Of all the tribes in this part of the desert, the whites have most terror of the bloody Arikaras. From this chief and from all his men Black-robe de Smet received a solemn promise, that they would never again approach a party of white men except with the pipe of peace in their hands. Now all who know Indians, know, that, whether for good or evil, *they keep their promises.*

Look now at this story of the Black-robes, de Smet and Hoeken, if you fancy that their physical and spiritual way lies altogether through flowers. Father Hoeken, remember, is returning from a visit to Saint Louis after fifteen years' Indian Mission. They are on board a steamer struggling up the Mississippi to Fort Union, two thousand miles north of Saint Louis. The summer had been rainy beyond example, the Father of Waters was in flood, covering so much land beyond his banks as to be sometimes *fifteen* miles wide. There were over a hundred passengers on board, eighty employees, for instance, of the American Fur Company. The force of the furious current rendered their progress almost impossible. The rains were continual. The change from violent heat to piercing chill damp occurred more than once every day. A dozen different diseases broke out: strong Father de Smet succumbed at last to a low bilious typoid fever; and finally, Asiatic

cholera declared its terrible presence among the passengers and crew. The boat had become a floating hospital. On the 10th of June a clerk of the Company was seized with the cholera; in a few hours he was dead. Others followed him in swift succession. De Smet lay powerless in his cabin.

But night and day, indefatigable, heroic Father Hoeken attended the sick, and said the last prayers over the dead. Priest, doctor, and nurse at once, he aided and waited on the ill in their sufferings, prepared their remedies, rubbed them with camphorated spirits, heard their confessions ere they died, went on shore to bless the grave scooped out upon the bank for their remains, and interred them with the sacred solemnity of the ritual. But his life of privations among the Indians, his labors and perpetual journeys had broken a once iron constitution. This terrible hospital duty was destined to give the last blow. By and by it appeared that the illness of de Smet was changing into the cholera; so he besought his comrade to hear his confession and to administer the last unction. But Hoeken, who had that day assisted three dying persons, assured Father de Smet that he was not to be the fourth.

Their cabins, or state-rooms, adjoined each other. Some hours after this interview, between one and two at night, when all was silent but the sighs and groans of the sick and dying, the prostrate de Smet heard Father Hoeken's voice, the voice as of one in his agony, calling to him for help. He rolled from his

berth as best he might, dragged himself along the floor into the cabin of his friend, and found him in his extremity. There, dying himself, as he believed, he heard the Missionary's last confession, administered the unction, and then breathed his own shrift into the dulled ear of one, already almost in the presence of his God. "Yes, there," he says, "I made my confession, crouched, weeping, by the pillow of my brother in Jesus Christ, of my faithful friend, of my only companion in the wilderness. I, ill and almost dying, confessed to him in his last agony."[1]

There, he found strength to recite the prayers for the agonizing; to pronounce the final absolution, and then, the fair soul of the Black-robe went forth to the bosom of his Redeemer. He had preached the Gospel of the Son of God to thousands of pagans: he had planted many crosses in those unblessed wilds; he had founded and served many missions; he had baptized many hundreds of heathen, and now died like his master, a martyr of charity, the war-cry "Jesus, Mary!" on his lips, in the fore-front of battle with his armor on.

So when a furious plague raged among the unfortunate Osages in Upper Missouri, Father Bax was, under God, their comfort and support. Two thousand Indians had he baptized: nearly fifteen hundred of them, swept off by the epidemic, he consoled with the last Sacraments of the Church. His last letter de-

[1] Annales de la Propagation, xxiv. 238–40.

scribed their fervor. "They begged to hold the Cross in their hands in their last hour, and implored that the image of the Blessed Virgin might be held before them. Begging the assistance of their good Mother, they turned their dying eyes upon her gentle face and kept them fixed there until they expired." This Black-robe also was physician, catechist, and priest. He rose at all hours, went forth in all weathers, visited the sick and dying, baptized the children, converted the hardened at the eleventh hour: breathed the foul miasm of the plague, slept in his tainted garments, and arose to renew his trying duties. The Indians called him "The Father who is all heart," and it was with expressions of zealous love for them upon his lips that he resigned his life into the hands of Him who gave it.[1]

Thus die the soldiers of the Company of Jesus: the chivalry of the Queen of Heaven. Three days before his death, Father de Theux, another of these grand Black-robes, when his physician told him that he could not survive the morrow, replied gently: "No, Doctor, you are wrong. I shall not die to-morrow, I shall die on Saturday. Saturday is my day." He had always expressed a desire to die on some day consecrated to the Blessed Virgin, and he was confident that his desire would be fulfilled. And so, Saturday morning found him still alive, and murmuring at intervals, "Jesus,

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[1] Cinquante Nouvelles Lettres du R. P. De Smet. Paris et Tournai, 1858, p. 245.

have mercy on me! Mary, pray for me!' and with these words on his lips, he died on that day of the week which is given to the special honor of Saint Mary. One of his last acts on his Mission was to establish the Arch-confraternity of the Immaculate Heart of Mary; and he it was, who, when consulted by a venerable archbishop, in troubled times, as to what course were best to pursue for relief, he it was who made answer: "Have earnest recourse to the Supreme Pontiff, and obtain his permission to insert in the proper place in Mass and Office the word '*Immaculate*,' before the word 'Conception.'"[1]

What wonder then that, with such men in pursuit of their souls, we find even the fierce Blackfeet Sioux beginning in 1855 to yield. That year Father Point could register six hundred and sixty-seven baptisms, and the wild blood-drinkers began to look with wondering admiration at their brave old enemies, the Flatheads. "For there," says Father Adrian Hoeken, brother of him just commemorated, "they all admire the deep and tender devotion of the Indians for Mary; a certain sign that the roots of faith have struck deep into their hearts. Every morning and evening the families meet in their wigwams to recite the rosary in common: every day they implore the Blessed Virgin to offer their thanks to the Great Spirit, that He hath drawn them out from the old night of their paganism."

Finally from his last journey, in 1859, made as chap-

[1] Cinquante Nouvelles Lettres, p. 426

lain to the United States army, Father de Smet brings back from Father Point this story of a Blackfeet battle.[1]

"When Father Point was among the Blackfeet, he presented crosses to several chiefs as distinctive marks; he explained to them their signification, exhorting them, especially when in danger, to invoke the Son of God, whose image they bore, and to place in Him their entire confidence. The chief who related these details, was one of a band of thirty Indians who had gone to war against the tribe of the Crows. The latter having tracked their enemies, assembled in haste and in great numbers to fight and exterminate them. They soon discovered them barricaded in the forest and protected by a collection of trees and branches, and surrounded them, raising at the same time the war-cry. The Blackfeet, on perceiving the superior numbers of their opponents, who were about to pounce upon them suddenly, were under the persuasion that they were all about to perish at their hands. One among them bore upon his breast the sign of salvation, the cross. He then recollected the advice of Father Point, which he communicated to his companions, and they all repeated: *This is our only chance of safety!* They then invoked the Son of God, and left the barricade. The bearer of the cross was at their head; he pushed forward, and they all followed him. The Crows met them with a volley of balls and arrows: not one of them was seriously wounded, and they all escaped. In re-

[1] Annals of the Propagation of the Faith. Baltimore, 1860, p. 232.

lating the circumstance, the chief added in an energetic tone : ' Yes, the prayer (religion) of the Son of God is alone good and efficacious ; we are all desirous of rendering ourselves worthy of it, and of embracing it.' "

So here then let us bid our Indian apostle farewell, so far as this book is concerned. Little more than a year ago we enjoyed his society for a morning, and received his blessing as he started to begin a new journey into the American wilderness, his twenty-second year of these wild Missions. We gave him then at parting the Scripture History in the Abnaki language, and the curious Church Calendars prepared for those Indians by their Patriarch, Rev. Eugene Vetromile. And so by this little book the Owenegunga, the ancient servants of Mary, stretch out their hands from Maine and from Newfoundland to their brethren at St. Mary's of the Flatheads ; or at the village of Immaculate Conception in the gorges of the Rocky Mountains.

May we again have the pleasure of seeing his venerable face in this life, strong as when he bade adieu to Bishop de Ram in Belgium,[1] and ready to end the narrative of his new adventure as he does that of 1860, in these words : " My greatest source of consolation is that of having been, in the hands of Providence, the instrument of eternal salvation to nearly *nine hundred*

[1] At their leave-taking Monseigneur implored the Black-robe to give him some little token of remembrance. But the Missionary had nothing. So taking a copper *sous* from his pocket, he bent it double with his teeth, and gave that to the bishop, who preserves it religiously.

poor dying children whom I baptized. Several of them seemed only to be waiting for this happiness to fly to their God and praise Him forevermore.

"To God alone be all the glory; and to the Blessed Virgin Mary, humble and profound gratitude for the protection and the favors received during this my last and long voyage."[1]

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[1] Annals of the Propagation of the Faith. Baltimore, xxi. 234.

## CHAPTER XXII.

BROKEN THREADS—CONCLUSION.

AT length we have reached the last chapter of our appointed task, and have only to pick up the broken threads of our subject, and then to bid farewell to our readers. A history of the devotion to Blessed Mary is, after all, but a chapter of Church History. Where the Church goes, there goes the devotion; they grow together, they stand or fall together. There is no possible separation of Mary and the Church. The Mother of the Bridegroom is the Mother of the Mystical Bride. But still every century can furnish new illustrations; every generation of men will find novel expressions of the perpetual idea, and the accumulation of such illustrations and expressions will constitute each age's History of the Devotion.

For instance, the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God is an old and endless truth; but its dogmatic definition by the glorious Pontiff who now wears the signet of the Fisherman, is a part of the history of this century. Note now the example of this fact, in our little book here. On pages 137 and 144 you have descriptions of two churches of the Immaculate Conception in North America, as early as 1666

and 1675; on page 47 you have the life of the heroic discoverer of the Northern Mississippi, a life wholly given up to the worship of this sublime mystery from early childhood, in 1654. And in the sketch of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, of the Marists, and other new orders, you have to-day's manner of expressing the old idea. The historic truth stands immutable, and even the utterance of it by the varying generations is less remarkable for variety than for religious fervor and consistency.

So, then, the collation of such facts as church dedications, founding of orders, sayings of men, acts of men and women, directly referring themselves to Mary, make up, with the known devotion of all Catholics, what we have to offer as our best attempt at a History of the Devotion in North America. But there is something else to be added. Not merely what is peculiar to North America makes it history, but that also which it has in common with the rest of the Catholic world. The extreme proportion of churches which seek the benediction of Mary's name, is more remarkable by its publicity, but not by its popularity, than the Sodalities, Confraternities, medal-wearing, saying of Rosaries, and other devout forms of showing love for the Mother of God. We have already alluded to the, so far as we know, *universality* among all classes of Catholics, of carrying, and we presume naturally of *saying*, the beads. Furthermore, not to judge, but simply to offer an individual observation, it is the American and not the old Catholic emigrant who is most prone to

this devotion. Catholics of the oldest European fidelities will say to you, when you speak of the beads: "Oh, I can read." Americans of two centuries of American-born, educated ancestors—of names world-revered in science and art—show what Protestants would call a superstition about saying their chaplet. Generals and admirals, shipping merchants of New York, prominent lawyers, favorite and most successful physicians, are known to this writer as fervently particular about that simplest, most childlike, and sweetest of devotions to our gentle lady-Mother. Of course, in these remarks we do not speak of converts to the faith, for the zeal of a convert is generally excessive.

Another point is the observable piety during the month of May, the month of Mary. There is scarcely a missionary parish so small as not to celebrate it. Every cathedral, college, chapel, parish, church, and convent chapel has an altar especially decorated for those thirty-one days. The month is opened and closed by especial solemnities. A preacher is audible at least once a week; the sunset devotions are nearly invariable throughout the land, and the large number of worshippers is surprising. The immense majority of Catholics wear the scapular; you will with difficulty find here and there one without the medal of the Immaculate Conception.

Then, again, many thousands belong to an association, established in 1858, lately approved by the sovereign pontiff, and recommended by several prelates, which has for its object the conversion of souls—an

object so holy, that the Eternal Son of God became man, and remained on earth thirty-three years, to seek the strayed sheep and redeem them with His precious blood. How consoling for us to be able, by means of prayer and other good works, to co-operate with God in the salvation of souls, the most divine, as St. Denis calls it, of all employments. St. Chrysostom assures us, that there is nothing more pleasing to God than the salvation of souls. "Though your riches should be ever so great," says he, "yet, by converting one soul, you would do far more than by giving all you have to the poor."

Now, to co-operate in this glorious work, prayer is one of the most efficacious means. "Pray for one another that you may be saved; for the continual prayer of a just man availeth much."[1] "There is nothing more powerful than a man who prays, because such a one is made partaker of the power of God."[2]

The members are most earnestly recommended to offer up frequently their good works for the end of the Association; and also for the conversion of some of their friends, chiefly for those already favorably disposed. It is much to be desired that the members prepare themselves for the reception of the sacraments on all those festivals on which a plenary indulgence is granted. When any member dies, he shall be recommended to the prayers of the Association in the place where he resided; and every member there residing

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[1] St. James, v. [2] St. Chrysostom.

shall say three times the "Our Father" and the "Hail Mary," for the repose of the deceased. All priests, members of the Association, are requested to say two Masses a year, one for the deceased members, and the other for the conversion of America.

Prayers for the conversion of America.—First prayer, with indulgence: "Almighty and eternal God, who wisheth to save all, and wilt have none to perish, have regard to those souls who are led astray by the deceits of the devil, that the hearts of those who err, rejecting all errors, may be converted, and return to the Unity of Thy Truth, through Christ, our Lord. Amen."

Second prayer.—Memorare (300 days' indulgence every time, if said with contrite heart):

"Remember, Mary, tenderest-hearted Virgin, how from of old the ear hath never heard that he who ran to thee for refuge, implored thy help, and sought thy prayers, was forsaken of God. Virgin of virgins, Mother, emboldened by this confidence, I fly to thee; to thee I come, and in thy presence, I, a weeping sinner stand. Mother of the Word Incarnate, oh, cast not away my prayer; but, in thy pity, hear and answer. Amen."

"O Mary, Mother of Mercy, Help of Christians, Refuge of Sinners, lest I perish, take upon thyself the care of my salvation, and the salvation of all those in whose behalf I implore thy powerful mediation, in order that all may be brought to the One True Fold, in which Jesus Christ, thy Son, wishes us all to live and die. Amen."

"O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for the conversion of this country.

"Queen of Apostles, conceived without sin, pray the Lord of the harvest that He send laborers into His Harvest." "Our Father," "Hail Mary," "Glory be to the Father," etc.

To become a member of the Association, nothing more is required than to have the name registered in a book by a priest of the diocese in which it is established, and to say daily, in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, for the conversion of America, one "Hail Mary," with this ejaculation: "O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for the conversion of this country." No special meeting is requisite; but it will be sufficient, wherever the Association is established, that the prayers appointed by the archbishop, or bishop of the diocese, be said by the pastor, either immediately before or after High Mass, vespers, or any public service on Sundays. It is most ardently desired that once every month, every member go to confession and communion for the conversion of America. Should, however, any member receive the Holy Sacraments monthly, in compliance with the regulations of any other Society or Confraternity, he may by such reception comply with this rule, by adding the intention of the Association to the intention or intentions he may have already formed.

A plenary indulgence has been granted, 1*st*. On the day of admission. 2*d*. On the 16th of May, the day on which the Association was established. 3*d*. Once

a month, to those who confess and receive Holy Communion. *4th.* On the Nativity of our Lord, the Feast of St. Joseph (19th of March), on the Feasts of the Purification, Annunciation, Assumption, Nativity, and Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin. One hundred days' indulgence to members who assist at the weekly meetings, provided they say the prayers appointed by the archbishop, or bishop of the diocese. The prayers of the diocese of Cincinnati are three "Hail Marys." One hundred days' indulgence, in the archdiocese of Cincinnati only, are granted to those who bring a member into the Association; and a hundred days to those who say the ejaculatory prayer: "O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for the conversion of this country." The propagation of this good work is most earnestly recommended to the zeal of every one, and especially to those charged with the care of souls.

We do not know positively but that the discouragement of writers who might furnish American books of devotion, may be from the zeal for her honor in the hearts of older and better informed Catholics. It may be from a spirit of nationality; it may be from the wisdom attained by authority; it may be from charity, lest the humility of the Christian should be injured by some notice of the writer; but the consistent discouragement, although generally negative, is a fact. But for all that, the land is Mary's. Why shall I not advance thus modestly her claim to it, when nations have battled and are battling for it?

Who then has the true claim to the ownership of North America? The red Indian steps noiselessly forward and says, "It is I! For ages immemorial my fathers fished these waters, or struck down the game in these yet undesecrated forests." "I claim the land," saith the Spaniard, "I, who redeemed those Southern pampas, and first taught the Gulf and the lagoon the sounds of Christian praise." "It is mine," says the fiery Gaul. "The snow-wastes of Canada were crimsoned with French blood: it was a French sword which tamed the fierce Iroquois, and tribes of every tongue, the roaming Algonquin, from the mighty ocean to the mysterious great lakes."

"The land is mine," says the English Puritan from Berks or Huntingdon; or the English Cavalier from Derbyshire, York, and Cumberland. The Highlander, in gutturals deep as those with which he turned away from the red, red field of Culloden, demands at least the mountains of the Carolinas and Georgia, the cold coasts of Nova Scotia, and part of the shores of Saint Lawrence.

But we cannot grant to any one of these the fulness of his claim. Wherever they are found as agents acting subserviently to the fulness of our own claim; wherever they shall seem to have advanced and aided that, we will give them the praise of worthy servants.

Reverence then for the silent Indian; reverence, deep as justice, mute as himself, for the olden lord of this land! Honor to the swarth Iberian who planted the yellow standard of Castile on the shores of the

Mexican Gulf; honor to the chivalric Frank who swung the lilies out to the icy air of Canada: honor to the broad-chested Briton, for he named his first town Saint Mary's: honor to the sinewy son of the green old Island of Eire: honor to the patient toiler who came, singing harmonious choruses, from the arrowy rush of the Rhine—but glory supreme to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all blessings are! For whom and for His Mother, we claim as theirs, by right of first discovery and seizure, this North American continent. Glory to God, the Eternal, and honor perpetual to Immaculate Mary.

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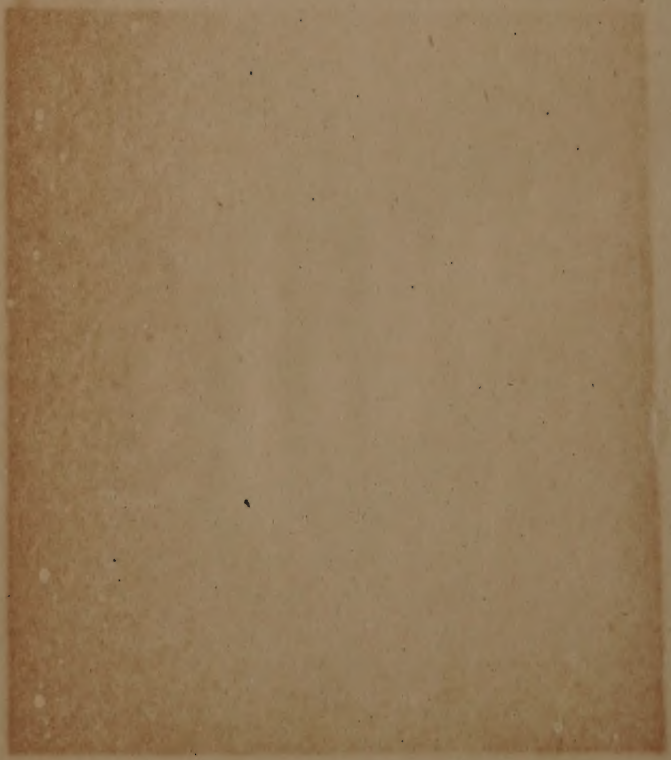

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